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"THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS"

FOR SEPTEMBER

We are getting all sorts of pleasant messages about AINSLEE'S from all sorts of people, and it is needless to say that they are very welcome, for we have none of the false modesty that deprecates the receiving of praise. Furthermore, we have no idea of depreciating our work in putting together a good magazine every month. We know it is good, and we feel pretty sure that it is getting better all the time; our readers think so too, and when they have seen the September number they will talk about it more than ever.

One thing we have to regret and that is that David Graham Phillips' really great story, "The Deluge," will come to an end in this number. Mr. Phillips, as every novel reader knows, ranks among the most gifted writers of fiction of the day, and in this story he has surpassed himself.

The novelette, "The Maintenance of Jane," is by Margaret G. Fawcett, in whom readers of Ainslee's will find a new and very charming acquaintance. The story is a bright, witty, sparkling piece of fiction, the reading of which will be a delight.

What will probably be considered a special feature of the September number is a new story by Agnes and Egerton Castle, called "The Golden Apple." It is written in the Castles' best style and is full of the peculiar interest and charm that distinguish their work.

In the August number was published the first of a series of "Conversations With Egeria," on what women like to read, by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. The September number will have the second of these charming talks on "Woman's Trump Card."

Joseph C. Lincoln will have a characteristic story, "The Dog Star." Mrs. John Van Vorst and Marie Van Vorst, authors of "The Woman Who Toils," will have a powerful tale in "Mrs. Evremond." William J. Locke, who has recently made a success with a very striking book, "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," will have a unique story in "The Princess' Kingdom." Other well-known contributors will be Edith Macrane, Elizabeth Duer, Robert Adger Bowen and Anna Yeaman Condict.

There will be two striking essays on "Mis-Mated Americans," by Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, and "The Most Exclusive City in America."

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AS OTHERS SEE US

The June AINSLEE's is a fiction number, eminently suitable for summer reading.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

In the July AINSLEE'S, Johnson Morton has a uniquely humorous story of typical New England life in "The Despot."—Boston Herald.

There are eight short stories in AINS-LEE's for July, none of which is in the least like any of the others in theme or treatment, though all are of a very high order of merit.—Pottsville Republican.

The feature in the July AINSLEE's is David Graham Phillips' serial, "The Deluge," which is now approaching the end. This has turned out to be a really great story.—Charleston News and Courier.

In AINSLEE's for July, David Graham Phillips' serial, "The Deluge," is drawing to a close. It is so nearly ended that it is now safe to say that it fulfills its early promise of being a great story. It has been interesting to watch its development, as it is always interesting to follow the growth of something that is really great.—Leavenworth Times.

George Hibbard has a well-earned reputation as a writer of short stories dealing with society themes. He has a very striking one in AINSLEE's for June, under the title of "The Flatterer." It is designed to show, and does so with extraordinary effect, some of the demoralizing influences to which the manners and customs of society subjects its devotees, influences so subtle that a particularly alert conscience is required to detect them.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

The essays in AINSLEE's are a rather graphic sketch of Broadway after night, and one on actresses. The rest of the magazine is filled with stories of a great variety.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

AINSLEE'S for July furnishes another list of remarkably fine stories. The magazine's reputation as one which uniformly publishes the very best fiction is enhanced by this number.—Denver Post.

AINSLEE'S for July is cause for renewed wonder that the magazine is able, month after month, to keep up to its high standard of fiction. It is one of the extraordinary things in periodical publication.—Baltimore American.

AINSLEE's for July furnishes an abundance of summer reading, with David Graham Phillips' serial, "The Deluge," in the lead. The novelette is by Kathryn Jarboe, who, under the title, "A Gentleman of the Highways," has written an eighteenth-century romance filled with exciting adventure.—Toledo Blade.

AINSLEE's is well termed "The magazine that entertains." The contributors for June are an index of the worth of the contents. "The Outgoing of Simeon," by Elizabeth Duer, is an intensely interesting story of the mistake so often made in the marriage of two utterly different natures and the almost certain result. "Concerning the Heart's Deep Pages" is by Sewell Ford. "The Blood of Blink Bonny," by Martha McCulloch-Williams, is a breezy story of the turf, tingled with a spice of romance. The June number of this popular magazine is an especially pleasing one.—Keokuk Gate City.

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AINSLEE'S

VOL. XVI.

AUGUST. 1905.

No. 1.





NTIL to-day I used to think that nothing could be so pretty as the convent gardens of St. Veronica, with the dew shining on the flowers. But that, you see, was before I

had laid eyes on Saint-Yriac-by-the-

Sea!

Above us is the chateau, bare and black on a peak of the tall, white cliffs; below is the village of Saint-Yriac, gray and pinky brown, snug on its little stretch of beach, with the waves breaking on the sand and the black fishing boats pulled up on the shore. It was in one of the poorest of these little tiled cottages that my papa was born, oh, ever so many years ago. But when he was fourteen years old he made up his mind that he would not be a fisherman of Normandy all his life, like his father and grandfathers for hundreds of years before him. So he tied an extra blouse into a blue handkerchief that his mother gave him, and started and walked to Paris-all the way from Normandy, think of that! He almost starved, lots of times—poor papa! At last an old man who sold balls of shaving soap on the corner of Rue Madame offered him a franc a week to carry his basket.

That is the way papa began. Now he is the proprietor of Perfumery Poizelle, the largest gold sign and the finest crystal windows in all the Rue de la Paix. Yes, he is a millionaire now, nothing less, papa Poizelle!

So to-day we came down from Paris in our fine new automobile-papa, aunt Julienne, Johanne and I-to our fine new villa here in Saint-Yriac, which papa has just bought from a marshal of Napoleon III. Villa Clematis, it is called, because of the vines that trail on the verandas. Inside it is very splendid, with gilt furniture and pink satin cushions — five drawing rooms, and bedrooms for fourteen guests. "That's something, hein?" says papa, very proud. Then he looks up and down the hill.

"See, my sister! See, Joujou! Here is the village below us, here is the castle above. And all between, four kilometers wide, seven kilometers long-all the ancient domain of the marquis of Saint-Yriac-it's all mine now, by good process of law. All! All!"

"That is true, brother," says auntie,

quivering with interest.

"Ah! Ah! My sister, you find that something? Those tyrants, those carrion birds of Saint-Yriac-they have had to give way to the march of progress. It is Poizelle's day now-name of a dog!" Then he looks up at the chateau high up on the hill, and shakes his fist, while his face grows livid with fury-so strange, not a bit like the ele-

ecords. needles.

every heard

ical in-

gant gentleman who sells soap to the duchesses, over the splendid shining counters of the Perfumery Poizelle.

Indeed, it is wonderful how they seem to worry him, these Saint-Yriac people, whoever they are. So when Johanne was brushing my hair for dinner, I said to her: "Who is he, Johanne, this Marquis of Saint-Yriac—and is he really as disagreeable as papa says?"

For Johanne was born here in Saint-Yriac, too. She used to be my nurse and now she is my maid. She scolds me sometimes, and I scold her; but no one else shall, because she is the best

old thing in the world.

When I mentioned the Saint-Yriacs to her she sprang halfway across the room, while her square, red face turned all wrinkled with rage; so that I jumped, too, quite frightened. "The Saint-Yriacs, mademoiselle? The robbers, the oppressors of the poor! Is not the very sight of that wicked old prison enough for you? Does not your blood rise, does not your stomach boil, when you look at it? Does it not tell you of the wrongs of your race?"

I listened quite carefully, but neither my blood nor my stomach told me a thing, except that I was hungry like a wolf for my dinner. So as soon as Johanne had put me into my blue organdie, downstairs I ran to where papa and auntie were waiting in the drawing

room.

"Here she comes, the little Joujou!" says papa. "Name of a cat, she is not bad, this little one!" So he stood me up in the middle of the floor and looked me up and down. "Yes, my sister, she does us credit, the little Joujou. Ah! it is a pity that her mother did not live to see her!" he observed, with a sigh. "Her figure is thin, but that is a defect of her youth. And see how tall she is. mon Dieu, and she holds her head with an air! It was not for nothing, after all, that I paid my money to those sacred crows of Veronicans! H'm! hazel eyes, vellow hair, skin white like these cliffs of Normandy, and soft, mon Dieu, soft like cream! And accomplished, toodid I not pay fifty francs a week for drawing master and singing master? Name of a cannon! There are still some moments before dinner. So sit down, little cabbage. Sit down at the piano and let the old man see what it has bought, his good money!"

So I sat down at the piano and sang to papa and auntie a little song of Victor Hugo that I had learned last week at the convent—a pretty little song; except that my copy always looks to me as though some one had scratched out the last word of the last verse, and written in something else instead. But then, all our books and songs at the convent looked like that, to be sure.

So I sang to papa and auntie the little song about how it is no use for the bird in the forest to sing, because there is another voice that will always be so much sweeter than hers; how it is a waste of time for the stars to shine in heaven, for there are two eyes which will always make them dim; and how April needn't bother herself any more to trim the gardens with fresh flowers, because there is a heart where the flower of the world will always bloom.

Now, that is all very well. But listen

to the last verse:

Cet oiseau de flamme, Cet astre du jour, Cette fleur de l'âme, S'appelle—le tambour!

Now, you know—a songbird of fire, a star of day, a blossom of the soul—it's no use telling anybody, even a young girl in the convent, that a drum could be all that!

But, all the same, I think it was rather impolite of papa to jump up and slap his knees and shout and scream as though he would shake the walls down

with his laughter.

"Yes, ah, yes! it is a hot bird, in truth, that drum of yours—drumsticks and all. Ah! Ah! They have earned their money well, that sees itself, these good sisters of St. Veronica!"

"My friend!" said auntie, warningly. "Yes, yes, my sister! I leave the child's drum as it is—silent, my faith! Some one else shall sound it for her—some one younger and handsomer than old papa Poizelle, name of a dog. You'll like that, my little nun, hein?"

"Brother!" cried auntie again. But papa just chuckled and looked up and down again. "Ah! Ah! He must be a good one, the husband of Mademoiselle Julienne Poizelle, heiress of Perfumery Poizelle, dot fifteen millions, inheritance rising fifty!"

"Madame is served!" says Gustave, the new man—who came with the villa—at the door of the drawing room. So we all sailed out to the splendid new dining room, all pink rugs and silver trays and candles in pink shades—all lit, every one, though it was still broad day. Chic, are we not? But it is plain that, as papa says, now he is a millionaire at last, he intends to live like one. Yes, we are very highlife, here at Villa Clematis!

II.

Papa was in great spirits all through dinner, planning the company that we are to have this summer.

"Monsieur Rondolé," he said, "head of the great stocking house, wholesale and retail, Avenue of the Opera."

"The millionaire!" groaned aunt Julienne, "whose wife is the talk of Paris!"

"Highlife, my poor sister. Then, also, Monsieur and Madame Boussard—"

"Chocolate, wholesale and retail—and, oh! millionaires also."

"Birds of a feather, my poor sister. Besides—" papa's face grew so mysterious, you never saw anything like it. "You see, they have a son!" he whispered—as though I could help hearing, too! "Jockey Club and Epatant, this Octave Boussard!"

Auntie looked quite flurried, and glanced at me. "My Camille, we will talk of that later. And now tell us whom else you have asked to eat us out of house and home, at this sacred hotel of yours."

"Only one more, my Julienne. A young American girl, the daughter of my New York correspondent—he who built up the immense sales of Poizelle Shaving Cream in America. This young girl comes to France this sum-

mer. It is absolutely necessary that I show her some attention."

Auntie groaned. "An American girl—a bold young savage! Millionaire, also, I suppose?"

"Certainly, my sister. The heiress to millions, of course!"

"Her name, my Camille?"

"Walker-Miss Hazel Walker."

Azelle Valkère! That is a strange,

odd name, Walker, and hard to say.

Auntie pursed up her lips. "Very well. For what comes of it, you are responsible, my brother."

"Name of a pig! What was that?" Papa jumped to his feet, listening. From somewhere behind the trees of the slope below us there came to our ears the faint high tingle of a bell.

Gustave coughed discreetly as he passed the braised veal.

"I think, monsieur, it is the cow of monsieur the marquis, being driven home to the chateau by the old Mother Jobard."

Papa sat perfectly still, but some nasty-looking blue dents came into the corners of his mouth. "The cow of monsieur the marquis? Then she grazes upon my domain?"

"Yes, monsieur." Gustave looked so pleased, you could know he smelt trouble coming for somebody. "She claims, monsieur, that the domain is still the property of her master, the marquis, monsieur."

Papa drew a long breath. "Ah," he said, "this grows amusing. The old days before the Revolution are come back. Poizelle must see his fields trampled by his master's cattle, and ask his master's permission before he buys a piece of land."

"The tyrants, the murderers!" cried auntie. Then, all of a sudden, the laburnum bushes parted and a spotted cow came slowly out upon the driveway, followed by an old woman who glared up at us with a perfect unconcern. She was very tall, like a man; her head was tied up in a blue woolen handkerchief, and she carried a long willow switch in her hand.

"Name of a name!" shouted papa, as he jumped through the window. The old woman turned and faced him, as cool as Sister Angélique when I used to find her reading the letters in my trunk.

"Hein, my Camille!" said the old woman, just like that. "The same

saucy boy as ever, I see."

Now, you could hardly blame papa for being vexed at that. So they had a regular fight out then, quite splendid, just like the fish market. Finally the old woman burst out laughing, then she looked papa up and down with oh! such strange eyes, that shone green in the twilight. Then she turned to me as I stood there in the long window in my pale blue dress, looking at her.

"Bon Dieu du bois!" she said. "The delicate white creature, come back to Saint-Yriac after these hundred years

and more!"

And I felt those green eyes of hers

run through me.

"Old carrion! What is that to you?"
She grinned a little as she picked up her willow switch, with the three green leaves on the tip. "Nothing, perhaps, to me," she answered. "But monseigneur the marquis—what pleasure is in store for him!"

She turned to her cow, which had been pulling mouthfuls off the clematis while the fight was going on. Papa danced up and down with fury, so that the old creature had disappeared among the laburnum trees before papa found his voice to speak.

"After her, Gustave! Chase them like mad dogs, her and her cow. Chase them down to the devil! Ah! ah!"

So Gustave threw down his salver and dashed after them. Then in a moment, oh, *mon Dicu!* what crashing of branches, what shouts, what screams, what bellowings!

Papa came back to the table, breathing hard. "Thousand thunders! Ah! Ah! the old witch! Did she think, then, that she was serving her sacred pig of a master, to remind me anew what good cause we have, we Poizelles, to curse those robbers and ravishers up on the hill?"

Just then I noticed a very strange thing. As papa sat down in his place again, I saw that his fingers were all doubled up, and crossed and twisted, just as when I have seen him meet some old friend who is a freemason.

"Papa," I said, "what is the matter

with your hands?"

He laughed, a little bit consciously. "Nothing, my child. But when I was a boy here in Saint-Yriac, it was said by all that Mother Jobard—who was as old then as she is now, my faith!—but it was said by all that she, like her master, had the evil eye."

master, had the evil eye."
"It was truly said," cried aunt Julienne, and crossed herself with her

crossed fingers.

So I crossed myself in the same way, as nearly as I could manage. "And the marquis, also," I asked, "he also has the

evil eye?"

"Is that a question," shouted papa, "to be doubted by a Poizelle?" Then, as he saw me jump and spill my glass of water, he grew calmer. "My Joujou, remember this, that for the dweller in Saint-Yriac nothing is so evil as the eye of the marquis. Though, thanks to our good little Revolution, it can no longer work the misery that it could in the old days, more than a century ago."

Mon Dieu! No wonder it has a terrible look, that chateau, since the gentleman who lives there has the evil eye, and is more than a hundred years old—I never knew before that people could

live to be so frightfully old.

But, then, I have learned so much to-day! For till I came to Normandy, it seems to me that I did not know papa as he really is. In Paris he is keen and smiling, and talks always about business, with auntie or with Monsieur Boussard. But here in his ancient home of childhood, so near to this wicked old marquis—how full of superstition he can be, how strange, how violent!

TIT.

It has been beautiful here in Saint-Yriac this past month; and everything would be quite pleasant and happy if only it weren't for all the unfortunate things that happened that first night at Villa Clematis. For it seems that Gustave chased the poor cow so hard up

the hill that when she finally arrived home at the chateau, she tell down dead in a kind of fit. And the notary of the marquis holds papa responsible.

So, the other day, papa came bursting into the dining room, where auntie and I sat embroidering the new napkins from Paris. His face was purple and his hand trembled with rage, as he thrust under our noses the big sheet of paper that he held in his hand.

"Look at this!" he said, choking with fury. So I looked. Monsieur Camille Poizelle, proprietor, Saint-Yriac-by-the-Sea, was commanded to appear before the justice of the peace in Dieppe, the following morning, to show just cause why he should not pay the sum of three hundred francs to the plaintiff, the notary of the Marquis of Saint-Yriac, in compensation for the damaging and killing of cow belonging to said marquis, on the evening of—and so forth; very grand and severe, so that you felt as though you were in jail, just to read it.

Papa turned blue. "To-morrow," he said, "I go to Dieppe, to face the marquis' notary and to meet his claim. But the next day—thousand thunders!—the next day I go to Dieppe once more, to the honorable justice of the peace. I take with me in my automobile you, my sister, and you, Gustave. I enter action, with these witnesses, against the Marquis of Saint-Yriac for willful trespass upon my domain, and damages to my lawns and clematis vines, a thousand francs."

"Brother," cried aunt Julienne, "is this wise?"

"Name of a dog!" shouted papa. "The days are done when Poizelle must tremble before Saint-Yriac. The wolf's claws are cut—all that remains is to see him dance to our tune—ah, the good farce!"

Auntie was quite agitated at the notion of this trip to Dieppe, especially as it was only two or three days now before our guests arrived from Paris. So the next day, after papa had gone off to Dieppe, auntie spent the whole day in the kitchen with Victor, the chef, making, oh! such lovely things: truffled

galantines of turkey, savarins with rhum de la Jamaigue, strawberry tarts, and dear little sweet babas. I think that even the great Octave Boussard, of the Jockey Club and the Epatant, would be pleased if he could see our pantry shelves. Beside that, there was a lot of fussing to do with our new dresses that have just arrived from Paris; black satin and gray silk for auntie, and for me-oh, such ugly things! blue gingham; and thick white muslins, and brown linens with brown horn buttons. It appears that I am to make a nice, modest impression upon them, these stylish friends of papa!

But in the afternoon, as Johanne had to stay and help with the tarts, auntie said that I might go out and walk by myself, upon condition that I did not leave papa's domain. Bah! as though the forest, on our side of the picket fence, were not the most beautiful place to walk in in the whole world.

So I started up the hillside, dodging through the trees and scaring the little wild things off into the underbrush. It seemed lovely to be there all alone in the woods, with the leaves green and sunny, high up over my head; and every little while, when I came to a clear place in the forest and turned around to look, the Channel, all blue and sparkling below me, with the brown sails moving on it, and the white cliffs stretching off misty to Dieppe.

I was glad that poor old Johanne was not with me to spoil things with ridiculous talk of ghosts. So I ran here and I ran there, picking wild flowers and looking for a tree with lowgrowing branches that I could climb—as there was nobody by to tell me that it was not comme il faut.

When, all of a sudden, I slipped on a broken branch and went rolling headlong down a little slope; when I picked myself up, behold! I seemed to have outrun the very day itself.

For below me, in a little dip in the hill, lay a garden—a gray old garden, like a grave hidden away in the cheerful green forest. A border of boxwood marked it off, squared and leveled; little, mossy, damp-looking paths wound

away and lost themselves under the They were so old, these trees, so covered with boles and black toadstool-looking things, that it seemed strange to see the fresh green leaves on them; and the shrubbery looked old, too, all cut in strange shapes and straggling wild. Here and there were broken stone benches, set among the scarlet poppies that grew wild everywhere; and sad-looking, moldly marble statues, with broken noses and ears. In the middle of all was the stone basin of a fountain, tumble-down and filled with poppies and grass; there was a broken marble nymph in the center, a tiny stream of muddy water still trickling from the moldy seashell in her hand. And at the far end of the garden, built up on a kind of terrace, with a wide carved staircase and dingy marble ornaments, a little summerhouse, fallen into ruins like the rest-a pavilion of marble that once was white. I suppose, stained, weather-beaten, deserted.

I felt afraid, just for a moment; it seemed wicked for me to be there. For this was a place that some one had built to be happy in—and, oh, how long

ago he must be dead!

So, very quietly, I tiptoed down the little green path and up the stairs to the summerhouse. It was empty but for a broad, stone seat running around two sides of it, under the arched windows. The floor was laid in marble flags, with the green moss growing between, and the whole place smelled moldy and damp.

I walked over to the window and sat down and looked down into the garden which lay below me. Everything was still, very still, except for the long grass rippling so softly in the wind, and the yellow bees zoum-zouming about in the sunshine from one crimson poppy to

another.

I wondered who had planted them, these poppies; who had built the pavilion and the foundation, and who had walked first down the path to the wide stone steps. I remembered what Johanne had so often said, about the forest being haunted—and yet I was not afraid.

No, I felt different—quite different from ever before; older, somehow, and peaceful and happy, as though I had found my own place at last. I sat there a long time, but the feeling did not pass away. If it is really haunted, this garden, I am sure at least that they are kind and gentle ghosts, and glad of a little company.

IV.

I do not know, but perhaps I fell asleep, with my head resting on the crumbled stone sill of the window, all warm in the sunshine. Because the next thing that I remember, the sun was gone down behind the trees; and when I lifted my head and looked down through the garden, there was some one half hidden among the grass and the flowers, kneeling beside the fountain.

At first I thought it might be one of papa's new gardeners or foresters; he has an army of them ranging over the place. Then a puff of wind set the garden waving, and I saw the flash of something blue among the grasses. This time, I do not mind owning it, my heart stood still. For though it was a month ago that I had seen her, I had not forgotten the handkerchief of blue wool that bound the head of the wicked old Mother Jobard.

Ah, mon Dieu! what were ghosts, after all, that one should fear them, beside the evil eye of that old woman,

which cuts like a knife?

I got up very softly, and tiptoed to the door. I thought, perhaps, that I might creep away safe through the woods, if I was very cautious and brave. The old woman in the grass did not stir, or turn her head; but all of a sudden, just as I had reached the doorway, "Why does mademoiselle run away?" she said.

Ah, was I-terrified? I stood quite still, trembling from head to foot, and wishing that my good old Johanne was there beside me. Mother Jobard rose to her feet and came slowly down the long path toward me, her hands full of dead flowers and withered sprigs of box. I stood still because I was too

frightened to move; and I noticed that her face was all shriveled like a maple leaf in October, and she had gold rings in her ears. As for her eyes, I dared not look at them.

So I waited, quite helpless, till she stood at the foot of the steps and looked up at me. "Mademoiselle," she said, "you will not be angry with her, you will not punish her for her boldness, the

poor old Mother Jobard!"

Mon Dieu! I stared at her to see if she were joking with me; but her queer, green eyes looked up at me, quite seriously and almost soft, with something in them that made me feel sorry instead of afraid. But, all the same, I twisted up my fingers, as papa had done that evening a month ago. Then I pulled one or two long breaths, just to steady my heart, which was banging my ribs in the most uncomfortable way. When I had found my voice, I looked down at Mother Jobard with the most unconcerned air you ever saw. "What are you doing here?" I said, just as though I were not a single scrap afraid.

She did not make her eyes glitter at me, as I had almost feared. She an-

swered me quite meekly.

"Mademoiselle, I have no right here, I know that well. This land is no longer my master's; it is now the domain of monsieur your papa—yes, I know! But, you see, this garden—it is like my child, and if I did not cherish it, the forest would eat it up."

So she was at work, this strange old woman, on the weeds and the fallen twigs. Now, no one could deny that that was nice of her, at any rate. So I said:

"It was too bad, the other night, about

your cow!"

She looked up at me, and for a moment I thought I saw the green sparkle in her eye. However, my fingers were safely criss-crossed; and her eyes were quite solemn again as she answered:

"What does that signify? For now

that she is dead, she is dead."

This was not very encouraging, and, besides, it was growing late. So I turned to go. Mother Jobard stretched out her hand. "One moment, mademoiselle!"

So just to show her that I was not afraid, I came down into the garden, with Mother Jobard and the silent old statues. She looked at me very kindly.

"Mademoiselle is pleased with it, this

old garden?"

"Very much," I said, trying to be po-

"Very well, I have made it ready. It is all done for her."

"For me!"

"For you, mademoiselle, for whom it was built. So you will come here often, will you not? For it is so many years, and it grows weary, the poor old garden, listening for the return of your beloved footfall."

I began to think she must be a little bit crazy, this tall, old woman, bending toward me so thin and dark and eager. I began to edge away toward the steps again, but she looked at me and smiled.

"No, mademoiselle! There is nothing to fear. In this garden mademoiselle is at home—as for me, I vanish! Adieu, mademoiselle."

So off she flitted through the dark

horse-chestnut trees.

I intended to tell papa all about it that evening, but he came back from Dieppe in such a rage at the marquis that it seemed mean to tell him anything that would make him any angrier. Poor papa! It seems that he had a very unfortunate day. For the justice of the peace not only settled the case against him and made him pay the three hundred francs and the costs beside, but the notary of the marquis, who appeared against papa, was quite rude, and made remarks about upstart millionaires, and peasants riding in automobiles that ought to belong to the marquis.

"Name of a dog!" says papa. "We will crush him, this insolent aristocrat. To-morrow I bring my suit for trespass, and then, ah! if there is any justice in France, you shall see, my

children; you shall see!"

That evening when Johanne was brushing my hair, before I went to bed, I asked her if she had ever heard of an old pleasure garden up there in the forest on the hillside—and then, "Ouch!" for Johanne jumped halfway across the

room, and with her a handful of my

"Now you have done it, Johanne!" I said, quite crossly. For a handful of hair-that hurts, you know.

But Johanne still stared at me. "The garden-then mademoiselle has seen it? The old tales are true, after all?"

"You know about this garden? Tell

me, Johanne!"

"It is no tale for you to hear, mademoiselle-and no place for you to see," answered Johanne, in a shocked kind of tone, just like auntie the day I asked her to tell me about the Moulin Rouge.

"Johanne, tell me, who built it, that

old garden?"

"Little imbecile! who could possibly have built it but the Marquis of Saint-

Yriac himself!"

Ah, mon Dieu, but fancy being as old as those mossy trees, and the moldy nymph in the center of the fountain. "But, Johanne," I said, "tell me, why did he build it?"

She hesitated a moment. "How do I know? It was so long ago. But the story goes, among the old people in Saint-Yriac, that he built it for-

"For whom, Johanne?"

"Bon Dieu du bois, does one say such things to a young girl? Very well, then! For—an ancestress of your own."

"That was kind of him. I thought he had always treated our family so

cruelly."

"Listen to the child! Do you not find it cruel, then, to steal a woman away from her husband, her children, her family?"

"Ah, poor thing! That was different, of course. Did they ever get her back

again?"

"When the Revolution opened the prisons of France, and the marquis fled for his life—yes, then they brought her

home again, it is said."

"Ah, how glad she must have been!" "Perhaps. But the story runs that when the year was out, and the marquis not returned, she threw herself into the fountain, in the center of the garden that the marquis had built for her.'

"Johanne, she drowned herself?" "How do I know? That is what they say. As for me, I eat my dinner. I do not concern myself with what happened

so long ago."

Iohanne turned to go, "Wait just one moment," I said. "Johanne, tell mewhat did she mean, that strange old creature, when she said that some one had come back to Saint-Yriac after a hundred and fifty years? Was she thinking of this story, I wonder, when

she looked at me?"

"Mon Dieu!" cried Johanne. "That old woman—she is of a stupidity to cut with a knife. You see, mademoiselle, she has never been to Paris, the poor old creature. As for me, what do I care for their old tales and prophecies of Saint-Yriac? Bah! I snap my fingers at them." And she cracked her big red knuckles, and laughed in scorn. But all the same, I noticed that the fingers of the other hand were carefully crisscrossed as she mentioned the name of Mother Johard. Poor old Johanne!

The next day it rained a little in the morning, so that papa could not start off to Dieppe so early as he had wished. At last, however, the clouds broke and the mist rolled away over the Channel. The sun came out hot and bright, and papa had the automobile brought around to the door. Auntie was vexed at being hurried off just before lunch, because she said it was useless extravagance to pay papa's good money to a hotel at Dieppe for what was all ready at home. Much papa cared for that; he was in a rush to get over to the justice of the peace, and enter his complaint against the marquis. So into the automobile they hurried, and Gustave after them, in his new livery, grinning all over at the notion of a day in Dieppe.

Then touf-touf-touf! they all disappeared down the avenue of laburnums and almond trees. I was left alone for the day—alone, free to do as I pleased,

for the first time in my life.

It was hard to know just what to do. All of a sudden, I had an idea. The sun was so warm, the air so clear, that the woods must be pretty nearly dry again. My garden was still there behind the trees on the hillside. On such a fine morning, who cared for all the ghost stories in the world? So—here is the idea! I would take my lunch up the hill with me, instead of eating it at home, and have a little picnic there among the poppies, all by myself.

So I went downstairs and asked Victor, the chef, to give me something for my picnic. He has a kind heart, I am sure; because he went to work and spent ever so long getting things ready for me. Lots of little white sandwiches, cut in diamonds, and stuffed with chicken and things chopped up in cream cheese; slices of bread and butter spread with lovely soft, dripping brown sugar -my idea! Victor turned up his nose and smiled in a patient sort of way when I explained to him-a méringue with cherries, a Madeline and a lot of little babas. Then, while he filled a dear little flask with Burgundy and water. I looked about for a basket to pack all the nice things in; but nothing could I find—not a single basket or even a box. So I took a soup tureen down from the shelf—an old white thing with a red band. Victor laughed, but he took out the eggs that were in it, and packed the sandwiches and cakes into it so nicely; then he took up the cover—but there was a great big empty space above the napkin. But I had an idea—one of the strawberry tarts that auntie had made vesterday.

So the tart went in last of all, on top of everything. I thanked Victor, and went off with my tureen; I could hear him laughing to one of the housemaids, and telling her about it, as I closed the door. But what did I care? So I tied on my hat and took a rug to sit on, and looked about for a book—just as a matter of form. I knew I couldn't find any—the one thing left to make my picnic a perfect success, something interesting to read.

But when I started off through the woods up the hillside, with my rug on one arm and my tureen under the other, with the moss and the bark smelling wet and lovely, and the birds whirring

in the branches above my head, it seemed to me that nothing was lacking, after all! Finally I came to the cleared place in the trees; and then the garden.

Oh, how pretty it looked lying there in the sunshine! Trees and statues, poppies and grass, all fresh-washed from the rain. I ran down through the boxwood hedge, along the little green path to the fountain. The water was spouting quite splendidly from the seashell in the middle, and the nymph who held it looked so proud and pleased, poor old thing, that the rain had given her something to do.

The basin of the fountain was broken and sunk along the edge, and choked with flowers and grass. But as I looked into it, I could not help remembering the story that Johanne had told me last night — my skin stirred as though a cold wind had blown over me, and my heart beat quick. For a moment I had to clinch my teeth and shut my eyes, to prevent myself from running away.

That was foolish; for it all happened long ago, my poor little ancestress; and as Mother Jobard had said of the cow, now that she is dead, she is dead. But all around me the garden was alive, grasshoppers jumping, and bees blundering about, and a bluebird in the roof of the pavilion, singing so prettily. It was all warm and blossomy and gay. I forgot to be afraid as I spread out my rug on the grass beside the fountain and started to unpack my soup tureen. The things had come splendidly, hardly smashed a bit; so I spread them out on the napkin, with the tart in the middle, all red and white and juicy, with the cherry méringue next to Then, as my hard morning's work and my climb had made me very hungry, I started right in on my sandwiches. Oh, mon Dieu! but they were good, those sandwiches!

Suddenly, on the other side of the fountain, I caught sight of something dark lying upon the side of the stone basin. At first I was silly enough to be a little bit frightened, and sat quite still, biting into a sandwich and staring across with my eyes wide open. Then I remem-

bered how foolish I had been when I let myself be afraid, the last time. So I just jumped up and went over and picked it up, and behold! nothing but a book, an old, old book, bound in calf and with long S's and such strange, twirly capitals, just like the old breviary in the oratory of St. Veronica's.

However, that made no difference, it seemed like too much luck—something to read; just what I wanted, just when I wanted it more than ever before.

So I took it back to the rug, and went on eating my sandwiches and drinking my wine and water. It puzzled me, that book. Who could have left it here, on the edge of the fountain, in papa's domain? I looked to see if any name was written on it. But no, just under the cover there was a book plate, brown and stained, with a splendid coat of arms and a Latin motto that I could not read. It was not Mother Jobard's, at any rate. So as I had the book itself, in any case, it seemed foolish to waste my time in wondering over itespecially as it looked very interesting, and I could see for myself that no conceited person had been over it with a knife, scratching out words and writing in ridiculous things of his own instead.

So I began on my bread and butter and brown sugar, and took up the book. Part of it seemed to be poetry, part a story all about the man who had written the poetry. His name was Alain Chartier—that is a pretty name, I think, Alain! And he died, oh! ever so long before I was born—hundreds and hundreds of years. It is hard to realize that anyone lived, or died, either, so

long ago as that.

But, oh, how charming it must have been to live then — with kings and queens in the old palaces of France! There were knights then, too, it seems, and tournaments, and battles every day with the wicked English invaders; then at sunset the chevalier would come riding home victorious, and the lovely lady would lean down from her lattice and give him her hand to kiss; and if he had killed a great many people that day, perhaps the rose from her hair. It was all

so interesting, I came near forgetting to eat my *Madeline*. So I finished it to the last crumb, then I took up the *méringue* puff with the cherries and cream inside. Oh, how I was enjoying

myself!

So I went on reading. The story seemed to get prettier and prettier, for soon it came to a garden, an old, old garden, that was old when this one was planted, I dare say. But it was no or-dinary garden, for it belonged to the queen of France herself: think of that! And one day as she was walking there among the flowers, she came upon the poet, upon Alain himself, fallen asleep in an arbor. Now, she loved his poetry very much indeed; so she stood for a long while and looked at him. Then she stooped-she, the queen, and the most beautiful woman in France-and kissed him on the lips. And when he woke up she had gone away, so he never knew anything about it-never, never! which seems almost a pity when you think of it.

When I had finished that story, I just had to put down the book for a while, and think. My lunch was all gone, the tureen was empty, except for the strawberry tart. It looked so nice that I made up my mind that I must save it for a little while, and eat it later. For now it was no use trying to think about anything but Alain and this beautiful dead lady of long ago—I wonder, if I had been the queen of France, whether I should have done the

same!

I covered up my tart with the tureen turned upside down, and started out to walk around among the flowers and the statues; and, like a baby, I pretended to myself that I was in the book I had been reading—the queen of France herself perhaps, the beautiful Marguerite, walking in her garden all alone. I went up the wide green, mossy steps very stately, to the pavilion.

Now, it's all very well to play games with yourself, and pretend things; but when you find things themselves pretending, that is the time you begin to feel a little bit creepy! I gasped with surprise, I stood staring, then I turned

and flew down the steps again, as quick and silent as my feet would carry me.

For there, stretched out on the broad stone ledge under the windows of the pavilion, alive and real, with hands and hair and high russet leather riding boots-ves, just as sure as my eyes told me the truth, there lay exactly what I had been pretending to myself, just for fun-a young man, fast asleep!

I stood for a moment by the fountain, staring up at the pavilion. all, had my eyes told me the truth?

I bit my thumb, to make sure that I was not dreaming. Was I really Joujou, after all? And if I was-which I had to believe-then who could he be, this young man? How had he come here? Had he been here, sound asleep, all the time that I was eating my bread and butter and brown sugar, and reading in his book? For the book-of course it was his-and no name written in it, none at all, just on purpose to be provoking!

The marquis? But the marquis was old, a hundred years! Octave Boussard? But he should not come till tomorrow night! But, after all, what did it matter who he was, this sleeper? For now he was Alain Chartier, and I was

the queen of France.

So I crept back into the pavilion very softly, tiptoeing over the wide, mossy flags. There he was lying on the hard, cold stone, mon Dieu, how long he stretched out over the window seat! I trembled a little-I do not know why, for there was nothing ugly about him. No, quite the opposite; and his skin was tanned a bright red with the sun, just like an American.

But though I trembled a little bit, I was not afraid-no, not a scrap! For I had only to look at his face to know quite well that he would not hurt me, even if he were awake; or be anything that was not kind-yes, good and pleas-

So I tiptoed a little nearer and looked Ah! he was young, I down at him. could see that, but still I do not think that his life can have been a happy one, like mine. I don't know, but his lips were pressed together in a curve like the old abbe at the convent, proud and yet patient, too. And his eyes, though I could not see them, I felt quite sure that, when they were open, they were merry and kind, yet filled with something like sadness, as though all his life he had missed almost everything nice, and knew that he never would have it, and must just get along without it. It made me feel sad, too, somehow, to see him look like that. And I wished, oh, how I wished, that I could do some little thing for him, to make him a little

happier.

Now, of course it was silly of me, but I couldn't help remembering my strawberry tart, down there beside the fountain, under the soup tureen. It was just a little thing, of course, but then it was something. And, after sleeping so long on that hard stone, too, I was sure that he would be hungry when he woke up. So I flew down to the garden, quite softly. There was the tart, all safe; no ants or spiders or anything had got into The crust had cracked, just a little flake, and the pink syrup was oozing out; down under the white crisscross of pastry, I could see aunt Julienne's strawberries, big and fat and transparent, floating about in a sweet red juice. My heart almost failed me as I looked at it, for I didn't know when I could persuade Victor to give me another. Then I remembered the méringue, and all those sandwiches, that I had been eating, greedy pig! It was not so much, to give away a tart. So I pulled a lot of horse-chestnut leaves, and took the tart, and went back to the pavilion. He was still asleep, that young man, and I moved about like a burglar, terrified for fear of waking him. Because if he should wake and find me, how very rude and queer he'd think it of me!

So I arranged the leaves in a sort of big, dark green star, all spreading outward, and in the center I laid the tart, all red and white-just opposite him, where he could see it when he woke. It seemed lovely, to think what a surprise

he was going to have.

Then, as I turned to go, he gave a little sigh and half turned in his sleep. I was frightened; but he did not stir again, or open his eyes, and somehow that little sigh sounded very sad. I wondered if Alain Chartier had sighed in his sleep when Queen Marguerite stood by his side and looked down at him. After all, a tart is not much to give, even one of aunt Julienne's; and what a queen had given, how could it be wrong for me? It seemed so charming, and then so thrilling, somehow, to do what a queen of France had done so long ago!

After all, Alain had never known-

never, never!

So, without stopping to think, all in a rush, I pushed my hair back with my hands and stooped and kissed his cheek.

And he never even stirred!

Why, I do not know; but when it was done, it seemed quite different. As I turned away I was filled with a kind of terror and amazement. What would aunt Julienne say? What would Sister Angélique say? What would this young man himself say, if he knew how wild and forward I had been?

The only thing for me to do was to get away as quickly as I could. So I never stopped running all the way down the hillside between the trees, until I came out into the open space in front of the Villa Clematis. The book about Alain Chartier and the queen of France I still held in my hand. But, oh, provoking! I had forgotten my soup tureen.

VI.

What a change here in the Villa Clematis since a week ago! Our company has all arrived—the Boussards, with their famous son, Octave, and his automobile; and Monsieur and Madame Rondolé. Of them all, Madame Boussard is the pleasantest to me, in a fat, serious kind of way, that is; but Madame Rondolé is, oh! ever so much the nicest to look at; with her pretty little pointed face, all white, like flour, and big wide-open brown eyes and such beautiful crimson lips that seem to quiver like a baby's when she smiles—and, oh! such glittering, curly, red hair!

Not that Octave is not good enough

to look at, too. He is very nice and pleasant, in a downright kind of way, with his fair hair cut in a brush over his forehead, and his laugh that shakes the candle shades—just like an Englishman. Indeed, he is very English, this Octave, and he talks of nothing but the lawn tennis, the golf and the jockey club. Not, of course, that he talks to me of these things—or of anything else, in fact!

It's just "Good-morning, mademoiselle," and "Good-morning, monsieur," and "Do you like the country, mademoiselle?" "Yes, monsieur." "Myself, I like the country in England. Here in France one finds so few sports that amuse!" However, I hear enough about him from his mother-all that I need to know, even if I am to marry him! For I sit by her at the table, and in the afternoon I sit and hold her wool for her on the piazza and listen to her tell all about Octave and the peculiarities of his character, while Octave laughs and whispers with Madame Rondole; and papa and Monsieur Boussard and old Monsieur Rondolé all sit and smoke their cigars and talk about Algerians and American Copper.

Not very amusing, my faith! And never a chance to take a walk on the beach, or in the woods. However, I

must not think of that.

And, worst of all, almost, I have to wear such very ugly dresses now, so as to make a nice, modest impression on Madame Boussard, auntie says. Not even my little blue organdie any more—but brown linens and stiff white lawns, with brown linen embroidery and black buttons, and a great big thick belt, as loose as possible. Madame Rondole's waist is so small, it is quite wonderful to watch her eat her dinner, and think to yourself where it goes to. When I am married, I intend to have a waist like that, too.

For I suppose it is as good as settled that I am to marry Octave Boussard. "My child," says papa, "here is young Boussard, very eligible, no tuberculosis in the family, inheritance thirty million francs; his mother is ravished with your piety, his father is satisfied with

your dot. The young man himself finds no objection. Name of a dog, it looks as though the marriage were made in

heaven!"

Somehow, all the time he was talking, I kept thinking of the garden, and Queen Marguerite and Alain Chartier. "So it is all settled, papa?" I asked, meekly.

"No, not what you would call settled yet. The summer lies before us. In the meantime you will mention the affair to no one. Time enough, time

enough!"

After all, it is a simple business, this of marriage—if one hadn't in one's mind the memory of another face that keeps coming back, and coming back, in the queerest way.

However, that is none of it very interesting compared to what happened to-day. Miss Hazel Walker arrived!

Just before lunch Johanne was dressing me, and fussing about the soup tureen. It appears that Victor used it always to keep his cooking eggs in, and now they roll all about the kitchen, and auntie is so vexed. Ah, I must go and have another hunt for it in the garden some day soon.

When the last black pin was stuck into my sash, suddenly I heard the touf-touf of the automobile, and voices and all kinds of clatter downstairs, and I knew that she had come, our new guest; so I hung over the banisters and peeped over for a little while before I went

downstairs.

Yes, there was auntie bowing and shaking hands, and papa smiling and rubbing his fingers together, and the Boussards and Madame Rondolé and everybody, all talking at once. And in the middle, oh, such a great, tall girl, like a marble goddess, with such a fresh, clear skin and a plain duck tailor-made, stiff and glistening.

She was talking a little bit slowly, with a sort of an accent that made it hard for me to understand what she was saying, from away at the top of the stairs. But, oh, how healthy she looked, how strong and how clean! Somehow, beside her, Madame Rondolé didn't look

so very pretty any more.

"Joujou," called papa, and I tiptoed back to my room and then called: "Yes, papa," and came downstairs, trying not to look so frightened as I felt. However, there was nothing to be afraid of, after all, Miss Hazel Walker gave me a grip of her hand like an Englishman, and, oh! such a kind, friendly smile. Then she turned to the others and went on telling about her trip down from Paris, and what good time they had made, and how lucky she had been to find papa's automobile at Dieppe.

"When anything goes as quick as that, one hasn't much time to find it, you know." Her voice was so thick and deep and laughing, with its funny little accent and queer grammar, I understand now what people mean when they say that the prettiest language in the world is French spoken by an Ameri-

can girl.

"So you left poor Monsieur de Castaignac at Dieppe," said papa; "that was hard, when he had brought you all the

way from Paris!"

Miss Walker laughed. "All the more reason," she said, "that he shouldn't bring me any further. And, besides, I am sure that your automobile is much nicer than his."

"Wait till you have tried mine!" cried Octave. And then Johanne came to take Miss Walker up to her room. I followed, too. I was a little bit afraid of her, she carried herself so stiff and crect, like a soldier, and there was something so downright in her voice; as though she had never told a fib, or been afraid of anything, in her whole life.

I went into her room with her. "You have everything you need, mademoiselle?" I asked, while Johanne opened her big yellow bag—just like an Englishman's—and took out, oh! such beautiful silver toilet things, and bottles of perfumery and violet water—all Perfumery Poizelle, I was glad of that—and a Baedeker, and a box of chocolate, and all sorts of things.

I was going downstairs, but she asked me to stay with her while she dressed; and, oh! mon Dieu, but it was amusing to watch her! Her underclothes were lovely, all covered with lace and embroidery, just like a married lady's. Indeed, it appears that in America you don't have to wait till you are married to wear pretty petticoats and highheeled shoes; and I think that must be very nice, because one grows so tired of plain hems after eighteen years.

However, I hadn't much time to think, because she kept talking all the time and asking me about the automobile, and the casino at Dieppe, and whether I played golf, and liked to swim. Luckily she was so busy splashing cold water about, and brushing her hair, that she never noticed whether I answered or not; which was fortunate, because I had nothing to answer.

I never saw anybody dress so quickly. Poor old Johanne just stood holding a bottle of alcohol in one hand and a pair of silk stockings in the other, while Miss Walker snapped everything into place like machinery. And when she was done-I had thought she was neat before, but now! Her light brown hair was brushed smooth, like satin, and clamped down all over her head with combs and bits of yellow tortoise shell, all except a little high puff over her forehead.

Her face was canned with the sun, a bright, rosy brown, so that aunt Julienne would have groaned with horror; but, really, in Miss Walker it looked almost prettier than a white skin like Madame Rondolé's. Then her dress—another plain white duck tailor-made, with a long, plain coat and brass buttons, not a scrap of lace anywhereexcept underneath, of course!—and her big, loose belt, as loose as mine, though it was plain that if she wanted to squeeze she could have a smaller waist even than Madame Rondolé herself! It seemed queer to me. I couldn't understand it, when she seemed to do everything else as she pleased.

However, that was none of my affair: and when she was dressed, the stiff white piqué stock knotted and fastened down with a big red pin with a white H on it-I didn't like to ask her what it meant, I suppose some kind of freemasons that she belongs to in America—and just a scrap of powder on the end of her nose-when she was all dressed and ready, she picked up the Baedeker from the toilet table.

"Now, you see," she said, "I don't want to ask questions about the place of everybody I meet. Let me see, Saint-Yriac-by-the-Sea—here we are! You'll excuse me just a moment if I read about it, won't vou? The village, chateau, ghosts and principal industries?

This is fine!"

But in just a moment the bell rang for the second breakfast, and downstairs we went together. It was funny to watch them all as they looked at Miss Walker—papa and mamma Boussard, who held their noses up and stared at her in a kind of pitying way; Madame Rondolé, who looked at the sideways, American through through, whenever her head was turned the other way; and poor little auntie, who seemed almost afraid at having a real Anglo-Saxon at the table. Papa kept helping her to things and asking her questions about America.

"But you mustn't judge all America by me," she said. "We aren't all pigs there-but as for me, you see, I haven't had anything to eat since Paris, a little

after sunrise.'

Octave made me laugh. He is very English, always, but now, mon Dieu! He had put on a suit of rough tweeds, and he talked of nothing but the golf and the jockey club, and every other word was Jove and smar-rt. Walker looked at him-straight at him, like another man.

"I have seen you before, monsieur,"

"Mademoiselle, I am flattered at your notice. Where was it?"

"At Joseph's, after the play."

"Mademoiselle!" cried Madame Boussard, bristling with horror. "You take supper at Joseph's?"

'That was when I first came to Paris," answered Miss Walker, laughing. "I don't feel obliged to go there any more now, or to the Inferno, either, or to the Moulin Rouge!"

"Ah, the audacity!" murmured Madame Boussard, in a pious, shocked kind of tone. "I hope, mademoiselle, that it was not at either of these places

that you saw my son!"

I thought that Octave looked rather frightened for a minute. "No, indeed," cried Miss Walker; "just at Joseph's—and, do you know, I took him for an Englishman."

Octave looked so pleased. "Really,

mademoiselle?"

"Yes, monsieur. For when the waiter brought you the check you said 'Dam' just like that. And then you asked him how much it would be in shillings."

"Oh, he is a rude rabbit, that boy of mine!" cried papa Boussard, and everybody at the table screamed with laughter—even Octave. For there's one thing that seems nice about him, he never gets angry at a joke against himself. That will be very convenient, probably, when we are married.

Suddenly, just as the currants and sugar were being passed around, at dessert, Miss Walker turned to papa again.

"Now, I want to know all about this beautiful place," said she. "I have been reading in Baedeker, and I know that the village dates from Rollo, and the chateau from the twelfth century; but, oh! tell me, do the Saint-Yriacs live there now, and do you know them, and have they any ghosts, and are they nice?"

There was a kind of awful silence, while I thought of the cow, and hardly

dared glance at papa.

"No, mademoiselle," he answered, "they are not very nice, the Saint-Yriacs—the oldest, the proudest, the wickedest line in France!"

Mon Dieu! it was droll, but he seemed actually proud of them, of their crimes and their nobility. And when Octave remarked: "The Marquis of Saint-Yriac? I have met him once or twice myself, at the Epatant," papa looked at him quite impressed and respectful, and Miss Walker cried: "A real, live marquis? Now, you know that is the kind of thing that really pleases an American."

"But ah, mademoiselle," responded papa, "it would not please you, I think, to hear the tale of his evil deeds, his exactions, the shameful injuries which his family has inflicted upon mine in the old days. Ah! Ah!" And he began to turn purple and stare wild out of his eyes, like that first night in Saint-Yriac when Mother Jobard plagued him about the cow.

"My dear brother," said auntie, "we will let the old days rest where they are. Miss Walker, will you have some

coffee?"

So while papa was frowning and breathing hard and muttering to himself about aristocrats, and the right of man, and the cow, everybody began to drink coffee and talk about the golf club, where we were all going after lunch.

So when we had finished, I went upstairs with Miss Walker while she changed her shoes for a pair of great, heavy things like a man's, with big rubber warts sticking out all over the soles. Then she put on a little white hat with a red ribbon around it that matched the pin, and slung over her shoulder her big bag of golf clubsso interesting, near to, something between a broom handle and a croquet mallet. As for me, I still wore my whity-brown dress with an ugly linen pelisse over it; and a little black straw hat with a black veil tied around to keep the sun from freckling me. Very modest, my faith, and so ugly!

When we came downstairs papa was still rather red and puffy; but he piled the Boussards and Monsieur Rondolé and aunt Julienne into the automobile and whizzed off. Then Octave's, as usual, with Madame Rondolé in front; but behind, instead of Johanne, I had Miss Walker. That was different, indeed! And even though we passed the other automobile, and everything else on the road, the way seemed to me more than half as short as ever before

to the golf club.

It seems curious—a little while ago I heard of nothing but hereditary wrongs, and the evil eye, and strange, haunting tales of the past, and then the garden that I dreamed about, till I didn't know if I was myself or the little ancestress that died so long ago, or perhaps the

queen of France-belle dame du temps

jadis!

But to-day there is no mistake about it. This is to-day, and I am Joujou! But I wonder, will those old days ever come back?

VII.

When we arrived at the golf club, which is just outside of Dieppe, a beautiful stretch of fields above the cliffs, with sheep feeding over it and such a funny little old Englishman to keep the gate-the moment we arrived, Miss Walker threw off her coat and hat and snapped her fingers for a boy to carry her bag. "Caddie!" she said.
"What!" cried Madame Rondole.

"You are going to play?"

Miss Walker stared. "Certainly, aren't you?" Though that was rather a ridiculous question to ask of Madame Rondole, as she stood there in her rosepink foulard ruffles, and her pink lace parasol blowing in the wind. She was pretty, no doubt. But, somehow, beside that plain white duck and smooth hair, without a bit of trimming or a curl anywhere, she looked overdressed, almost untidy. And I could see where the powder cracked around her eyes in little tiny lines.

"Come, miss, will you tee-off?" cried Octave, so proud of his English words. Miss Walker rolled up the sleeves of her white blouse, and showed her two arms, round and pretty, but tanned brown with the sun-brown, I give you my word, like the fisherwomen of Saint-Yriac. Madame Rondolé shivered with horror, and arranged her parasol more carefully against the sun. "Heavens!" she murmured to herself. "They are nothing but boys in petticoats, these

American girls!"

I thought that it would be great fun to watch the game; but, heavens! they started off like two automobiles across the fields, banging the balls along before them. So that I saw in a moment that it was no use for me to try to keep up, and I went back to sit with papa and the others, on the lawn in front of the clubhouse.

There were English people all around us, talking to each other in that funny way of theirs, as though they had forgotten they were talking at all, and drinking tea as fast as the servants could bring it to them. "Later on, when the golfers return, we shall have some five-o'clock, we also," says papa, "but until then, name of a dog! I find this place about as amusing as Piccadilly!"

Pretty soon a very elegant gentleman, tall and with the mustaches of a cavalry officer, came up and talked to Madame Rondolé. Oh, mon Dieu, but she seemed glad to see him! She introduced him to papa and the rest as Monsieur de Castaignac; then she lowered her pink parasol between us, and one could hear nothing but little laughs and chatterings from the other side.

The Boussards wandered off, with Monsieur Rondolé, to see if they could get sight of their famous son, from a little knoll near by. Papa yawned some more; then, with a brilliant thought, he declared his intention of taking the automobile and going immediately down to the town. "I must telephone this afternoon," said he, "to my little Perfumery in Paris, on this latest consignment of soap. And also, what is of more importance, I must go to the office of the justice of the peace. He telephoned me this morning, the marquis is to be there this afternoon. And who knows? Perhaps he will give judgment to-day, the little magistrate, on my action for trespass against this sacred hog of an aristocrat!"

So off he went, and aunt Julienne, who was as bored as he, went with him. So I sat there alone, beside Madame Rondolé-for she never turned around once, which I thought rather mean of her. I couldn't help hearing scraps of conversation from behind the parasolall about different ladies in Paris, and who had given them their diamonds, and how some gentleman had left a lady for another lady, and how Madame Rondole's eyes drove Monsieur de Castaignac quite wild-such foolish conversation! But I didn't dare to get up and walk about all alone. So, mon Dieu, but I was glad when the Boussards came lumbering back, with poor old Monsieur Rondolé, with the good news that Octave and Miss Walker were returning.

So the waiters brought out a pretty little table and set it for us on the lawn, with teacups and bread and butter and jelly cake—all so English. It reminded me almost of my picnic, except that there weren't such nice things to eat, and—and the people were not the same.

Pretty soon Octave and Miss Walker came tearing up over the slope, with the little boys bumping their bags of clubs behind them. How pretty she looked, Miss Walker! Not hot or untidy, like the English women who came in from the field, but her face flushed a little, and softer, somehow, than it had looked before, and one little lock had escaped from the comb and curled in a tiny ringlet on her cheek. Octave was looking at her sideways, as though he thought the same as I; and when they came up to where we all sat, Monsieur de Castaignac jumped up and clicked his heels together and made a low

"Mademoiselle! What happiness, to see you twice in the same day!"

Miss Walker held out her hand to him. Madame Rondolé stared.

"What! Then you are acquainted, you two?"

"Are we acquainted," cried Miss Walker, "when it was Monsieur de Castaignac who brought me down from Paris this morning in his automobile!"

Paris this morning in his automobile!"
"I bid for the return trip!" cried Octave.

Madame Rondolé looked from one to the other with that pretty baby smile of hers, though, somehow, I felt, too, that she was not quite pleased. She said so sweetly:

"So you made the trip from Paris alone with this famous Adonis, my little Castaignac! *Mon Dieu*, mademoiselle, may I say how I admire your audacity?"

Miss Walker flushed so pink that I knew that Madame Rondolé had meant to be disagreeable.

"Madame," she said, "you are too generous when one considers that you yourself made the trip a few days ago with Monsieur Boussard!"

Madame Rondolé's voice was so sweet, it sounded like a cat purring. "Ah, but you understand what it is that makes just the difference here—I am married, you see."

Miss Walker looked straight at her. "Yes," she answered, "in my country, also, that makes just the difference." And just then, luckily, the servants brought tea. Madame Boussard fussed over the teapot and the cup, and Octave kept laughing and telling her how it was done in England; and Monsieur de Castaignac leaned forward and began to tell us all about a friend of his that he had met here in Dieppe.

"One of my brother officers in the cuirassiers," he said. "You may imagine how glad I was to see him here, for a finer young fellow doesn't breathe in France." Madame Boussard gave a kind of snort, and clattered the cups. I think she hates to hear any young man spoken of as nice but just her Octave.

"Then why don't you present him to us, this officer of cuirassiers?" cried Madame Rondolé,

"In a few moments, madame, I hope to have that honor. Just now he has ridden to Dieppe on a trifling affair of business; and as soon as that is done, he has promised to join me here."

I was sitting there in my brown holland pelisse and my hat with the black ribbons, and nobody taking any notice of me, of course, but Miss Walker occasionally; but all the same, I listened. Monsieur de Castaignac was telling of his friend, and what a sad life he had had.

"His father, I own it to you, had one of the most evil names in France," said he, "and the sums he lost at écarté and at Auteuil were far beyond his power to pay. Consequently, he was blackballed in all his clubs, and died abroad in disgrace. But when this young fellow came of age, a couple of years ago, what does he do but write to all his father's creditors for a list of the debts, and pay them, every sou, out of his private fortune, left to him by his mother's family!"

"Ah," cried Miss Walker, "how splendid! And did he have anything

left?"

"Not a centime, mademoiselle! Indeed, he had to mortgage his land to complete the amount. And this is, in a way, the more creditable of him, because, by all accounts, his father had made his boyhood miserable with violence and neglect; so there could have been no affection in the case—honor, pure and simple."

"And the name of this paragon, what did you say it was?" asked Madame

Rondolé, with a yawn.

"I said, madame, Saint-Yriac, the

Marquis of Saint-Yriac!"

The Marquis of Saint-Yriac! I said it over slowly to myself, over and over again, while the rest went on talking of golf and automobiles and America. So it was not of the sleeper in the pavilion—my Alain Chartier—that this fine story had been told. He was still, as ever, a mystery. But it was the old Marquis of Saint-Yriac, the wicked old creature, of whom I had heard nothing but evil. He had made this sacrifice for the sake of his father's honor, he had done this thing that Miss Walker had called splendid—and with good reason, indeed!

The more I thought, the more I could make nothing of it. So I just drank my tea and ate my bread and butter, and listened to Miss Walker telling the com-

pany all about America.

It was very interesting to listen; and, no matter what curious questions they asked her, she had always something still more curious to give in answer. America must be a wonderful place, indeed, with the lynchings, and the billionaires, and the divorces, and the buffaloes that roam all around Yosemite Park or Central Park, I don't just remember which one she said—anyway, it is just near New York, where she lives—and they are very dangerous, and apt to gore you when you go out shopping.

"You hear that, Octave?" cried Madame Boussard. "Mon Dieu, let me hear no more of your schemes to hunt

big game in America!"

So then Octave naturally hurried to change the subject, and asked if it was really true what one hears of the women in America, and how different

they are from the French.

'Yes, indeed," answered Miss Walker, "cold and hard as glass, no nonsense for us!" Then she went on and told us how it was quite true, the American women have no hearts or souls, just brains and ambition, so that they never care for anyone but themselves. And the men, it seems, have to obey them, and make heaps of money for their wives to come and live in France-and everything like that, things that everybody knows, to be sure! But it was so interesting to hear her tell about it, and Octave sat and listened, and held her cup of tea, as though he had never heard anyone talk about things before in all his life.

"Mon Dieu!" cried Madame Rondolé.
"But I pity the man who marries one of
these frozen goddesses of yours, mademoiselle. For, above all women, I
honor the loving wife." And she drew
up her pretty little red mouth and
smiled at poor old Monsieur Rondolé,
who sat coughing and stirring his tea,
under his ginger-colored head of hair.

Monsieur de Castaignac started to his feet. "There he comes!" he said. "The friend of whom I told you, for whom I am waiting now. Will these ladies give me gracious permission to present him?"

Madame Boussard looked important. "The Marquis of Saint-Yriac? As Monsieur Poizelle is not yet returned, I

think we might venture.'

"But certainly, my cabbage!" cried her husband. "To be sure, one does not have the chance to meet a marquis every day!"

Monsieur de Castaignac dashed off. Octave kept looking at Miss Walker.

"You also, mademoiselle," he said, in a troubled sort of way—"you also, like the other American women, you make a mock of love?"

"No, monsieur." And he brightened, but she laughed and went on: "How can I, when I refuse to believe that such a thing exists in the world?"

Octave's jaw dropped, and he stared and sighed. "Ah, mademoiselle!" As for Madame Rondolé, she gave the sweetest little laugh, and opened her mouth to say something—and just then up came Monsieur de Castaignac with his friend. "Mesdames, with your gracious permission I present to you my brother officer, Monsieur de Saint-Yriae!"

Everybody bowed. As for me, it was lucky that nobody noticed me, as I sat there modestly in my whity-brown dress and black veil. I closed my eyes for a moment, and clutched my cup of tea.

Then I looked.

I was not dreaming any more, I was sure of that. But, just the same, there before me, seating himself in the vacant chair between Miss Walker and Madame Rondolé, broad awake, smiling with white teeth that glistened against his sunburn; just the same, even to his brown clothes and his high, russetleather cavalry boots—there he was; yes, beyond all question or doubt of dreaming, there he was!

I bent my head low over my teacup, but, all the same, I felt myself turn hot and tremble all over. It seemed to me that he would only need to see me, to know all about it at once—just who I was, just what I had done. I saw Madame Boussard looking at me with an

encouraging smile.

"Look there at the innocent young creature!" she whispered to her husband. Ah, mon Dieu, if she knew! What would she say of me then?

But after a moment or two, as they were all talking together and laughing and drinking tea, I ventured just to raise my eyes for a glance. Yes, he was lust the same; even now that he was laughing at Miss Walker's stories about America, it seemed to me that I could still see it in his face—something that was sad and yet proud, too. But his eyes, now that they were open, were so clear, so kind, so keen. Suddenly they met mine. I felt now that my last moment had come, and I wondered if anybody would ever speak to me again.

"Your cup, mademoiselle," he said, politely, and sprang forward. "Allow

me to relieve you of it." He took it from my hand, laid it on the table, and went on talking with Madame Boussard and Miss Walker.

I took a long breath. How stupid I had been! Of course, when he had seen me before, his eyes had been fast shut; so how could he possibly recognize me now? After all, in the story Alain Chartier had never, never known!

So I took a long breath, and sat up straight and began to listen to the conversation. I was still shaking, and the

palms of my hands were hot.

"Now, monsieur, you can tell me, I am sure," cried Miss Walker to the marquis, "what I have been trying to find out ever since I arrived in Saint-Yriac this morning—where does one find the leading ghosts, the principal fairies, of this place? I can find so little in Baedeker."

"Ah, mademoiselle," responded the marquis, "you are fortunate, indeed, in applying to me. From the earliest times my family has been on intimate terms with the elves of Normandy, the pixies and the fays. And as for ghosts, why, I myself——" He stopped and hesitated. Everybody screamed at him:

"Ghosts? Oh, tell us, tell us!"

The marquis laughed. "Just a rather absurd little adventure that I had the other day," he said; "nothing worth telling, upon my soul!"

"Oh, but please-please!"

"This is the affair, quite simply, madame! In the first place, there is an old servant of mine, a strange old woman, full of tales of the past and prophecies for the future, but devoted to my family and by consequence to me. In the second place—"

"Yes, monsieur; the second place?"
"There is an old garden, which, the story runs, was built by one of my ancestors for"—he hesitated and glanced around the circle—"for a beautiful woman of the people, who, they say, drowned herself there in the fountain, after the Revolution had driven her lover away from France. So, of course, as is generally admitted, her ghost walks there in the garden still.

And, according to Mother Jobard, there is a faint old rumor, a half-forgotten song, which declares that she will some day appear again in the flesh, and bring back prosperity to Saint-Yriac."

"Oh, how lovely, how charming!" cried Miss Walker, clapping her hands.

"Nothing remarkable, mademoiselle—merely an example of the old tales and traditions which float and cling everywhere in the minds of these peasants of Normandy."

"But the ghost?" laughed Madame

Rondolé.

"I am coming to that, madame. This garden of which I tell you is now no longer mine-it has passed into the possession of your good host, Monsieur Poizelle." He smiled so pleasantly, the marguis, as he said this; but, ah! I knew by his eyes how he must be feeling about it. "Now, this is a keen grief to my faithful old servant, Mother Jobard. So she keeps it in order, just as she used to in the old days; and this past month, whenever I have been at home, she has insisted that I should go to the garden every day. 'It is yours,' she says, 'and they grow lonely, the poor ghosts, waiting so long for your beloved footfall!""

Ah! what was it that Mother Jobard had said to me? "The garden is yours, mademoiselle!" And now, what did she mean, what was she intending, this strange old woman, when she had said to her master, too: "The garden is

yours."

Miss Walker looked so sad, and leaned forward so sweetly. "Ah, the poor old thing!" she said, softly. "And did the ghosts welcome you, monsieur?"

"Mademoiselle, here is the strange part of the story—they made me royally, most substantially welcome. The other morning I came in very tired from my work—for I am making the most of this present furlough, you understand, by taking observations and making schemes for fortifications along this coast. Mother Jobard had not yet prepared my second breakfast, so she begged me, while I was waiting, to go down to the garden. 'And when monseigneur returns, all shall be in readi-

ness,' she said. So, as I like to please the good old soul, I took a book and climbed the fence and went down to the garden."

"Now," breathed Madame Rondolé,

"we come to the ghosts!"

"Precisely, madame. You see, in the warm air I soon grew drowsy over my book. So I left it by the fountain, and went to the old summerhouse, which still stands there, and stretched myself out for a nap. I slept, I believe, longer than I had intended. But the dreams that came to me, mon Dieu, they were charming!"

"Ghosts?" asked Miss Walker.
"Mademoiselle, do not laugh. I as-

sure you, this is very serious.

I sat stiff, all my fears brought back again. Oh, the stupid creatures, why did they go on with their questions?

"The dreams, tell us of them, monsieur!" implored Madame Rondolé. I

wanted to shake her!

It seemed to me that he blushed, that young marquis, as I glanced at him from under my lashes. Then he laughed

in a composed sort of way.

"See the absurdity, madame! But my dream was so real. I feel almost guilty of bad faith in telling it. For it seemed to me that as I lay there asleep a lady came and stood by me—a lady of the most exquisite beauty, such as tradition describes her for whom the garden was built."

"The ghost?"

"Yes, the little ghost, beyond a doubt. She stood and looked down at me, and then, bending over, she kissed me—yes, kissed me sweetly, here upon my cheek!"

My heart had stopped beating, my hands were cold. "Ah, the good for-

tune!" cried Octave.

"Beyond a doubt. But, you see, here is the difficulty—the next moment I woke up."

"Ah, I know!" cried Octave, again.
"The English say: 'I thought it was a
kiss, but it was just an idle dream!'"

The marquis bowed. "Precisely. And yet not altogether idle. For when I looked around me, what do you suppose I found the ghost had left for me ?"

"A withered harebell?" responded Madame Rondolé.

"Or, perhaps," suggested Miss Walker, "a wreath of mist."
"Neither, mesdames; a tart—a straw-

berry tart, large and delicious, with pastry that crumbled beneath the touch and strawberries that melted in the

"You ate it?" cried Miss Walker. "The tart of a ghost, baked no one knows by what fires?"

The marquis grinned, so pleased and happy that my blood began to melt again, and I was glad, so glad, that I had thought to leave it for him.

"Did I eat it, mademoiselle? I, all starving as I was, and the tart-ah, I declare to you, not Heaven itself could ever efface the memory of that juici-

ness and sweetness!"

"I should envy you," observed Miss Walker, "if it were not that we have such delicious tarts at Monsieur Poizelle's, that no ghosts could do better." And she smiled at me. Madame Rondole's brown eyes, so keen under their softness, glanced around from one of us to the other. I held my face down under my black veil. Oh, mon Dieu, I had meant it only in joke—and more, who could tell what might come of it?

"And then, what happened next?" asked Miss Walker.

"Nothing, mademoiselle. Stay, there was one thing more. When I had finished the tart, I turned to look for my book before going home. It was gone. And in its place the ghost had left what do you suppose?

I gripped my chair and trembled and yet, at the same time, I had to bite my cheeks from the inside, to keep from laughing. I knew, you see, what it

was that he found.

"A skull and a couple of thigh

bones?" observed Octave.

"No, monsieur, a tureen-a soup tureen of plain white china, with a gold and crimson band."

Everybody screamed with laughter. "And a kiss under the cover?" inquired Octave.

"Nothing, monsieur. Except that the handle was slightly sticky, there was nothing to distinguish it from any other tureen. So I let it lie, and returned home."

"You left it behind-the love-token of your little phantom? Bah! she will

haunt vou.

"No, madame. For that same night it appeared upon my buffet. Mother Jobard, my old servant, found that it did excellently to hold the milk of her new cow. So there, you see--"

All of a sudden I heard a low, growling sort of noise behind me. I turned, and there were auntie and papa—papa, purple in the face and glaring, glaring straight at the marquis!

Octave jumped up and presented them to papa, first Monsieur de Castaignac and then the marquis. "I have already the honor of knowing monsieur the mar-

quis," says papa.

The marquis bowed very gravely. "I will intrude on you no longer, mesdames," he said. "I have to thank you for your kind hospitality, and your gracious attention to my stupid little story. Adieu, mesdames." And off he went, and Monsieur de Castaignac with him.

Papa shook his fist at their backs, "I'll show him how much Poizelle cares for him and his nobility," he growled. "In the old days the marquis could enter our homes by force: if the marguis of today tries to enter, we show him the door." And he drank down the cups of cold tea that Madame Boussard

poured out for him.

Suddenly it struck me, what had puzzled me so before. The marquis of long ago—the marquis of to-day—the same marquis, but different men. Son and father and grandfather-the marquis never dies, of course! I had never thought of that. If I had, I might have known who it was in the garden that day. And then, of course, I would never have- But, ah! it is too late to think of that now!

"And what was he saying to you, this fine dandy of a marguis?" papa ex-

ploded, suddenly.

"Oh, such an interesting story!" cried Miss Walker. "All aboutMon Dieu, now it was going to fall on me at last, for when auntie hears about the tart, and papa about the red and gold soup tureen—— My hands

and feet turned cold.

"My dear Miss Walker," interrupted Madame Boussard, "pardon the interruption—but do you not think it time now, Monsieur Poizelle, to return to our automobiles? The wind blows cold from the Channel. And as for this little daughter of yours—for this past half hour I have been watching her; and between the damp air and the hot sun, here she is as white as the ghost she has been hearing of."

She is nice, I think, Madame Boussard! So off we all went in our automobiles again. About halfway home we passed the marquis, galloping along on his brown cavalry horse; he smiled and saluted us, quite calm and pleas-

ant.

As we swept down the Saint-Yriac road on the way to Villa Clematis, I looked up at the chateau lying all lit with the sunset, so far above us. There on the peak of the rock, her hand shielding her eyes against the sun, and the wind blowing her blue woolen apron out like a flag, stood Mother Jobard, searching down the highroad for her master to come home.

"Look, then, at ancient France!" cried Octave, pointing upward as we flew

along.

"The strange old creature," said Miss Walker, softly. "What would you not give, monsieur, to know what is

in her mind?'

And I, also, when I remembered what I had heard this afternoon—what she had said to her master, what she had said to me—contradicting herself all so crazy and so strange—I also thought I would give a good deal to know what was in her mind, the old Mother Jobard!

VIII.

The thing that worries me most of all is that soup tureen. I dream of it at night, dancing about on ladles for legs, and banging its cover at me. Then I wake up and think, suppose Miss

Walker should finish that story to papa some day! And suppose Victor should happen to mention to papa that the tureen is gone, how long would it take everybody to put two and two together, and know what it meant, that dream of the marquis'?

Victor is getting very irritated about it; he keeps sending up messages from downstairs, through Johanne, begging mademoiselle to come and see for herself that the kitchen floor is nothing but an omelette, till he has his tureen to

keep his eggs in once more.

So I made up my mind that the first chance I got I would run up to the garden and try and find Mother Jobard, and see if she wouldn't be so kind and bring

back my tureen to me.

It was not so easy, though, finding a chance. For now that Miss Walker had come, she always walked with me in the morning, she and Octave and papa and mamma Boussard. And in the afternoon it was always the automobiles and the golf club—very gay and very English, upon my word! And the weather is so fine and bright, and Victor makes us such splendid things to eat. But I wish, whenever the strawberry tarts came on, that I didn't feel Madame Rondolé's big brown eyes on me, with the faintest little smile.

She is a strange woman, I think; because the sweeter she is to you, the more you feel, somehow, that she doesn't like you at all. Now, she calls Miss Walker "dear angel" and "beautiful little American," and when the beautiful little American's back is turned, I have seen Madame Rondolé look at her as though she would like to dig a hat-

pin into her.

The others all seem to like Miss Walker, though, especially Octave. When we are out automobiling now, Octave is turned around about three-quarters of the time, talking with us in the tonneau—that is, talking with Miss Walker, trying to make jokes with her in English, and asking questions about these strange, cold-hearted women of America. Madame Rondolé, sitting by him on the front seat, smiles very sweetly and begs him not to dash us to

pieces over the cliffs. But sometimes, when she glances around, her eyes look at Miss Walker as hard and as cold as glass. And then she smiles and calls

her belle Americaine!

Miss Walker, on her side, I don't think she is very fond of Madame Rondolé, and I think that that is the reason that yesterday, when we were all asked to the casino at Dieppe, to take five-o'clock with some chic friends of Madame Rondolé, that Miss Walker declared that she had a headache and begged to be allowed to stay at home.

Papa said that it would be only polite for me to stay with her—as though I were not glad enough of the chance to escape a stupid five-o'clock, where I sit and listen to jokes that I cannot understand, and nobody takes any notice

of me!

So after everybody had said how sorry they were not to have us come, too, I went upstairs with Miss Walker and bathed her head with water of Night - Blooming Cereus (Perfumery Poizelle). Pretty soon we heard the touf-touf of the automobiles starting off. First Octave, looking rather sulky, I thought, and Madame Rondole in the most beautiful new hat, and her pretty little red mouth smiling and chattering as though she were quite happy. Then, after they had started, the others came out. There was some delay about papa's automobile, but finally they all got off, too, papa, auntie, the Boussards and old Monsieur Rondolé. He is very good-natured and kind to his wife, I think, that old man!

A few minutes after the automobiles had vanished, Miss Walker jumped up and declared that her head was nearly well. I had cured it splendidly, she said. She thanked me so sweetly, and said I was the only French girl she had ever known, and if they were all like me she would like to know a thousand. Then she said that we had mademoiselle'd each other long enough, and I must call her Hazel and she would call me Joujou, if I didn't mind—so kind and pleasant of her. She tried to teach me to pronounce her name in the real American fashion—'Azelle—Hazelle!

Then I taught her to say Joujou, and she said it so funnily. Then we burst out laughing at each other, and then we were better friends than ever.

She looked so pretty in her pale blue crape negligée, and her light brown hair loose and falling over her shoulders, that I couldn't help telling her so. "Please don't think me rude," I said, "for mentioning it. And your clothes, too, they are lovely, I think. When I am married, I intend to have just the same."

Miss Walker laughed. "Ah!" she cried, "it's lucky for me, isn't it, that I didn't have to wait so long as that?" Then she paused and looked at me. "I'll tell you what we will do this afternoon," she said. "Let's play that you are an American girl, or a married lady, or something, and dress ourselves up as we should be, in some of those new Paris frocks of mine."

I was a little bit frightened at the idea, but before I had time to make any objections, Miss Walker was opening trunks and slamming about trays, and pulling out beautiful dresses and ribbons and lingerie—and when once I had seen them, there was no use trying

to refuse any more.

"First, I'll do your hair decently!" said Hazel. "You don't mind, do you, honey? Such lovely hair, and such a crime the way you wear it!" She let it out loose and ran the comb through it so softly, without pulling a single hair. "Such a beautiful wave, when you let it out loose. Here, now, I'll do it up high—you don't mind?—in a pompadour. Very improper, I suppose, but there's lots of time to get it down again and clubbed with that black ribbon before everybody comes home. Now I'll do my own hair. And now for the fluffy petticoats!"

Such lovely lace things as we put on —lace chemises run with blue ribbons, and skirts with yards and yards of lace ruffles around the bottom. Hazel is so much taller than I that the lace dragged and flopped all around my feet. "But no matter," she said; "it will all come out in the wash, honey. And the dress, too—drag them around all you can! Here, let me arrange the fichu, and pin

the sash up tighter, and it fits you as though it had been made for you. There, now you are finished. And while I am finishing myself, you can take a look in the mirror.'

There was no use talking, I did look different in that beautiful soft white muslin, all lace and embroidery and showers of little tucks, all falling around me like a mist, and my neck and arms showing through and the blue ribbon of my chemise, just like Madame Rondolé. Then my hair all yellow and waving-yes, I did look different from little everyday Joujou.

"Upon my word," said Miss Walker, softly, "you are beautiful. No, beautiful isn't the word. So pale and delicate and shining-you look like nothing human-one of these elves of old Normandy, or, perhaps, that little phantom that we heard of the other day. Do you mind if I touch you, please, and

make sure that you are real?"

Somehow I wished that she hadn't mentioned it, that story that we heard the other day. Because that made me think of what I am ashamed of, and trying to forget. But, still, one can't be sad or silent very long when Hazel is by. And just looking at her, I had to smile for pleasure. I had never seen her before, you understand, in anything but her duck tailor-mades, or the plain organdies that she puts on for dinner every evening. And now in her lace flounces and frilly white lawn, transparent over the shoulders, and cut away to show her beautiful throat, white as milk below the brown line of tan that ran around it, she looked so rosy, so blooming, so lovely, that I felt quite badly that there was no one there to see her but just me.

"I feel ridiculous, somehow, in anything but a short skirt," said Hazel, giving her lace train a little kick, "and, really, as you see, I buy these clothes merely as a matter of form. So trail that dress around all you can-draggle it, ruin it! And you'll get one of the useless things out of my way, at any

When we were dressed there was not much to do, to be sure. So we went

downstairs, to walk about the place a little, and pretend, as Hazel said, that we were married ladies. We went out on the piazza, walking slowly and laughing to each other, with our heads high and our skirts frou-frouing around us, and there sitting in the hammock, reading the London Times very quietlywhom should we see but Octave!

"Ah, monsieur!" cried Hazel, with a

jump.

He started to his feet and bowed elegantly. "Forgive me, mesdemoiselles, that I intrude upon your solitude. But, you see, I had gone only a few moments on my road to Dieppe when my motor broke down, perfectly obstinate. And before the chauffeur and I had discovered what was the matter, along came the other machine; and as they thought Madame Rondolé should take no risks about getting to Dieppe on time, they took her along with them. I was to follow, as soon as I could."

"But you didn't," cried Hazel, laughing. Octave laughed, also, a little con-

sciously.

"Do not blame me, mademoiselle. We found that the valve of the carbureter was broken-it will take some time to So I left my chauffeur and walked back here to Villa Clematis. You will forgive me, mademoiselle, if I admit I do not grieve very deeply for the accident?"

Hazel laughed again, and it seemed to me that she turned just a shade pinker

as he looked at her.

"We have been dressing up," she said: "though Joujou tells me it is quite against the rules of the game for her to wear lace ruffles or let her hair curl

until she's a married lady.'

I felt a little uncomfortable when she said that, and I saw Octave biting his lip as though he were a little troubled, too, about something. Of course, as nothing is yet really arranged. Hazel can have no idea that Octave and I are to be married, or else she would not talk that way before us.
Octave bowed again. "Mademoiselle

Joujou is charming," he said, "and you also, miss. But when you talk of dressing up, I am sure you do not have to wait until you are married before you wear lace and jewels and do your hair as you please."

"I should hope not, indeed!" cried Hazel. "Would you expect me to wear plain hems and a plain bun until I die?" "Miss, you are joking. Is it possi-

ble, then, you never intend to marry?" "Monsieur, have I not told you my opinions on the subject? No nonsense

of the kind for me!"

So they went on disputing, as usual, about marriage, and cold hearts, and Frenchmen, and unfeeling American women. Very interesting, it all was! And Hazel kept turning around every minute and asking my opinion about things. It seemed so useless, though, for me to be sitting there listening, when they could get on perfectly well without me, and when there was something that I wanted so much to do for myself.

The soup tureen! This was such a splendid chance to slip up to my garden and see if I could find old Mother Jobard; and I wriggled in my chair, more and more restless every minute.

So at last I got up. "You will pardon me, won't you," I said, "if I leave

you just a little while?"

"Don't be long, dear," said Hazel.

And I dashed away.

First I went to my room, and found the volume of Alain Chartier, which I knew I ought to return. I caught just a glimpse of myself in the mirror as I passed, all white and misty, like a spirit. I was almost frightened for a moment,

till I remembered.

So I tiptoed out very softly, not to disturb the conversation at the end of the piazza. Then I clutched my dress up around me, and my book under my arm, and I flew up the hillside as fast as I could run through the trees, over the moss and ferns. It was all so quiet, and it smelled so sweet; the distance did not seem so very long to me, when at last I came to the top.

I was a little bit afraid, for how could I know, you see, what I was going to find here? But I knew I was doing what was right-to return the book that did not belong to me, and get back Victor's soup tureen. But when I walked down the little green mossy path, beside the old gray statues, somehow I forgot to be afraid any more; I forgot to think even what I had come there for. I was so happy, so happy to be in my garden once more.

The pink and scarlet poppies were in full bloom, the bees and butterflies were humming and fluttering around me, the sun shining through the trees made golden splashes everywhere, and the air was warm and soft, and full of

the smell of flowers.

But, all the same, the first thing I did was to look in at the door of the summerhouse. It was empty, except for a few solemn crickets that jumped around on the stone floor. Nobody was sleeping there to-day. I was glad of that-yes, really glad, not disappointed at all—yes, I was as glad as I could be that there was no Alan Chartier there to-day!

Then I looked about for Mother Jobard, who might be somewhere about, picking up twigs or weeding the garden. It was plain, from the almost tidy look of the place, that she had been there not very long ago. But now she was nowhere to be seen. I searched about, though I was so afraid of tearing my lace on the thorns of the hedgerow. I even called her name once or twice, very softly. But not a soul replied.

So it was plain the only thing for me to do was to put back the book on the fountain where I had found it, and trust to the honor of the marquis to

bring back the tureen.

So I laid it down, the old black leather book that had already put so many ideas into my head and done so much mischief for me. But, all the same, I felt badly to give it up, and leave it behind forever. There was still so it behind forever. much in it that I had not read. So I said to myself: "Just one moment more, one page more, before I go away.

So I sat down by the fountain, with my white skirts spread out all around me so as not to crush them, and my hair loosened a little by my climb and beginning to fall about my face in the most annoying way, so that I had to put it back with my hand as I read. But pretty soon I forgot my hair, I forgot my dress, I forgot everything! The poetry was so sweet and so sad, and everybody that it told of was dead so long ago.

So I sat by the fountain and read. I knew that I ought to go home to Hazel and Octave, but still I sat there and read, just one moment more.

Suddenly I heard a little step behind me—just the merest little echo of a step.

Mother Jobard, at last! I jumped up and turned quickly, one hand pulling back my hair, and my soft white ruffles dragging and twisting in the grass about my feet. I turned and looked straight into the eyes of the marquis!

He was standing just a little way from me, in the path coming down from the pavilion, just the same as before, except that the brown suit had been changed for gray, and he carried a riding whip in his hand. I noticed, too, that his eyes were blue, and they were

looking straight at me.

Somehow I had never thought of finding him broad awake here, with his eyes wide open. When I had thought of him in the garden it was always as lying down in the summerhouse fast asleep. And here he stood staring straight at me, not saying a single word. And I stared back at him, not daring even to breathe.

Suddenly he lifted his hand, as though he was going to make the sign of the cross. "Who are you, please?" he said. Just like that—quick and short

and a little bit troubled.

I began to laugh—I couldn't help it. It was funny to find that he was frightened, too; more frightened even that I. So, as it was silly to pretend or to be afraid any more, I just said:

"I am not a ghost; I am just Joujou

Poizelle.'

When I laughed, he laughed, too, and I noticed again how white his teeth were against his tan, and his eyes so pleasant, so honest! For a moment I hardly felt afraid any more.

Then he said:

"Thank you. You see, I have been

brought up from childhood on the legends of this place, and when I came upon you just now, springing up so white and silent beside the fountain well, you can hardly blame me for feel-

ing a little bit startled.'

I said: "No, indeed!" And then I stood there, with my hand still pushing back my hair, looking down on the white muslin that trailed on the grass all around me—quite silent, like a fool. The marquis didn't say anything either, but I could feel him looking at me. It seemed funny, he did not seem to know what to say, either. A big fat yellow bee came blundering along and zoumzoumed about my head. I screamed a little and dodged, because I am afraid of them. The marquis drove it away with his riding whip.

I said: "Thank you, monsieur!" He said: "It is nothing, mademoi-

selle."

Then we both stood there again, without saying a word. Finally the mar-

quis said:

"I must make my excuses to you, mademoiselle, and to monsieur, your father, for intruding thus upon your property."

I said: "It is nothing, monsieur."

Finally the marquis said: "I think, mademoiselle, though I did not recognize you at first, that I had the pleasure of meeting you at the golf club the

other day."

"Yes, monsieur," I answered; and then, because it seemed only polite, I made my reverence that they taught me in the convent. The marquis bowed, very solemnly. So that was all as it should be. But, oh, in picking up my skirts, I dropped the book which I had held quite tightly clasped under my arm until then; it fell tumbling on the grass, where the marquis picked it up and handed it to me.

"Your book, mademoiselle," he said, and that was all. But in his eye, as it fell upon the old black volume, there was the least little start of surprise, the faintest little flicker of a laugh—he knew now, and I knew that he knew!

So all at once I saw how silly it was for me to pretend any more, especially if I wanted that soup tureen. As for that dream of his—of course it was nothing but a dream, and I would not think of that any more.

So I looked at him and said: "Not my book, monsieur, but yours;" and I

handed it back to him.

He took it very gravely and politely. "Mademoiselle, this is kind of you." I was so glad somehow that he didn't laugh, and his eyes looked at me so kind and pleasant that I thought I might as well say outright what I had come for and get it off my mind. So I said:

"And now, monsieur, may I have my

soup tureen?"

Again he did not laugh; he tried to start, as though he were surprised, and looked at me very interested and serious. "Your tureen, mademoiselle! So it belonged to you, the soup tureen that was left here by accident the other day?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Very well, as soon as I return home I will send my servant, the old Mother Jobard, to carry it immediately to the Villa Clematis."

"Oh, no!" I cried. "Please don't do

that."

For if papa should see her bringing it and should ask how she came by it, or if anyone should see it that heard that story the other day, what might they not think? As for the marquis, now that I had met him, I was not afraid of him any more—but the others, who could never understand!

"No, monsieur," I cried; "you must

bring it here to me."

Then when I had said it, I realized how bold and how strange I must seem—just like asking to see him again. I felt myself turning crimson.

"Yes, mademoiselle," said he, quite calmly, "of course that would be best. Such delicate china cannot, of course,

be risked in other hands."

The old soup tureen! I looked up to see if he were laughing at me; but no, quite calm and serious. And suddenly, as I met his eyes, they looked quite different from any eyes that I had ever seen before in the whole world. I don't know what it was, they were looking at me—straight though it seemed, as

though they could see right into my soul. And yet nothing to make me feel uncomfortable; whatever he was thinking of me, I felt sure they were pleasant thoughts. I felt happy, somehow, and warm all over at the notion! And though we stood there again without saying a word—and stood there, and stood there—somehow I didn't feel foolish, like the last time, or confused or afraid. At last I looked up; he was still looking at me, and our eyes met. So he laughed, and I laughed, too.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "is it per-

mitted to me to thank you?"

I trembled. "For what, monsieur?"
"For the kind charity of one day last week, for which I am sure I am indebted to no kindness but yours, The

tart, mademoiselle!"

I looked at him carefully. No, there was not the faintest hint in his voice, the least meaning in his eyes, that he was thinking of anything but the tart. So I said:

"I am very glad, monsieur, that you

were pleased,'

"Pleased, mademoiselle? It was the gift of Heaven to a starving man. Those strawberries—mon Dieu, shall I

ever forget their flavor!"

It seemed so nice, somehow, to have him thank me that way, and to think he was so pleased about it all. I began to feel as though I had known him a long time, and his eyes, as they looked at me, seemed the friendliest things that I had

ever seen in the world.

Then, all of a sudden, I remembered that it was growing late. The trees were all shadowy around us, and there was a damp, dewy feeling in the air. I gathered my skirts about me, they were limp and stained green with grass along the edge, and my hair had all curled into untidy little rings over my face. Somehow I felt shy again as I saw him looking at me.

"I must go now," I said; "it is time to

go home."

"You will come back for the tureen?" he said.

"I don't know—yes, yes, of course."
"When shall I bring it to you, made-

moiselle?"

"I don't know-it's so hard to tell when I can get away."

"To-morrow, perhaps?"
"Yes, perhaps to-morrow."

I held out my hand to him. He took it in his own, then he bowed over it and kissed it.

Nobody ever did that to me before; yet it pleased me, somehow, that he

should kiss my hand.

The strange thing is that even after he had gone, and I was at home again, that kiss still seemed to stay there. Yes, that night when I was going to sleep, next morning when I woke up, I still felt his lips there on the back of my hand, soft and warm, and the clasp of his fingers over mine.

I could not go back to the garden, after all, for Madame Boussard kept me by her all day, and talked to me of Octave. As for Octave, he talked to Hazel, while Madame Randolé talked to him.

While I—I wondered if he was waiting for me there among the flowers, with the soup tureen—my new friend with the kind eyes; the wicked Marquis of Saint-Yriac that it was my duty as a Poizelle to hate and fear!

IX.

I can't imagine how I ever looked forward to their coming, these guests of ours, or thought them amusing when they had come.

To be sure, Hazel is nice. She is always nice, and I don't think that anyone could ever be tired of Hazel.

But Madame Boussard—oh, how wearisome she is with her talk of Octave, and her charities, and Octave again—from breakfast time till after dinner! And Monsieur Boussard, with his talk about business, which I cannot understand, and old Monsieur Rondolé, with his silly jokes. I am tired, tired of them all! As for Madame Rondolé, she is a cat, her hair is so silky, and she purrs at you so sweetly—but all the time you are sure that she is just looking for a chance to scratch.

As for Octave, he is very pleasant; and I certainly cannot be bored with him, because, except for good-morning and good-evening, he never speaks a word to me. No, he doesn't bother me a bit; and yet when I look at him and think that I shall have to marry him some day, somehow I grow cold all over.

Yes, every day is stupider than the last, here at Villa Clematis, till sometimes I grow quite wild. Then I tell myself how wicked and ungrateful I am, and I try to sit up and smile and listen to the conversation. But Madame Rondolé makes jokes under her breath, and Octave talks about the jockey club and argues with Hazel about the hearts of American women; and papa talks of Perfumery Poizelle and the wicked Marquis of Saint-Yriac, and swears that he will get even with him yet. Poor papa! He is quite wild, because he lost his action for trespass which he brought against the marquis. So he declares that the courts of France are bought and sold, and that the marquis is as great a villain as any of his ancestors.

I don't understand how papa can be so mistaken, because when I saw the marquis in the garden—when he kissed my hand—I could see quite plainly for myself that there was nothing wicked about him. And then when I remembered what Monsieur de Castaignac said of him that day at the golf club! Of course, I don't care! There is really no reason why I should feel badly about it, one way or the other—but somehow it hurts me to see papa so unfair to anybody. Yes, I hate to see him so mistaken, and so unjust.

But, all the same, the talking goes on all the time. I never get a moment to myself, to walk in the woods or do anything that I choose. And Victor keeps worrying me about the soup tureen.

I think that Madame Rondolé knows that I am troubled about something—because whenever we have strawberry tarts she looks at me in a knowing sort of way; and yesterday, when the soup came on, she looked at me and asked me if there were any spirits in it—and then she laughed.

But there's one satisfaction; I can see quite plainly that she is not pleased herself with the way things are going. When Octave and Hazel make jokes and laugh together, I can see Madame Rondolé bite her lip and then smile, so sweetly that you know she is quite furious inside. And the other night, when those two were teasing each other and laughing, as usual, Madame Rondolé came over to the far end of the piazza, where I was sitting with Madame Boussard, hearing how Octave won the cup in the cricket match last summer.

"Dear Madame Boussard," said she,
"I am sure at least you will agree with
me."

Madame Boussard nodded, solemnly. "And you propose?" she said. "To turn the pursuit. My dear friend,

"To turn the pursuit. My dear friend, what do you think of bringing Monsieur de Castaignac over to Saint-Yriac?"

Madame Boussard brightened. "An excellent plan," she replied.

So the next day Monsieur de Castaignac made his appearance at Villa Clematis. He is very handsome, almost too handsome for a man, it seems to me. From the first moment he has come to Villa Clematis, he has sat by Miss Walker at table, and made soft eves at her all the time, so beautifully that I sometimes wonder that she can laugh at him as she always does. As for Octave, he never gets a chance to speak to her, and he looks so cross. Madame Rondolé is the only one that looks happy, and she smiles all the time in that demure way of hers, as though everything were going exactly as she pleased.

Monsieur de Castaignac never takes any notice of me, of course. But, all the same, I am as glad as Madame Rondolé that he is here, for they are just four, a nice number, without me, and Monsieur de Castaignac is teaching them all to play bridge. They are all quite wild about it. We have stopped going to the golf club, and we only go out for an hour or so every afternoon in the automobiles. That is, the older ones go, of course, and parade solemnly over the countryside, while Madame Rondolé and Hazel. Octave and Monsieur de Castaignac, sit around the little table on the piazza with their cards in their hands, and such important frowns on their foreheads.

But, oh, I am so obliged to him, this Monsieur de Castaignac! for now I am free to come and go as I please. For the two hours before dinner, they are all four so busy that no one notices whether I am there or not; so this afternoon, as they sat there fussing over trumps, it seemed to me that nobody could think me rude if I just slipped away and took a little walk to the woods.

The dear forest! with its quiet shadows and the sweet, damp smell of the earth coming up all about me. What did it hold for me? Should I find anyone waiting for me there in the garden? For a moment I was almost afraid, and as I hurried up between the trees, I planned to myself what I would say—a nice dignified speech, just like Sister Angélique.

But when I came to the garden I found no one there; nobody, that is, but the old Mother Jobard, with a queer old rusty sickle in her hand, cutting grass beside the fountain. She jumped up when she saw me, and smiled at me in a pleased sort of way, with her bright old eyes glittering at me so strangely under her blue woolen handkerchief. "Mademoiselle will pardon my boldness, that she finds me again in her garden?" she said, and courtessed so low that she almost vanished among the poppies.

My garden! So the garden belonged to me again, did it? However, I was not going to bother about that. So I just explained to her what I had come for, and asked her please to go and bring me back my soup tureen as quickly as she could.

She bowed again. "All shall be as mademoiselle desires," she replied, and trotted off, dark and silent, under the horse-chestnut trees. I sat down and waited for her to come back. After all, they hadn't been wanted, my fine long dignified speeches; for, of course, the marquis never came here any more, now that he had found he didn't have the garden to himself. Had he come back that day, as I had promised to

come, too? Of course not. It was ridiculous to think that he would want to see me again-or for the matter of that, that I should want to see him, the Marquis of Saint-Yriac - I, Joujou

Poizelle!

So I began to think in my mind what I should say if I ever saw him againafter I am married, of course, when I am free to look straight at people and say just what comes into my head. The conversation came to me, as I sat there, all quite clear and distinct. I was very stately and dignified-rather sharp, indeed-and, though the marquis' replies were rather far away, still it was plain that he was very much impressed, and respected me very much indeed.

It took her a long time to climb the fence and get the tureen, and come back again, that old woman! So the conversation went on, inside my head; it was strange, I tried to be sharp and clever, but his eyes, as he looked at me, were so kind-and it seemed to me that he took my hand in his again, and

kissed it.

Ah, that was silly! I bit my finger in a rage at myself, sitting there all alone, making believe, like a baby. So, to drive away those foolish thoughts, I just shut my eyes up tight and began to count-one, two, three, and so on. One hundred, two hundred-why did she not return, the old Mother Jobard? Three hundred, four hundred-I had always found it easy enough till now to forget what I wanted to forget. So I shut my eves together, and counted on.

I had almost finished a thousand when, just behind me, I heard a step and the familiar old clank of heavy china, "Here you are at last!" I said, quite crossly, as I opened my eyes and

whirled around.

But this time it wasn't Mother Jobard, it was the marquis himself, standing there smiling at me, with his hat in one hand and the soup tureen in the other. It was very strange, but at the sight of him all the fine speeches went out of my head like smoke out of a chimney. However, I made my reverence. "Monsieur," I said, and then not another word. I just stood there in my brown piqué dress, thinking of Hazel's beautiful muslin down there in my wardrobe in the Villa Clematis. It seemed dreadful, somehow, after being taken for a spirit the other day, to have him find me now in the same spot again, looking

like an ugly child.

However, he didn't seem to notice ything. "Mademoiselle," said he, anything. "my old housekeeper, the Mother Jobard, has begged me to bring you this," and he held out the tureen to me. I took it. Glad enough I was to have it again, you may be sure! "Thank you, monsieur," I said.

"You were not here the other day," he said, "when I brought it here for

vou."

"I was very sorry," I answered, "but I had to go out in the automobile." Ah! so he had come to the garden, after all. I was so glad, somehow, to think of it, that I couldn't help looking up and smiling at him. He smiled back at me. It is strange that, though his hair is so dark, his eyes are a bright blue, like Hazel's; and, like hers, they look straight at you, as though they had no secrets behind them, and didn't mean that you should have any, either.

"But it is kind of mademoiselle," he replied, with a laugh, "to come to-day; and especially to appear in a form less alarming to my superstitious fears.'

The old whity-brown dress! However, there was no use thinking of that now. So I just said: "Yes, there's nothing about me to-day to make anyone feel afraid."

He glanced at me, quick and yet different. "I didn't know," he said, half under his breath. "I'm not so certain of that, after all." Again his eyes seemed to go through me. I turned away, and the tureen rattled unsteadily

in my hand.

"Take care, mademoiselle!" he cried, and snatched it from me as it slid to the ground. That was awkward of me, indeed! I stooped, in a hurry, to pick it up, and our heads came together with a knock. "Pardon, mademoiselle." he said, quite seriously, and then: "But look, mademoiselle, there's something inside the 'tureen!"

To be sure, the cover had fallen off; and there, inside the soup tureen, lay a handful of green sprigs—crinkled, pale green leaves, with a tiny scarlet blossom. "Ah!" I cried, "the pretty little flowers!" He picked up a spray and gave it to me. I took it in my hand and smelled it; the flowers were scentless, but there was a strange, aromatic fragrance to the pale gray green leaves. I looked up at the marquis, who stood there solemnly holding the soup tureen. "Thank you, monsieur." I said.

"Thank you, monsieur," I said.

He laughed again. "No, don't thank
me. I regret to say, I knew nothing
of these flowers. No, I will tell you
from whom they come—from the old
Mother Jobard, who gave me this tureen
just now to carry back to you."

"That was kind of her," I said. For,

indeed, so it was.

He looked at me a little oddly. "She is a strange old woman," he answered; "one never knows what is in her mind. She is a devoted, faithful old creature, indeed; but—mademoiselle, this is not right—let me throw away these flowers?"

As he spoke he gathered them into his hand, then he began to laugh and let them fall back again. "See, mademoiselle, she wished to make you full requital, the poor old Mother Jobard."

I looked into the tureen, then I had to laugh. Among the flowers there lay two long, flat cakes, baked brown and scalloped about the edges. It looked so funny and so familiar to see cakes there again in my old soup tureen, that I had to burst out laughing, too.

"To be sure," observed the marquis, "they are not tarts. But we do our best, my poor old servant and I. These cakes are a specialty of this countryside—a mixture, I believe, of rye, syrup and dried cherries, very dear to me when I was a boy, and still acceptable. Mademoiselle will honor me?" And with a grand gesture, he motioned me to a seat by the fountain.

Sudden doubt rushed over me. Perhaps at that very moment papa was telling Monsieur Boussard about the wrongs of our race, and the wicked seigneur, and the cow. And down at the

Villa Clematis they were playing bridge out on the piazza. It was not right for me to be here. I had done wrong to come at all—and, oh, I must not stay!

"I must go home," I said, softly. I meant to go—I wanted to go!—but, just the same, I did not take a single step. It seemed to me as though something were holding me—something stronger than I, something new and sweet, yet touched with a quick, mysterious pain. Just for a moment it held me, then it shot past me like a glance—like a glance from those bright, fierce eyes of Mother Jobard. I was trembling, and my breath came quick, but I turned to go away.

"I will take the tureen now," I said,

"and go home."

"Ah, mademoiselle, one moment!" It was strange, but he really seemed to want me to stay. I felt those keen blue eyes of his looking down at me as we stood there quite solemnly, with the tureen between us. This time we did not laugh. The air was so still that I could hear the surf murmuring on the shore, far down behind the trees and the cliffs of Saint-Yriac.

"Please stay, mademoiselle, only for

one moment!

"Very well, a little while—only a little while."

So we sat down on the edge of the fountain. I took one cake and he took the other, and we sat there nibbling the scallops quite gravely, and talking of the golf club, and the forest, and the old gray statues that stood all about us, watching us so quietly. The food was not so nice, indeed, as at my last picnic. For the taste of the rye was bitter, and the dried cherries were tough and hard, like bits of wood. But somehow I thought very little of that.

We sat there while the shadows lengthened about us; and as I listened to the marquis' voice rising and falling, as I answered questions, and tried to laugh in the proper places, slowly it came over me again, that feeling I had had the first day in the garden, when I sat there alone. I felt older, somehow, and peaceful and happy, as though I had found my own place at last. Everything was familiar to me—everything be-

longed to me; not because papa had bought it, but because from the beginning it had been meant for me—the overgrown hedge of box, the weather-beaten statues, the crumbled carvings of the fountain; the marquis himself, sitting there beside me, with his tanned face and his deep, quick laugh—he was a part of it all; this was not the first time that we had sat together beside the fountain. It was a wild, fleeting notion, but for the moment so real that I trembled again.

As I glanced up I caught the marquis' eyes fixed on me again. "Pardon, mademoiselle," he said, and I almost thought that he flushed, "but I was trying to think—where have I seen your

face before?"

"At the golf club?" I said, trying to

be unconcerned.

"No, no, more than that—longer ago than that! I cannot explain it, but your face came back to me—from childhood, perhaps. Just a fancy, of course. You have finished your cake already, made-

moiselle?"

"Not quite;" and I crushed the last bit between my teeth. That was no fancy, at all events-those coarse, bitter cakes. Is that all he has to eat, this poor young man, in that dark old castle of his, high up on the rocks? How dreadful to be poor! Then I remembered what Monsieur de Castaignac had told us that day at the golf club, of why he had no money left in the world, this young Marquis of Saint-Yriac. And when I looked at him, it seemed to me that I could read it all in his face, under that kind, grave smile of his-all the loneliness and the sacrifice and the long, grinding years.

Papa is very good and very clever. And surely he is mistaken this time when he says the Marquis of Saint-

Yriac is not a good man!

"Mademoiselle, you find it beautiful, this old garden?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Then you walk here often? Yes, I am sure you do."

"Yes--no-that is, as often as I have the chance to run away by myself."

I laughed as I thought of Madame

Boussard, and those long talks about Octave, and all the company sitting around making jokes and telling stories without taking any notice of me. The marquis seemed to understand, for he laughed, too.

"Yes, your time is well taken up, I can believe that, with all the guests at Villa Clematis. But in the chateau, you see, there is no one but myself—myself

and the old Mother Jobard."

Ah, how dreadful to be all alone, with no company but that strange old woman in the dark old castle with the narrow slits of windows—high up on that tall, gray rock. The evenings, how lonely!—and the nights, when one hears footsteps—

"Thank you, mademoiselle, for the kind sympathy which I read in your

face."

"Yes, indeed, it must be very wearisome, and a little sad, to be alone!"

"Yes, as you say, wearisome and a little sad, even for a soldier, who, of course, has no right to complain of that. But still, mademoiselle, will you give me permission to walk sometimes here in

the garden?"

He leaned a little toward me as we sat together on the stone rim of the fountain. His eyes were still smiling, but there was no laughter in his voice. No, it sounded as though he were asking for something that he wanted very much—like my own voice, almost, when I beg papa for some interesting books, or permission to visit one of the young girls from the convent. But the idea of anybody speaking to me like that—to me, plain little Joujou, as though I were a person of importance, whose permission made any difference about anything!

It seemed so strange, I hardly knew what to answer. He spoke again, quick and humble, and almost eager.

"Mademoiselle, will you not allow me to return again here to your garden some day?"

"Monsieur — you know — what permission have I to give? You know—

my papa-

"Mademoiselle, I have the deepest respect for monsieur, your papa. I regret

deeply the unfortunate misunderstandings which have arisen between us. But, you see, the ancient prejudice is strong; and, besides that, there has been some little difficulty about—er—about the transfer of this domain. Yes, it has all been unfortunate—even without this unpleasant business about the cow, which my notary, in his zeal, brought to the courts during my absence in Paris. Of course it cannot be helped now—but, mademoiselle, at least you will forgive me, will you not?"

He smiled at me again as he looked

down at me.

"Mademoiselle—you do not answer me? Then I am to understand it would be very disagreeable to you if, by accident, you should find me here again

some day?"

I started, as though some one had waked me out of a dream. Then, as I did not wish to look childish or rude, I held up my head quite stately and dignified, like Madame Boussard, and said: "Monsieur, it would give me a great

deal of pleasure to see you again."

Then I jumped to my feet. In spite of all the old tales of Normandy, and all the politeness in the world, it was growing late—I was sure of that.

"I must go now," I said; "give me my

tureen again!"

"And the flowers—mademoiselle will allow me to throw away the flowers?"

He looked at them as though he were half troubled at the idea. But now that I had found out how much importance he gave to what I thought about anything, naturally I could not resist the chance to have my own way. So I said:

"Those flowers, monsieur, were a present to me, and I want to keep them."

He laughed, and gave me the tureen. "Of course. It is ridiculous of me. But, as you may perceive, mademoiselle, when I am here at Saint-Yriac, I am superstitious, like the oldest fisherman in the village."

I held out my hand to him; he took

it and said:

"This is not good-by, remember. It is au revoir."

I tried to smile, but whether it was the stillness of the evening around us, or the touch of his lips upon my hand again, I do not know—for I felt as far from laughter as when I used to kneel with Sister Angélique at the rail of St. Veronica.

"Au revoir, monsieur."

"And soon, mademoiselle-à bientôt!"

X.

Of course there is no use worrying over anything that you couldn't help, and which is past and gone. But all the same, I wish that Madame Rondolé hadn't seen me as I came out of the

forest this afternoon!

I heard her voice behind me—"There she is!" and then her quick feet came flying toward me, between the trees, and Monsieur de Castaignac tramping after. How pretty she looked, in her pale flowered muslin and her beautiful red hair a little ruffled by the low-growing leaves! But this time, at least, I was not glad to see her. I shifted my tureen to the side furthest away from her, and said: "Good-evening, madame."

"It is Joujou!" she cried. "Dear little child! I thought that you were that naughty little American, who has run

off with our precious Octave."

Octave! My heart fell like stone. I had forgotten that there was such a person in the world.

"Mademoiselle will not blame them for that," said Monsieur de Castaignac, with a smile, "for it seems that she is a

truant, she also."

"Yes, I am late, I have walked too far," I answered, and hurried along to the villa. I looked to escape from them without any further notice, but those soft brown eyes of Madame Rondolé—nothing could escape from them! "In the name of Heaven, what have you there, my child?" she cried, with a laugh.

There was no escaping now. "Just a tureen," I said, and hurried along.

"The great, heavy thing!" cried Madame Rondolé. "Here, Victor, have you no gallantry?"

Monsieur de Castaignac caught it from me; I clung desperately to the china handles. "It is nothing! Here I must take it

this way to the kitchen door!"

"We will go with you," said Madame Rondolé, with that queer, soft smile of hers, like a knowing baby. "But wait a moment, dear. At least you will tell us what is in it, this tureen?"

Oh, how I hated her just then! "Nothing," I answered. "At least—

Just flowers."

She took up the cover. "Wild flowers-charming. I suppose I need not

ask you for a spray?"

"No, you needn't!" I answered, quite rudely, for I had begun to be angry. "That is—I beg your pardon, madame, I did not mean to say that. Take one, please."

"No, no, dear. I wouldn't rob you for the world of your pretty flowers. But this tureen—what an original idea! May I ask, did you also find it in the

forest?"

Her eyes glinted at me. I knew what she was thinking of. So I looked straight at her and laughed.

"Yes, madame. You see, they grow wild here in Normandy, these tureens."

"And the ghost—did you also see the ghost?"

"Here is the kitchen door," I said.

"Au revoir, madame!"

So at last I escaped from her. And, oh, but I was glad when I thrust the tureen at last into the hands of Victor, who smiled with joy as he placed it back on its shelf and began counting eggs into it by the dozen. Yes, the tureen has made enough mischief; it cannot trouble me any more now.

But oh, those sharp brown eyes of Madame Rondolé! Two or three times I felt them smiling at me across the dinner table. What she thinks I do not know; probably if I had nothing to hide, I should not feel that she thinks any-

thing at all.

But she looked at me, then she looked at Hazel, then she looked at Octave; while Monsieur de Castaignac made the sweet eyes at Hazel, and Madame Boussard boomed majestically to auntie about the cathedral at Dieppe, which, it seemed, they had visited this afternoon, and papa talked with Monsieur Boussard and poor old Monsieur Rondolé about our new aristocracy of millionaires, and how we are making the old nobility look like a worn-out pair of shoes.

"Your dukes and your marquises," says papa, "what do I give for them and their titles? Bah! I snap my fingers at them!" and he cracked his

knuckles in scorn.

I don't like to find fault with anyone, especially with papa. But, after all, the

marquis cannot help his rank.

"A million is a million," says Monsieur Boussard, "but, all the same, a coronet is a coronet!" And off they went again, sputtering and disputing, so it would have been quite splendid if only—if only papa had taken the other side in the argument.

Hazel laughed at them and teased them and urged them on. "I am on the side of the counts and princes," she said; "like all the American girls. Please, Monsieur Poizelle, what is the price of a marquis? Unless the heiress is freckled like a turkey's egg, I suppose

you would not ask above a million dollars, would you?"

"The marquis! Ah, mademoiselle!" and he shook his head with a solemn frown. Octave looked at Hazel in a troubled way, but did not say a word.

Indeed, I could not blame him for looking at Hazel! How pretty she is, with her clear skin and her big blue

Poor Octave! It seems quite cruel to think that he is not going to marry her, instead of me.

And as for me—if I really have to

marry Octave Boussard-

"Come, my dear," said Madame Boussard's majestic bass voice in my ear, "you have not touched a morsel for the last ten minutes. Eat your dinner,

my child."

If she knew that it was the idea of her Octave that had taken away my appetite, I thought, she would not speak so kindly. So, in spite of all my trouble, I could hardly keep from laughing as I went to work and finished my artichokes, and listened to her account of Octave's passion for rosbif and coki-

tails and everything that is English and Anterican.

It is a pity, indeed, that he is not going to marry Hazel instead of me.

That night, as Hazel and I sat together in our negligées, looking out at the forest above us in the darkness, and talking about everything, it seemed to me that she was asking a great many questions about France. Is it a pleasant country to live in? Are they really true, these dreadful stories that one hears about Frenchmen? And so on, much more than I could answer for her. "Mon Dicu, Hazel," I cried, "one would bink, then, that you were thinking of marrying a Frenchman!"

She laughed, but a little different from ever before; and it seemed to me that she blushed in the candlelight.

"Don't be silly, Joujou!" she said, And just then there came a tap on the door, and Madame Rondolé, in a beautiful pink kimono, popped her pretty little head into the room.

"I'm coming in to talk, too," she said; so in she came and sat down with us. The flowers that Mother Jobard had sent me in the afternoon were standing in a glass vase on the window sill; Madame Rondolé picked up a spray and played with it as she talked. That vexed me, indeed!

"Ah, miss," said she to Hazel, "but you amaze me, you Americans, with your irresistible charm. Here is poor little Castaignac, helpless and subjugated. Do not break his heart, I beg you."

"There is no need to worry, I assure you, madame," replied Hazel, rather dryly, I thought.

"He is of an excellent family, this little Victor. I assure you, miss; and for the rest, of a perfect ton. Let me urge his cause, the poor boy! Just think how charming if you and our little friend here could be married upon the same day—if you became Madame de Castaignac upon the same day when Joujou is married to our friend Octave Boussard."

I shivered; it seemed to me that I was going to faint. Hazel's face was a little indistinct in the dim light, but

when she spoke it was very brightly and firmly.

"So, Joujou, you are going to marry Octave? Best wishes, my dear."

I did not answer; Madame Rondolé laughed that pretty little gurgle of hers. "But certainly, it is all arranged, did you not know that? Though as yet it is only spoken of between friends."

"I understand, of course," replied Hazel, quietly; and just then Johanne came in to brush my hair for the night. Madame Rondolé turned the conversation briskly.

"Look there at those beautiful yellow locks!" said she. "My dear, in a year all Paris will be raving about you."

She picked up my hair and looped it lightly over my head. Johanne stood waiting patiently,

"There, that is all that is needed," said Madame Rondolé, "and, perhaps, a touch of color, to add *chic* to the effect. Here, this flower will do," and just above my ear she twisted the scarlet spray that she held in her hand. "Ah, exquisite!" she cried.

But Johanne jumped as though she had been shot, and snatched the flower from my head with a jerk that carried away a handful of hair as well. "Who has dared to bring these flowers near to my little mademoiselle?" she cried, glaring around from one of us to the other.

Madame Rondolé laughed. "Don't be excited, my good woman. Your little mistress found them in the forest this afternoon, didn't you, my dear?"

"What is there wrong about them, Johanne?" cried Hazel.

"Wrong enough, indeed!" muttered Johanne, and took up the comb again. But not another word would she say.

Aladame Rondolé rose to her feet with a little yawn. "Good-night, dear little ones. How charming it has been, this little chat! And now good-night, and sleep well." She kissed her hand to us and flitted out of the room. Hazel turned to Johanne.

"Johanne, I am very thirsty. Will you bring me a glass of water, please?" Johanne nodded, though she still looked rather disturbed. But she likes

Hazel, who is always very polite to her. "Yes, mademoiselle," she said, with a courtesy, and left the room. There was a little pause, then Hazel turned to me.

"So you are going to marry Octave Boussard?" she said. "It seems odd, I never heard it spoken of before."

"It's not-to be spoken of, papa said," I answered, trying to keep my voice steady. The wind blowing softly in at the window brought me the scent of those aromatic scarlet flowers; and just for the flash of a moment I remembered this afternoon, I remembered an earlier moment, when I had played that I was a queen of France-oh, never, never again must I think of that!

"My dear," cried Hazel, "what is the matter, what have I said?"

"Nothing," I answered, but my voice

sounded choked and queer.

Hazel paused a moment. "Joujou," she said, "I am going to say the truth, straight out—it's the only way that comes natural to me." She hesitated again. "You mustn't think that I have meant to interfere with-anything that belongs to you. I'd rather die, I think, than make trouble like that. You see, I didn't know anything about this—and I don't quite understand the ways of your country. But it has been all play, dear, and your Octave is all yours, I am sure.

I had to speak; the words came tearing out of me, without any will of my own. "He's not my Octave!" I cried. "I don't want him! I'd rather die than

marry Octave Boussard!"

Hazel threw up her head, quite indignant. "What is there wrong about Octave Boussard?" she said; then she began to laugh, in a relieved, broken kind of way. "How ridiculous I am!" she said. "Of course, you just mean that you don't want to marry him. And I am sure, against your will, that no one can force you to, can they?"

I thought of papa, and Perfumery Poizelle, and the majestic Madame Boussard. "I don't know," I said, weakly, "but this much I do know: I would rather jump into the sea than marry him." And, in spite of myself, I felt the tears squeeze from between my eyelids. Hazel took my hand. "Poor little dear!" she said. "It's a pity you don't live in America. For at home, there, you see, we marry whomever we please.

"Ah, mon Dicu," I said, "but I wished I lived there, in America.'

Hazel looked at me a little sharply. "Don't think I'm an impertinent wretch to ask," she said, softly, "but tell me, Joujou, is there anybody else?"

Ah! that made me realize how foolish I had been. Anybody else? right had I to think that anyone would give a thought to me, plain little Joujou? I felt my face burning, and I

turned away my head.

"There, there," said Hazel, squeezing my hand in such a friendly way, "I won't ask you any more questions. But there is one thing sure," she added. with a laugh, "and that is, Madame Rondolé intends that you shall marry Octave Boussard."

"Why, what has she got to do with

"Don't you see," cried Hazel, "she finds it very convenient to have Octave at her beck and call? Mon Dieu, what a country! Madame Boussard told me that it was Madame Rondolé who had formed Octave's mind and manners, and introduced him to the world. Pooh! his manners would have been not less charming, without any trouble of hers. And as for his mind-thank Heaven, she hasn't spoiled that yet!"

"But what has that to do," I asked,

"with my marrying Octave?"

"If Octave marries you," said Hazel, "a dear, sweet, unselfish little thing. that hasn't a mean thought about anything or anybody in the world, don't you She thinks she can still have Octave as her humble servant, and his automobile as her own. Very nice for her, no doubt; but if you were to marry anybody else, and Octave were to marry—some hard-hearted, independent. knowing sort of creature, who could see through Madame Rondolé's little

She began to laugh, a little nervously. and jumped to her feet. "What nonsense I am talking!" she cried. "But still, I confess, I should like to get the best of this little Madame Rondolé."

"Here is your water, mademoiselle," said Johanne's voice in our ears. Hazel took the glass, and leaned over to kiss me good-night. "Pleasant dreams, dear," she said, "and remember, if there is anything I can do to help you, you have only to let me know."

So she went off and closed her door. She is the nicest girl in the world, I

think.

"Mademoiselle," said Johanne, "I beg you, let me throw away those flowers."

The poor flowers! "What is the matter with them?" I said, quite crossly.

"Mademoiselle does not know, then?" cried Johanne, astonished.

"No-they are pretty, that's all I

know."

"Bon Dieu du bois, mademoiselle, but every peasant in Normandy knows that from the days of the fairies those flowers have been a sure charm for the kindling of——"

"Of what, Johanne?"

"Bah, does one say such things to a young girl? Very well, then—of love!" I shivered a little; I remembered how the marquis had said: "This is not right—let me throw away those flowers!" To be sure, he had laughed at himself afterward. It was all absurd, this old-world superstition.

"Nonsense!" I said.

"Mademoiselle, that little ancestress of yours, of whom I have told you, her garden was planted with these flowers. That is not nonsense, hein?"

I was silent. She blew out the can-

dles.

"Good-night, and sleep well, my little mademoiselle!"

XI.

It is not hard, after all, to have a secret.

To be sure, it makes you rather miserable to think that you are doing what you ought not to do; you pretend that you have the toothache or the headache when the time comes that you should go

to confession; and when anybody looks at you a little hard or speaks to you suddenly, you shake all over, like a lap

dog on a snowy day.

Yes, except for those few moments every day when you are so happy that you hardly dare to breathe, you are so miserable that you never want to breathe again. But still, it is not difficult to fly away by yourself for a walk in the woods, in the early morning, before people have come downstairs for the second breakfast, or toward the end of the afternoon when they are drinking five-o'clock and playing bridge. You are ashamed of yourself, you resolve that you will never go there any more; but it is so strange, the very next chance, off you run, and do what you have yowed you will never do again.

So all these past weeks there has hardly been a day that I have not walked in the garden. And though, of course, it makes no difference to me, still, it is very curious, but it always seems to happen that just at that time the mar-

quis walks there, too.

Really, when you come to know him well, you quite forget that he is a marquis at all. He does not wear nearly such fine clothes as Octave Boussard, and he does not make grand bows and compliments like Monsieur de Castaignac. His manners are so simple and natural you would not think he was anybody at all, if it were not for something in his eyes and in the curl of his lip that makes you remember, sometimes, that for hundreds and hundreds of years his ancestors had every knee in the neighborhood bowed to them.

It seems strange to me, sometimes, what he can find to interest him in talking to me—just Joujou Poizelle. For it is true, he does seem to be really interested in what I say. It surprises me all the time, but he asks my opinion about things, and listens to my stories, and laughs at all my jokes, just as Octave laughs when Hazel tells about America. Then he tells me about his regiment, and his campaigns in Madagascar, and funny people that he has met, and books that he has read—so interesting! But the curious thing is

that when the stories are told, and the time is near for me to go home again, and we just sit there in the summer-house or by the edge of the fountain, not saying a word, not a word, but just sitting there among the quiet old statues, the wind rustling the grasses about us and the crows cawing high overhead—it is a very strange thing, but that is almost the pleasantest of all!

It is more than I can understand; but when we sit together that way, quite silent, it seems to me that I am not myself any more—and yet, at the same time, that I am myself, my true self, for the first time in my life. When I look up and meet his eyes looking down at me, everything seems uncertain around me; I am helpless, yet glad, too. He smiles at me, and then I try to talk. Yet that seems the most useless and foolish of all, because when those eyes of his run through me, I feel that he knows already, quite well, everything that I could say.

Yet it does not make me feel frightened or troubled, like Madame Rondolé's eyes when they glance at me across the table. For she has not forgotten it, the tart and the soup tureen.

Sometimes when I come in from my walk in the woods, I meet her walking among the clematis with Octave or Monsieur de Castaignac. And then I am so frightened that I don't dare go back to the garden for a whole day—sometimes for two days; but just sit by Madame Boussard's side, helping her make flannel chemises for her poor, or winding embroidery cotton for auntie, while the talk goes on all around me.

Poor Octave? He looks rather downcast these days, for he hardly ever gets a chance to talk with Hazel any more. It is with Monsieur de Castaignac that she disputes, nowadays, about duels and falling in love and hunting big game in America. Sometimes Octave comes up with a grave, determined air, and joins their conversation: then Hazel laughs and talks so gayly that she seems strange, somehow. And Madame Rondolé taps her pretty little foot on the floor, and smiles her knowing little baby smile.

Yes, things are all at sixes and sevens at the Villa Clematis. The only comfort is that July is drawing to an end, and the last day of July takes our guests away with it—and glad enough I shall be to see them all go!

All except Hazel, of course; she is the dearest girl in the world, and when I am with her I don't feel so afraid of myself and of everything around me.

For it is quite plain, everything is going exactly as it shouldn't at the Villa Clematis. Sometimes I ask myself: Is this, then, the evil eye of the old Mother Jobard?

XII.

This is what happened vesterday.

In the afternoon we all went down to the beach, to see Hazel and Octave go into the water. So Madame Rondolé insisted on going in, too, in such a lumpy flannel bathing dress—not that she really went in, either, for she just stood on the edge of the waves, and every time the water rolled up to her feet she just dipped in one of her toes. Then when she found it was wet she would scream with that little baby giggle of hers, and clutch Monsieur de Castaignac, who stood by with her long silk cloak—so silly!

But Hazel was charming. She wore a black satin bathing dress, the prettiest thing I ever saw, and when she dove in the surf and came shooting up like a black arrow through the white foam, all the fisherwomen and their children came running down from their little thatched houses, to look on. As for Octave, he followed wherever Hazel led, of course. It was splendid, quite like a circus

As I can't swim, and don't want to look silly, like Madame Rondolé, I just sat on the beach with auntie and Madame Boussard, and listened to them talk about how servants burn too much coal, and waste the electric light in the kitchen. Papa walked up and down with Monsieur Rondolé, looking bored. For Monsieur Boussard is gone to Paris for a few days; and poor old Monsieur

Rondolé—I do not think that papa finds him very amusing.

But, all the time, as I sat there so quiet with my embroidery, there was a thought, hot and secret, at my heart.

Finally they had enough of the salt water, and we all trailed back again up the little white path that leads up between the cliffs. The bathers went upstairs to dress, auntie carried off Madame Boussard to look at the linen closet, and the new set of embroidered sheets from Paris. It was not yet time for five-o'clock - for we are so chic now, we drink tea every afternoon, just like the English. I sat down on the piazza near papa and Monsieur Rondolé, who smoked again and read Parisian Life. Really, there seemed no reason why I should not walk in the woods for a little while, if I chose.

I have often thought that when I die, and everything I know slips away from me, and I come out in a new world, quiet and fragrant and far away, the change will be something like going up the hill from the Villa Clematis; from the gilding and laughter, to my hidden garden. There is no noise there, just the leaves brushing in the soft breeze overhead, and the water trickling so slowly from the poor old nymph's seashell in the center of the fountain.

Whether I should find anyone there this afternoon, I did not know. It does not seem very nice, somehow, for me to think of that, though it is hard to help it. But, sure enough, there was the marquis walking slowly up and down one of the little green paths, and reading from a book in his hand.

He looked up as I came through the green, straggling hedge of box, out of breath, with my hair falling into my eyes, so untidy.

"Ah, you have come at last!" he cried, and came up to meet me. It was silly of me, but my heart knocked suddenly against my side as I saw that the book in his hand was my old friend, Alain Chartier.

"I can only stay a few moments today," I said, softly, as we walked to the far end of the garden, and I sat down on the wide stone tedge of the old summerhouse, just as we had done for the past month, "for, you see, I ought not to have come at all."

"No, please don't talk of going home, Mademoiselle Joujou!" The marquis sat down by me and spoke so earnestly I tried to laugh a little in answer; but it always makes me feel serious, somehow, to hear him call me by my name, like that. He asked me yesterday if I could ever think of calling him Guy; but I said: "Oh, no, no, indeed!"

"But why," he said, "do you find it necessary to stay so short a time today?"

"Monsieur, you know it is not quite right for me to be here at all. And, besides that, they have begun to laugh at me at home, that I walk so often alone in the woods. And Madame Rondolé smiles and says I must show her also the ghosts and the haunted gardens of Saint-Yriac. So you see, oh, truly, I don't feel that I ought to stay!"

The marquis shook his head slowly. "I suppose that you are right; it is unfortunate, indeed, that things are as they are. But still, there is the future before us; and when two people agree, it is possible to work wonders. What do you think, Mademoiselle Joujou! Isn't it possible? Isn't it?" He turned. quick and eager, and leaned toward me with that look of his that I like so much in his eyes. I like it, yet it frightens me a little, too, for this time he looked so anxious, so determined.

I shrank back a little in my seat, and leaned on the stone window sill. "I don't know," I said, and he smiled at me.

"You like it, this old garden?" he asked me.

"Oh, so much!" I cried.

We turned and looked down across the garden below us—the crumbling stonework, the moldy paths and the bright, straggling flowers, all warm and quiet together in the soft, hazy sunshine. "How wise it is, this old garden!" he said, softly. "The two mysteries, love and death, it has seen them both; long ago, but it still remembers. Don't you think so, mademoiselle?"

It is strange when you find that some

one else feels what you feel and have hardly dared to own even to yourself. "Yes," I answered, hardly daring to

breathe.

He turned from the garden and looked again at me; my head was bent, but I felt his eyes, warm and piercing, upon me. "You remember that story I told you at the golf club that day," he said, "of those two lovers for whom the garden was built, more than a century ago-my unfortunate ancestor and his beautiful sweetheart, who drowned her-

self in the fountain?"

"I remember," I answered. He went on dreamily: "They are of an unimaginable charm to me, all these oldworld tales. Perhaps because, when I am at my work, I hear of nothing but quick-firing guns, and forage, and columns of squadron, when I come home to my ancient Normandy, perhaps that is the reason that I let myself drift back into the mists of the ancient past, until I am not sure whether I am now or then; whether I am myself or one of those wild old Saint-Yriacs, who had such a wicked, merry time of it so long ago. Absurd, is it not, mademoiselle?"

"No, no," I cried, "for I feel just the

same!"

He smiled at me. "You do? I am glad of that. Though it is absurd, just the same. For these two lived long ago: they loved each other very well, no doubt, but it soon came to an end, their little happiness. And as my faithful old servant, Mother Jobard, says: 'Now that they are dead, they are dead.'"

It all seemed dreadfully sad, somehow. "But, at least," I said, "they were

happy for a little while."

"Yes, they were happy for a little while. Mademoiselle, I was reading, just now-you remember what he says, your friend, old Alain Chartier-he whose book you found beside the fountain?"

I felt my face growing scarlet. "I remember," I said, "some things that

he said.'

"These are the lines, mademoiselle, that come back to me." He opened the book, and turned the leaves. "He knew what love was, this old poet, as well as

these wise old statues around us know. and that hollow fountain. Here is the place. Listen, mademoiselle: do vou agree with him, also?"

> Car en amours Courte joye, longues douleurs.

Yes, I remembered them, those two lines, though I had read them a month ago without a thought of their real meaning, their sadness or their sweetness.

For in love we gain Brief joy and lifelong pain.

"You find the lines beautiful, mademoiselle?'

"Oh, so beautiful! but very sad."

"Yes, they are sad. But, then, what would you? For to think that I myself am sad to-day, when I think that this happy month is at an end, and how soon my furlough is done and I must leave Saint-Yriac.

"What," I cried, "you are going

away?

"Ah, mademoiselle, do you believe. then, that I go of my own free will?"

We were silent. It seemed to me that the world had come to an end, and that all around me was thick gray mist, with faces peering out and grinning at me: the face of Octave Boussard, and just behind him, half in the shadow, the face of Madame Rondolé. It was all emptiness, all misery.

I put my thumb in my mouth and bit it as hard as I could. I had no business to feel so. What difference should it make to me-why should I shiver all over, and turn cold around my heart, because I heard that the Marquis of Saint-Yriac was going back to his regi-

"I confess," said the marquis, slowly, as though to himself, "I have come to a dead wall. For I cannot go away un-

til- And yet-"

He started to his feet and walked once or twice up and down the pavilion. Somehow, when I saw him so embarrassed, so distressed, I felt suddenly strong, not a little girl any more, but sure of myself, like Hazel or Madame Rondolé. This silence! I could not have this silence any more. So I began to talk, the first thing that came

into my head.

"Ah, monsieur, but it is foolish to be sad. They are quite wrong, these sorrowful poems that you read. For myself, I love best to be gay, and I know only songs that tell of cheerful things and happiness."

He came again and sat down by me. The embarrassment was gone from his face; and, as for me, I remembered that there were still some days left. It was

not time yet to say good-by.

"So you sing only songs of joy, mademoiselle? That is as it should be,

indeed!"

"Of course," I answered. But, indeed, it was not true, for just then it seemed to me I felt everything but joy. The marquis leaned toward me.

"Mademoiselle, I have told you what he has to say, this old poet of mine. And now don't you think that it would only be fair for you to tell me what they say, these poets of yours that you speak about? What are their songs what do they say of this life of ours, mademoiselle?"

"But I only know such foolish, childish songs, that I learned at the convent,

monsieur."

"Sing me one of them—sing to me, mademoiselle. I know from the tone of your voice, from your eyes, even, how

sweetly you must sing."

He bent toward me, coaxing, with that winning look in his eyes that makes me feel as though I would rather please him than do anything else in the world. But still—"How can I sing, without my piano, monsieur?" I said.

"You don't need a piano, just to sing for me. Ah, mademoiselle, as softly as you please. You need not be afraid that

I shall lose a note."

A bluebird perched for an instant on the bough of a horse-chestnut near us, and sang, and flew away. As I watched the little bright wings glinting among the leaves, suddenly I remembered my little song of Victor Hugo, that I had sung for auntie and papa the first day that we were here at Saint-Yriac—the little song that tells how it is no use for the bird in the forest to sing any

more, because there is another voice that will always sound so much sweeter than hers—the song about the drum, in fact, that I could never understand.

"That poor bluebird!" said the marquis, laughing. "She knows better than to stay here, she and her stupid little music! And now, ah, mademoiselle."

His voice was full of laughter and coaxing, yet earnest, too—different, indeed, from any voice I ever heard before. Perhaps—perhaps that was what they meant, those verses that had puzzled me so long! I did not stop to think, I began to sing because I could not help it; very softly, my voice hushed almost under my breath, so that it hardly broke the quiet of the forest around us, or the silence of the poor old dead things we sat among.

I never knew before how sweet and how terrible it is, that song. For, really, when you think what it means, that's no joke, you know—the voice that is dearer and more thrilling than the bird singing in the trees, the eyes that are brighter than the stars, and the heart deeper and more fragrant than the cup of an

April lily.

Though I did not look up, I knew that the marquis' eyes were on me as I sang. I caught my breath as I came to the last verse—the silly one that I always hated so. All in a flash, I remembered Alain Chartier and his little lines that the marquis had read to me just a moment ago.

Cet oiseau de flamme, Cet astre du jour, Cette fleur de l'âme, S'appelle—l'amour!

I knew it at last—the songbird of fire, the star of day, the blossom of the soul —it was love. Yes, it was love, of course; and I had never thought of it till this minute.

A black and yellow cricket at my feet leaped from crack to crack of the stone flagging; a lock of hair fell down into my eyes, and I put it back with my hand. The marquis was still looking at me. It seemed to me in the stillness I could hear my heart beating, like a clock.

The marquis leaned over and took my

hand. I tried to draw it away, but I did not want to.

"Joujou," he said, "wise little girl, where did you learn all that?"

I tried to answer, but my voice sounded queer. "I don't know," I said. "For it's true," he said, softly, "every word of it. Your eyes, dear—your

voice!"

I shut my eyes and held my breath. I felt his face near mine; his voice

was queer and strange.

"Joujou," he said, "do you remember the first day that we met here in the garden? Do you remember the flowers that the old Mother Jobard sent to you? And now even Alain Chartier and your little song, they all meant the same thing—even my dream that I told you of when I first came here a month ago. You remember it, do you, that dream of mine?"

I started. Did I remember it, that day in the garden? Or was it, as he

said, a dream?

"Joujou, why do you start? Ah, I wonder, is it possible? Have you had dreams of your own, you also, here in this old, haunted garden—this garden

haunted by the ghost of love?"

I did not answer; for his eyes were looking into mine, and it seemed to me that he knew already, quite well, everything that I could say. His hand was on mine, but the touch was not new or strange. It seemed to me that I had come back where I belonged; back after long years, to the place where I belonged—the place that had been intended for me from the beginning of the world.

"Joujou, listen to me! I love you as I never loved anything else in the whole

earth.'

I opened my eyes and looked into his, wide open and shining, just near my own. I couldn't speak a word, my lips were stiff and trembling. But I smiled at him. And he kissed me on the cheek.

How still it was all around us: but for the bees humming among the flowers, and the faint, far-off sound of the

sea.

Suddenly, from behind the high box

border came the cracking of dry twigs underfoot, and then a little laugh, a soft, mocking gurgle, like a wicked baby. The marquis jumped to his feet, and the next instant Madame Rondolé stepped out from behind the dark green hedge, and dressed all in scarlet, like one of the poppies around her, came suddenly to life, a scarlet parasol swaying over her pretty, smiling, hateful little face, Behind her walked Monsieur de Castaignac, very stiff and demure.

For an instant she pretended not to see us, and looked about at the flowers and the moss-grown statues with the most innocent air in the world. "Charming, is it not, Victor?" she cried. "Yes, this is the haunted garden, I am sure of that!" Then she tilted her parasol and let her eyes travel slowly to the summerhouse. "Haunted, yes!" she cried. "And, mon Dieu! behold the ghosts!"

It was no use pretending or trying to escape; so I came down the wide stone steps that led into the garden, very cold and dignified, with my head held as high as I could manage. If I was half dead with embarrassment and fear, at least she should not know it! The

marquis ran down to meet her, smil-

"Madame Rondolé," he said, "do you do me the honor to remember me? And Castaignac—how are you, my friend?"

Monsieur de Castaignac bowed in an embarrassed, far-off kind of way. Ma-

dame Rondolé laughed again.

"I remember you very well, Monsieur de Saint-Yriac," she said, "and your story at the golf club of the haunted garden, which fired my fancy so that I have longed to see it ever since. So that now, quite by accident, I have found it, you see." And she shot her brown eyes at him, sweet and spiteful, too.

"I see, monsieur," said she, "that the ghosts have restored your book—just as they restore the soup tureen of Mademoiselle Joujou."

Ah, that wicked old soup tureen that made all the trouble! The marquis bowed. "As you say, madame."

"They are honest ghosts, indeed. And for the rest"—she opened her eyes wide and round, and poked her red lips in that baby pout that she puts on when she says anything particularly hateful—"and for the rest, have they brought you any more strawberry tarts, monsieur—or any more dreams?"

I felt my face go crimson as her eyes shot over me. There was nothing, nothing for me to say. But the marquis threw up his head and looked back at

her, very grave and proud.

"Madame," he answered, "I am not particularly concerned with dreams any more. For now, you see, I have come to the questions of real life."

"Oh, yes, we are all wide awake now, no doubt of that," responded Madame Rondolé, so sweetly. "But now the ghosts refuse to appear, and I am chilly after my bath. Joujou, chérie, will you stay here with monsieur, or will you

come home with me?"

Yes, she had claws under her velvet paws, just as I had known all along, this Madame Rondolé; though why she should use them to scratch me—me, who had never done her any harm, that was more than I could understand. Suddenly I remembered what Hazel had said, that Madame Rondolé would never let me marry anybody but Octave Boussard. There was nothing for me to do except to smile and pretend that I was not hurt. I felt sick and stupid; but I knew how I should feel later, when I should realize what had happeued, and the hurt had gone into my soul.

However, I smiled at her,

"I am chilly, too," I said. "I think, if you will allow me, that I will go home

with you, madame.'

The marquis bowed. "I kiss your hand, madame. Mademoiselle, I shall hope to see you again at the Villa Clematis—you and monsieur your father as well. Castaignac, au revoir."

And, very stately and dignified, he turned and walked from the garden. Madame Rondolé took my arm in hers, and we started down the hillside, with Monsieur de Castaignac holding back the boughs for us, and carrying the red lace sunshade of madame.

"Hold, he is handsome, like a dream, that young marquis!" said Madame Rondolé. "Your papa will be delighted to hear of his honoring the Poizelle domain with his noble presence, will he not, my dear?"

It was no use to say anything, I could see that. She smiled so pleasantly to see me troubled, and all through dinner she lamented my poor appetite, and urged me to eat my sweetbreads and chicory salad, in the sweetest way in

the world.

"She is pale, our little Joujou!" said Madame Boussard. And when dinner was done, auntie sent me upstairs to bed, and Johanne came to rub my temples with water of Night-Blooming

Cereus.

All the evening Hazel was singing downstairs on the piazza—such funny little American songs, that I could not understand; but her voice is sweet, and as she sang she played her mandolin. Every little while I could hear Octave's voice crying "Bravo!" and "Encore!"—Octave and Monsieur de Castaignac. As for Madame Rondolé, I did not care to think with whom she sat, or what she was talking of.

But no one came to disturb me. One by one the voices were silent, the lights went out. Johanne patted my head tenderly. "Good-night, and be well in the morning, my little mademoiselle."

The house was quite still, but I could not sleep. I had never thought that it would feel like this to be unhappy. Such a dull sort of pain in your heart, and your feet like lead. I got up very softly and went to the window. Hazel's door was shut, there was no sound from behind it—she was asleep by this time, I knew. So I knelt there alone by the window, and looked out at the stars, just as I had done that first night we spent at Saint-Yriac, so long, so long ago.

Yes, my dream was all over, I knew that. Never again should we sit and talk together in the garden, the marquis and I. Soon he would go away to his regiment, and I could not even see him to say good-by—never again. I put my hand to my cheek, where he had kissed

me this afternoon. I was not ashamed, or even afraid, when I thought of that —or even of the kiss that I had given him in his sleep, long ago in the garden.

No, that was not what troubled me. For I remembered papa's face as it had looked when Mother Jobard laughed at him, and told me that the marquis would be glad to see me in Saint-Yriac. It is strange how much she knows, that old woman! But, ah! papa's face, when he hears that name! To-morrow he will know all about it, he will come and ask me what I have done.

But even that I could bear—his face and his voice, and knowing that I had been bad and disobedient and ungrateful to make friends with the person that papa hates the most of all in the whole world. But when I think that I shall never hear the marquis' voice again, never feel his hand on mine—

I wonder, did that little ancestress of mine feel something like this when she threw herself into the fountain, up there in my dear garden behind the trees? After all, it was not so strange.

For, in spite of my little song, so cheerful and so gay, it seems that the star must set, and the flower wither, and the songbird fly away.

Brief joy and lifelong pain!

In the castle, black and high up above me in the darkness, there was a single light, a faint glimmer from one of the narrow windows. I wondered if he was awake, if he was sad, too, if his heart was sore, like mine—my dear Guy!

> Car en amours Courte joye, longues douleurs!

XIII.

In the morning Johanne brought me my chocolate and roll, but I could not eat a thing. So, later, auntie came—poor auntie!—and made me swallow two teaspoonfuls of bitter stuff, out of a large brown bottle. She declared my head was hot, and I could not go automobiling with them all to Dieppe. I

didn't care. It made no difference to

Auntie went away. They were all talking and laughing on the piazza below my window, and the automobiles touf-toufing, and the chauffeurs scolding—all very gay. My fingers were heavy, so it was hard to dress. I was glad that I did not have to go to Dieppe.

Suddenly steps came up the stairs, heavy and quick. I stood still, with my comb in my hand. The steps stopped before my door. The door burst open

and papa came in.

When I saw his face I shut my eyes. I forgot all my own troubles and sadness—I remembered only how good he had always been to me, and what a wicked, ungrateful girl I had been to him.

"Joujou," he said, "is this true, this story that I hear from Madame Ron-

dolé?"

I did not answer. "So," he said, "my daughter has been meeting the seigneur, the wolf of Saint-Yriac, alone, upon my grounds? Answer me, Joujou. Is this true?"

I could not deny it. I could not speak. So I nodded my head. Papa's face as he looked at me was all purple and curious, with little blue dents about his mouth. He choked as he breathed, so that he could hardly speak.

so that he could hardly speak.
"Then it is true," he said, and clutched my arm. "All this time, and I never knew!" Suddenly he poked his face up into mine, so that his eyes glared so close they seemed to wither me. "Joujou," he said, in a whisper, "what has happened? How far has it gone? Tell me the trut!"

He shook my arm so that I thought it would break. The tears came into my eyes and poured down my cheeks. "Papa," I said, "I don't know what you mean. I didn't really mean to do wrong—when I talked with the marquis in the garden—and, oh, I am so sorry!"

"Sorry!" he sneered. "Well, I see it is not so bad as I had feared. But, name of a dog! it is bad enough. Ah! Ah! The Marquis of Saint-Yriac, of all the marquises in France—tyrants, swindlers, deceivers, all, all!" He shook his

fists and walked up and down the room. "I would kill him," he said, "with as much relish as I bite the head from a radish!"

"Papa," I said, as well as I could for sobbing, "he is not wicked, indeed. He

is good-and kind-"

"Kind! Oh, I dare say, to you!" he stopped in front of me again. "Name of a cannon!" he said. "Do you not know this history of your own family? Do you not find that once is enough for the seigneur of Saint-Yriac to bring disgrace upon the name of Poizelle?"

Ah, that sad little, mysterious story of my little ancestress—her who had left her eyes and her garden behind for me! I trembled. Had I, too, then, brought disgrace upon the name of

Poizelle?

Papa breathed more calmly. "Joujou," he said, "here is enough on this subject. To-morrow, when Monsieur Boussard returns from Paris, we arrange immediately this little affair of your marriage with Octave. To-day you may stay in your room. And now——"

He began to breathe hard, his face turned blue again. A gold and white chair stood by him—a pretty little chair. "Name of a name!" shouted papa, and, seizing the little chair, he shook it high in the air for a moment, then brought it down on the floor with a bang that sent the four gilt legs splintering over the room.

"Oh, papa!" I ran into a corner, trem-

bling.

"Now," he said, grinning. "I am ready to go and settle accounts with monseigneur, the Marquis of Saint-Yriae!"

So he stamped out of the room, slamming the door behind him and locking it with a great deal of noise. Ah, he need not have done that—I would not

have run away.

I don't remember much about that day. It was very long, and quiet, except when they all came home for lunch, and there were touf-toufs and voices and laughter under my window. They all sounded very gay, especially Madame Rondolé, I felt like an outcast, a

wicked little criminal, locked upstairs there in my room,

Auntie came in with my lunch, very quiet and severe. She made me take some more medicine, which she said Madame Boussard had prescribed for me, though auntie said it was more than I deserved. That was dreadful, indeed. For it was very nasty, that medicine. I could not eat much lunch, so then auntie went away and locked my door again. I could hear Hazel in her room, moving around as she dressed for luncheon; so quick she dashes about her room, I had to smile a little as I listened. And I knew just how neat and fresh she would look when she was done.

The afternoon was very hot and very long. I watched them all stream off in the two automobiles, going to the golf club, I knew; for Octave's tonneau was filled up with bags of clubs, and Madame Rondolé wore her new hat

from Paris.

They disappeared like a flash among the laburnum and almond trees. I sat in my window and looked up at the forest, and thought of my garden. The hours went by, I could hear the cuckoo sing them off one by one, in the clock in the rococo drawing-room, beneath me.

The shadows began to lengthen. I said to myself: "This time yesterday I was sitting with the marquis in my garden." And I put my hand softly over my cheek—the cheek that he had

kissed.

It seemed to me that so much had happened to me, I could not really be myself any more. I went to the mirror and looked in at myself—just the same, a little paler, perhaps, and my eyes larger and brighter than usual; but nothing else to show what I had been through. It seemed curious, and a little disappointing, too.

Oh, the time went slowly! I began to feel as though I should be so crazy, sitting there without anything to do but

to think of vesterday.

So I took my hair out of its braids and combed it loose, and began to try to do it up as Hazel had done it that day a month ago. My hands were so jerky, I tore half the hair from my head—but I puffed and twisted, and put in hair-pins and combs. It did not seem to matter much whether I got it right or not, but still, it was something to do.

When it was finished I went and pulled the white muslin dress from the closet—Hazel's white dress, that I had worn that day, and which had hung in my wardrobe ever since. The dear dress! So fluffy and soft, so full of memories! I felt old, quite old, as I saw those faint green stains along the edge of the ruffles—the grass of my gar-

den, oh, so long, long ago!

So I put the dress on, all fitted and pinned in place; I had plenty of time-oh, lots of time! Then I sat down by the window and pretended—but I didn't need any more to pretend that I was the queen of France, or anybody but just myself—myself, when I had worn this dress before; when I had stood by the fountain and the marquis looked at me half frightened, and then smiled at me.

I went to my drawer and took out the flowers that Mother Jobard had sent me, and the marquis had brought to me. They were withered and dry now, but the leaves still smelled sweet. It was true, then, what Johanne had said, these flowers were the flowers of love.

Brief joy and lifelong pain!

They came in from their ride, all very gay, and sat down on the piazza, tinkling the cups over their five-o'clock. Pretty soon the door unlocked and Johanne came in—dear old Johanne, so red and square and comfortable. I was ready to cry for joy when I saw her.

But she jumped back and crossed herself, poor old Johanne. "Mademoiselle!" she whispered. "Sitting there all in white, with the dead flowers in her

lap mademoiselle!"

I laughed a little. "No, I am not a ghost." I am only Joujou," I said to her. Then I remembered how I had used those same words to the marquis, the last time I had worn this dress, and I could not speak any more.

Johanne came in softly, and began fussing about and tidying up the room, asking questions about my headache, and pitying me for losing such a beautiful day, and all. But pretty soon I began to notice she was very important and mysterious, bristling all over with some news she wanted to tell. It seemed too bad to disappoint her, poor old Johanne! So I said:

"What has happened, Johanne?"

"Ah, mademoiselle!" she came up to me, so delighted. "It seems, mademoiselle, that justice has been done at last. I tell you the tale as I heard it just now from the chauffeur of monsieur your papa." Johanne stopped to simper a little, and looked so coy, I suppose she likes the chauffeur very much.

"Well, Johanne?"

"You see, mademoiselle, this morning as monsieur your papa turned the corner above the village, in his automobile, who should he meet riding along on horseback but the Marquis of Saint-Yriac—the wicked one, of whom mademoiselle has already heard."

"Ah, Johanne!"

"Well, then, mademoiselle, he had the kindness, this haughty son of an infamous race, to stop your papa as he slowed up to turn the curve. He had the condescension to speak to a Poizelle, this great seigneur!" Johanne turned crimson with her sarcasm, and I shook her arm to make her hurry up.

"What then, Johanne?"

"Then, mademoiselle, as the chauffeur tells me, the marquis said: 'Monsieur Poizelle, will you- ' but he had no time to finish his sentence, for your papa, mademoiselle, thinking, I suppose, of the cow and all the thousand wrongs of his race, gave a roar like a bull in the forest. 'Go to the devil!' he said, just like that. Then, mademoiselle, he seized the wheel of the automobile just like that- and started up full speed, straight at the marquis and his horse. The horse shied to one side-- " Johanne was jumping around all the time, showing me just how all this had happened, but I couldn't notice that.

"What then, what then, Johanne?"
"Why, mademoiselle, the horse
swerved so hard and so quick that the
saddle split in two beneath the marquis,

The horse slipped and went down with his rider. And the last thing the chauffeur saw, he says, as he turned the corner, was the horse galloping home up the hillside, with the broken saddle dangling at his heels, and the marquis lying dead upon the rocks."

"Dead, Johanne?"

"Quite still; no better than dead, at all events. Think, mademoiselle, what a splendid victory for Poizelle, the son of a peasant, over his wicked seigneur!"

Johanne breathed quick, her face was red—she looked wild and savage, just as she had done that first day that we came to Saint-Yriae. But now—

Guy was dead, or no better than dead, and it was all my fault all my fault, from the beginning.

"Mademoiselle will have her dinner

now, yes?"

"No. Johanne, I want nothing to eat."

"But, mademoiselle--"

"Johanne, go away! If you talk to me any more I shall go crazy, I think!"

So Johanne went away and left me alone. She locked the door after her, very softly—as though I cared! I had been a very, very wicked girl, disobedient and shy. And now it was somebody else who had to suffer for it. Oh, if it was true; if he was really dead!

Hazel came up to her room, whistling. She took off her shoes—the heavy golf shoes, I knew them by the thumps they made as she flung them down; first one, then the other. Then she pulled bureau drawers out, and banged them closed again. I wondered what she was going to put on.

The marquis lying on the rocky road, quite still, and the horse galloping away with that wicked broken saddle! That was all that I could see. It was strange, but I didn't cry—I couldn't cry a bit.

Behind the closed door, Hazel began to splash the water about. How I wished that it was not locked, that door! Not that it mattered—but I felt so little and so sad, and Hazel is so kind and strong.

There was a tap on the door, the door leading into Hazel's room, "Come!" I said. The key turned in the lock. Ah, they had forgotten that key, after all.

And in came Hazel, fresh and smiling, with her long brown hair falling over

her pale blue negligée.

"How is my poor little dear?" she said; and then: "Oh!" as she stood staring at me. "I thought you were lying down on your bed," she said, laughing, "and then, when I saw you sitting there all in white, with those dead flowers in your lap, as though you were going to play Ophelia. Good gracious! Except I am sure that Ophelia never looked half as beautiful as you."

I did not speak. "Joujou," she said, "am I disturbing you? I didn't dare to come in before, they said you were so miserable." I raised my eyes and looked

at her.

"Joujou!" she cried. "Joujou, what

has happened?"

She threw herself on her knees by my side, and flung her kind arms around me. I couldn't help it, I began to cry.

"Dear little Joujou, what is the mat-

ter?"

How comforting it was, to have her there by me! So, though it was hard to talk, I told her the whole thing—all about the wicked Saint-Yriacs, and how papa hated them; all about the marquis, and the garden, and yesterday, and today, and everything.

"So your papa would not let you marry him, this young marquis?"

"Marry him? Oh, Hazel, he says that I am disgraced, that I have even talked with him!"

Hazel shook her head in a puzzled way. "It is strange. Because, from what people say of him, he seems to be everything that he should be—and more! A little bit reserved, they say, but so clever, so reliable, so kind! And then a marquis—a real marquis. That's something, you know."

"Yes, but, you see, papa doesn't think

so."

"It is strange, for Monsieur de Castaignac is never done talking of the marquis, and singing his praises. And even Octave——"

She stopped short and blushed a lit-

tle. Dear Hazel!

"Then it is just this old-time tradition, this prejudice against his family,

that prevents you from marrying the man you love, the man that everybody says is perfectly worthy of you, who could give you a splendid position and make you perfectly happy besides."

She jumped to her feet. "It's so unreasonable all around," she said, "to let everything be spoiled this way, by a few old short stories out of the past. Now, in America—"

"In America you marry whom you like-vou told me so. But, oh!" I cried, "what does it matter, after all, when he is all broken to pieces on the rocks, or

dying, or dead?"

I jumped to my feet and began to walk up and down the room, "I can't bear it any more!" I cried. "I have got to see him. I must ask him to forgive me. I must find out if he is alive or

dead!"

Hazel started and looked at me very seriously, "Joujou," she said, "I have no business to interfere. I am doing wrong, I know, but I'll risk it. Joujou, I will send down word that I have a headache and cannot come down to dinner. Then I will slip up through the woods to the garden and peep around the chateau. I'll get some news, some good news, for you, you poor little suffering baby."

"I will go with you," I said. "No, no, it is not right!"

"They locked me in," I cried; "they did not trust me. I have a right to run away for a few moments, if I choose.'

Hazel shook her head. "I don't know," she said. "I am not doing right by your father, I suppose. But, oh, it all seems so cruel, so unreasonable! It can't lead to anything wrong for me to help you out, just a little.'

No, indeed!" I cried.

Hazel paused for a moment. "There's one thing," she said, with a little catch in her breath, "whatever motive I have, it's not for myself. No, believe me, dear, whatever reason I have-

"Of course not, dear Hazel," I cried. "And now, let's hurry, let's hurry!"

So Hazel rang and sent her message downstairs that her head ached so badly that she did not want any dinner, and would stay in her room that evening.

"A nice fib," she said, as she twisted up her hair, "but, then, it can't be helped

now, I suppose."

Pretty soon we heard the people coming out of their rooms, and going down to dinner. Auntie knocked at Hazel's door, and sympathized with her. I was afraid that she would come to my room then, but she didn't. She went straight downstairs, and pretty soon they were clattering forks and clinking glasses, down in the dining room.

Hazel opened the door again, "Come, Joujou," she whispered. So we stole down the back stairs, very quietly, two

ghosts all in white.

The servants were busy in the kitchen, so we passed softly through the side corridors and the long outhouse beyond. I was trembling; I was afraid of what was going to happen, of what we were going to hear and see. Yet I was strong, too, stronger than I had ever been before in my life. And more than all, I had Hazel with me!

As we passed by the empty pantry, I saw, perched on a flour barrel, the white and red soup tureen; the wretched soup tureen that had been at the bottom of all the trouble from the beginning—the tureen and Madame Rondolé, together! I could not touch her, to be sure. But as I went by I swept the tureen to the ground, eggs and all, crash! and there was an end to it.

"Hush! Why did you do that?" cried

I did not answer. I took her hand and began to run. It was nearly sunset as we stepped into the woods and crept around to the further side of the house, where we could fly up the hillside to the garden.

XIV.

Everything was very still as we crept around the boxwood hedge and walked down the little mossy path that led to the fountain. There was no one in the garden, that was plain, and the pavilion was empty.

"Empty, but not alone!" said Hazel. with a little shiver. "Ah, you can feel them thick around you in this place, the ghosts of the beautiful old past!"

"But, oh, Hazel, he is not here-he

must be dead, after all!"

"Nonsense!" cried Hazel. "Why should he be here at all, when one thinks of it, after what happened yesterday?" "I don't know, Hazel. But, oh, if I

could be sure!"

Everything was very quiet and still, the woods were shadowing around us, and the queer old statues looked very gray and silent. Suddenly, from behind the trees, high up on the top of the hill, came a faint, far-away sound—the slow, measured tinkling of a cowbell.

"Hark!" cried Hazel.

"It is just the cow of the old Mother Jobard," I said, "being driven home at

sunset."

Hazel thought for a moment. "The old Mother Jobard?" said she. "The marquis' servant, is she not? Very well, then. Now we go up the hill to ask

her for news of her master.'

"Hazel, how clever—how good you are!" I cried. And we caught up our clinging muslin skirts around us as we flew up the hill among the trees, then along by the tall fence of railing, till we came to the rocky crest where Johanne and I had so often looked over at the chateau, where we had looked over the fence and talked of the wicked old marquis, oh, weeks and months ago, when we first came to Saint-Yriac.

There was the chateau above us, just as before, dark, high and silent, with the yellow sunlight on the towers and the green grass growing in the moat. This was his home, my dear Guy! It didn't look very comfortable. Was he in there now behind those tall, black walls? And, oh! was he alive or dead?

"The wild old place," said Hazel, softly. "It makes me tremble when I look at it." So we stood very quietly looking over the high wooden wall, not knowing exactly what to do. All the time the tinkling of the bell was growing nearer; and suddenly from behind the rocks on the other side of the castle, winding up the steep path that led along the precipice, appeared the horns

of a cow, and the blue woolen kerchief of the old Mother Jobard. They came climbing up very slowly, cow and old woman, up to the drawbridge across the moat, just above the fence where we stood.

"Madame," called Hazel, very politely. "Good-evening, madame."

Mother Jobard looked up wild and fierce. "Is she there?" she said, in her gruff voice, like a man's. "I knew she would come. It would not happen otherwise."

So she came striding over to the fence, guiding the cow with the green willow switch that she held in her hand.

"Mother Jobard," I cried, "please tell me how he is; oh, is he still alive?"

"Yes, he is still alive," she answered, wagging her head, while the cow smelled us through the fence and Hazel shrank back with an "Ouch!"

"Tell me, please! Did you find him this morning—did you bring him

home?"

She hesitated a moment, then looked up again, sharp and quick. "After he had had the meeting with your papa, mademoiselle? Yes, I have heard of that, and I, myself, mademoiselle, I brought him home!"

"Āh!" I was relieved to hear that, at least. "But, oh, Mother Jobard, how is

he now?"

I thought I had never seen her eyes look darker or stranger or more mysterious—and I doubled up my fingers, as Johanne had told me. "Mademoiselle," she said, slowly, "can you bear the truth?"

"Yes, yes," I clung to the fence to

support myself.

"Mademoiselle, his head, his left arm, the bones of his side—bon Dieu du bois, what can you expect when the saddle breaks and the rider is hurled upon the rocks? I find, then, that he is something of a savage, your little papa. But as for my poor master—the injury to the head is worst."

Hazel put her arm about me to steady me, and I heard her voice saying: "But the doctor, what does the doctor say?"

"The doctor, mademoiselle? Bah! I snap my fingers at them, your doctors,"

and she cracked her great big knuckles. "No, if he is to live, my poor master, it will be through me—the old Mother Jobard, with her good herbs and her ancient spells."

"Goodness gracious!" said Hazel, "this is horrible—we must do some-

thing, that's certain."

Mother Jobard grinned, the least bit in the world—dreadful old woman!
"Ah, you mock yourself of my skill—that is amusing! But, you see, he is my master, and now he is in my keeping."

We stood there, all three very silent, while the cow pulled bits of grass from between the palings of the fence.

"We must do something for him," said Hazel again; "there is no doubt

about that."

Mother Jobard looked up again, with a flash of those deep old eyes. "Do something for him, mademoiselle—shall I tell you what you can do?"

"Yes, yes," I cried, stretching my hands out over the fence, while the

tears ran down my face.

"Mademoiselle, as I told you, the most injury is to his head. He raves in delirium—as sick men will, he babbles continually of what lies deepest in his heart. Shall I tell you, mademoiselle, what name has been all day on his lips?"

"Tell me, tell me!"

"Can you ask, mademoiselle? Your name—'My angel, my adored one, my beautiful Joujou,' he cries, 'come to me, chérie, or I shall die!'"

I fell limp against Hazel's arm. He was dying, my dear Guy, all through my fault—and he wanted me. "Hazel, what shall I do, Hazel? He wants me."

Hazel paused for a moment, holding me close to her. "He is really so sick,

madame?

"Bon Dieu du bois," answered Mother Jobard, "of that only God can speak with certainty. I tell you only what I have seen and heard. But while he chafes so continually for what he cannot have, it is hard to say what the end will be," and she touched the cow with her willow switch. "I must hurry back to him, my poor young master," she said.

"No, Mother Jobard, wait a moment," cried Hazel. Then she hesitated. "You really think that it would help your master to get well, to see Mademoiselle Joujou for an instant?"

"Mademoiselle, I have known men brought back from death's door by being given their longing—a piece of cheese, perhaps, or a pickled snail; then how much more, the sight of his heart's desire?"

"Ah, Hazel," I whispered, "then you think we might go to him—for just a

moment?"

"Joujou, it is hard to say. We oughtn't to have come, we ought not to go further, of course. But, still, here is a young man dangerously hurt, lying helpless, without proper attendance. Suppose he were to die-and nothing done for him but herbs and spells? Joujou, I don't care, we couldn't abandon a dog to die this way. It's our duty to go in there and see what can be done for him, and then go and telephone for a surgeon and nurses from Dieppe. Who cares what people think or say of us? When it comes to a life that must be saved, nothing else is of very much account!"

How big and strong and determined she looked as she stood there and spoke straight out—my splendid Hazel! I felt myself strong, too, as I looked at her. "You are right, Hazel," I cried. "We will do our duty; we will

go, as you say."

"Ah, mademoiselle," said Mother Jobard, with a pious smile, "He will reward you for that, the good God! Here, you cannot climb the tall fence, but see, a little lower down, these palings I made loose so that monseigneur the marquis might walk in his domain, and visit his garden when he chose." She swung three or four palings off to the sides, "Welcome to Saint-Yriac, mesdemoiselles!"

I jumped for the opening, but, to my surprise, Hazel pulled me back and stood hesitating, with a little laugh. "Just a moment," she said; "I know it's ridiculous for me, but if there is one thing on earth that I am afraid of, it

is a cow!"

Hazel afraid! If I had not been in such distress, I could have burst out laughing. Hazel afraid of a cow! "Hazel, you are joking," I cried. "Come, hurry, please!"

She laughed again, but I could see she was in earnest. "Not while that cow is loose," she said.

A sudden gleam came into the eyes of Mother Jobard. "Mademoiselle is right," she said; "our last cow, the cow destroyed, like her master, by the hard heart of Poizelle, she was an angel for sweetness, she was gentle and good like mademoiselle herself. But the savage beast, with her long brows- bah!"

It seemed rather mean of her to dig it into me that way about the cow, as though it were my fault that the last one had been killed. However-"Be quick, be quick!" cried Hazel. "We have only a few moments to stay. Tie up your cow, and let us come as fast as

we can."

"As you wish, mademoiselle," replied Mother Jobard; and, cracking the cow with a willow switch, she drove her up the path and across the drawbridge into

the castle walls.

"I suppose we are safe now," said Hazel, cautiously; so we gathered up our skirts and slipped through the fence and up the rocky path to the castle. Heavens, how the country fell away from all about us—the green treetops of the forest, the village of Saint-Yriac, so tiny and so far below, and the white road that wound away among the fields of Dieppe. It made me dizzy to look down at them all, so we flew across the narrow drawbridge under the portcullis to the high, dark courtyard, where Mother Jobard was tving her cow to a queer old rusty cannon in the corner.

"I will tie her up tight and strong. the sacred brute!" said she. "Or she would kill her very master herself. Bon Dieu du bois! It was but last month she gored a boy to death-take care, don't come too near, mademoiselle!"

Hazel stepped along warily. aren't you afraid of her yourself, ma-

dame?"

"I, mademoiselle? As I told you, I have charms and spells." She glanced around at us, smiling out of her dark eyes. "Now, mademoiselle, you are safe. Come, let me take you to the inner gallery, where you may wait a moment until I have prepared my poor little master for your coming."

So she opened a great, creaking oak door, that swung heavily on its rusty hinges. "This way, my young ladies. Do me the honor to seat yourselves,

and in a moment I return.'

So she shut the door carefully again and went off. The gallery where we found ourselves was very dark and long, with a hollow, vaulted roof and high paneled walls lined with pictures in queer old battered frames. Even the sunlight looked dark and faint as it came through the grated slits of windows, in dusty crimson streaks; and when we peered out between the bars, we could see the sun just slipping down red behind the far-away rim of the Channel.

"See," said Hazel, "it is growing late! Well, we are here now, and it can't be helped. But I hope she won't keep us waiting very long, that old friend of

vours.

She began walking up and down the room, looking at the portraits and all the strange old things in the long gallery. As for me, distressed and troubled as I was, I could not help looking about me-for a castle hall, one doesn't see that every day.

"Just look at this crusader," said Hazel, in a hushed voice; "see his banner and the cross on his shield, and the canvas that it is painted on, ready to crumble away at a touch. Yes, this place is a thousand years old, I am sure.'

She walked down the hall and I after "See these old suits of armor, Joujou. It can't be wrong for us to look at them, do you think so? See, this shield has Fontenoy on it. And see, this one says Agincourt. Ah!" and she took a long breath. I thought of Alain Chartier and Queen Marguerite, and the tales I had read of those far-off splendid days. It brought them very close to me, when I looked at those rusty swords and the tattered, dusty banners embroidered with crosses and fleurs-de-lys that hung from the dark arches above, and the dingy painted faces all about us—the eyes looking at Hazel and me: eyes that had seen Queen Marguerite herself, perhaps, and Palestine, and the great kings of France.

Hazel paused before the tall, hollow fireplace. "Look at the arms carved there upon the chimney," she whispered, "in that beautiful faded gold, with the motto that I can't read, and the marquis' coronet above. De la Tour de Saint-Yriac — Roncesvaulx — there's a name, Joujou! I tell you, this makes one feel pretty small. An automobile and a million dollars aren't much, are they, besides a name and ancestors like that?"

"She is a long time gone," I said.

Hazel pulled at her watch. "Yes, we have been waiting here nearly quarter of an hour. I had no idea of it. Good gracious, we can't stay very much longer! There, dear little Joujou, I am sure it's all right; she'll be back in a moment, and he's not so sick, after all. Come, let us look at these portraits again. Here are some splendid ladies-I think they must have been pets of Louis XIV., or somebody, they look so pleased with themselves. And these noble gentlemen! It's strange, isn't it, now, to see the same look in them all-the same high, dark face again and again?" She "That paused and studied them. strange miracle of blood!" she said. "Your friend, the marquis, might almost have sat for any one of these portraits, might he not? And see, Joujou, this is the most curious thing-this little picture in the corner—here in the last ray of daylight-just the sketch of a head, faded, and the frame broken to pieces. But see, it might be your portrait, almost. Yes, this is very strange, but it certainly does look like you!"

I came slowly down the hall and stood there beside her. Ah, I knew who it was, this picture, tucked away in disgrace in one corner, far away from the noble Saint-Yriacs and their haughty ladies. I remembered the story that Johanne had told me, the chance words of the marquis, the looks and whispers of the old Mother Jobard.

"Your eyes, Joujou," whispered Hazel, "yellow and mysterious, like some beautiful Persian cat's; your hair and that beautiful creamy skin of yours. Yes, it's strange; it's you—and yet it's

not you at all!"

I shivered a little as I looked at the face in the picture. There was a link between us, I could feel that-though her face was so much more beautiful than mine, with something in it that was simpering and yet savage, too. The marquis had said to me: "I have seen your face before." Yes, this was what he had seen! And the sight of this face, which was mine and vet not mine, filled me with a kind of fear-a new, terrible understanding of what little creatures we are in this big, blind world, where we are born and live and die, without knowing what it all means or having anything to say about it. She had been unhappy when she lived, this ancestress of mine; and now I had her face, and I was unhappy, too. I felt helpless, somehow, and cold all over.

"Hazel," I said, "we must go home."
Hazel started. "Yes," she answered,
"it is nearly eight o'clock. Horrors, do
you know we'll be awfully late getting
home? And we haven't done any good

to anybody, after all!"

I felt the tears start into my eyes. "If he should be dead, after all, and she doesn't dare to come back and tell us!"

"No, indeed," cried Hazel, yet I could see that she was troubled. "That's impossible, dear. But there's one thing certain, we don't sit here any more, among these old ghosts in the twilight. Here—let's go and see if we can find our old friend Jobard."

"Can you open the door?" I said. Hazel frowned a little as she inspected the bolts. "That would be a joke on us, indeed," she said, as she rattled the great iron latch. "Ah!" she breathed, in relief, as the door swung back creaking on its hinges. "Here—take care of these steps, dear—here we are in the court, and there is the drawbridge."

"There is no one here," I said, peering around in the great hollow court, so dim and empty in the twilight, and silent but for the cow chewing her

end slowly, somewhere among the shadows.

Hazel raised her voice. "Madame!" she cried. "Mother Jobard! Madame!"

A little rippling echo ran around the court, and we drew closer together. "Mother Jobard!" I cried, in my turn, and my voice sounded strange.

"I do not understand it at all," said Hazel. "I'll tell you. I'll run around and try all those doors, and knock and pound and call once more; and then, if we don't get any answer, we will run home as fast as we can. They can hardly have missed us yet. And if they do—I am ashamed of myself, I can tell you—but we have just been for a little stroll, haven't we?"

So she flew around the court, rattling the great bolts and knocking, and crying the name of Mother Jobard. "I feel like Richard Cœur-de-Lion," she said, "bombarding a castle—but I don't seem to do it so well as he." She stopped short. "It's no use at all," she said. "I don't know what to think of it, I'm

She stood puzzling. I thought of my dear Guy, dying and calling for me. "Must we go home now?" I asked.

"I am sorry, Joujou, but we certainly must. It seems terrible to leave a sick man in the care of that ignorant old lunatic; but she has left us no choice. To-morrow, perhaps, we can do something. But now it is quite dark—come, Joujou."

We hurried over the rough stone floor to the drawbridge, Hazel first and I following. Suddenly Hazel started back with a little scream.

"Oh!" she cried, "look, just look!"
I jumped in terror, I did not know what I should see—the marquis dead, or Mother Jobard. I peered around Hazel. There in the drawbridge, under the portcullis, blocking the narrow passageway, big and dark in the fading light—there lay the cow!

"What shall we do?" cried Hazel,

seizing my hand.
"We might jump over her," I sug-

gested, timidly,

"Nonsense, are you crazy, Joujou?"

Just then, as if to settle the matter,

the cow scrambled, plunging, to her feet, and stood looking at us with her head lowered, chewing her cud.

"Look at those eyes," said Hazel, and I felt her hand shiver in mine, "and those great, sharp horns, one for each of us. It's funny. I wouldn't mind facing a burglar or a mouse—but a cow? Never!"

"Let's try and drive her away," I

"And put her in a fury? Well, we must take the risk. We can't stay here all night." We stooped and groped for stones. "That wretched old woman!" cried Hazel. "Why couldn't she tie her cow up tight and sure while she was doing it?"

So we began to bang the pebbles at the cow. It seemed cruel, but we had to drive her away somehow. She ducked her head and stepped aside. "There she goes," said Hazel, as she sent a final pebble after her. "Bon voyage, my friend."

But suddenly, just as the cow started to run, she threw up her head and stopped short. Then we saw her halter rope running up above her head—up to the portcullis, where it was knotted fast to one of the iron bars.

"Look," cried Hazel; "she's tied there, she's tied there!" She stepped back and clutched me with a nervous little laugh. "It looks to me," she said, "as though the joke were on us. Is there any other way out of this place, do you suppose?"

I shook my head, for I had so often studied the castle from the wood below. "No, Hazel," I answered; "there's just the single drawbridge; that's the way they built them in those days, you see. And the moat is thirty feet deep, with a smooth stone wall on each side."

"But, Joujou, we can't stay here---we must go out somehow!"

I hesitated. "Shall we try if we can get past the cow? I will go first—yes, I will go first, Hazel."

"You dear little thing! Do you suppose I am going to let you risk your precious life? Remember what she said—it was only last month that cow gored a boy to death!"

We shrank up together in the corner, close together in our damp white muslins; in the corner of the courtyard furthest away from those terrible horns. It was quite dark now, but we could hear her chewing her cud slowly, and see her eves glisten as she turned her

"Joujou," cried Hazel, "I have an idea. Let's telephone."

"Oh, Hazel, where there's a drawbridge, there isn't any telephone." laughed a little, and Hazel joined in.

"She has the joke on us, that terrible old woman. Joujou, you understand these people about here. What does she mean, and what does she want?"

"I am sure I don't know, Hazel!"

"She means to keep us here, that's plain. Whether she is here herself or not, or whether the marquis is here, sick or well, Joujou, she can't mean to keep us here all night!"

"Oh, Hazel, no, no! Come, let's try

to get past the cow."

Hazel clutched me. "My dear child, this is all my fault, and I feel responsible for you, you see. You shall stay right here, by me. It's better to be made a fool of and scolded in the morning, than to be gored to death like that poor boy we heard of-isn't it?"

I shrank up close to Hazel; what she said was too true to be denied. She put her arm around me, and we sat there together in the darkness, with all our fears and anxieties around us, while the moments went by and the cow chewed her cud in the darkness, under the portcullis.

11.

"It is strange," I said, "that no one comes."

"They'll come soon enough," said Hazel. "Perhaps they are hunting for us now, your father and-and-perhaps Octave.

"Ah!" I said.

"Don't worry," she said. "Octave will find us, I am sure of that. There's nothing he can't do, is there?"

"No, indeed," I answered-though

Octave, you know, he isn't like Guy! Ah, poor Guy, where was he now

Hazel gave me a little squeeze. "The joke is on Madame Rondolé, anyway, the horrid little talebearer! See, she brought Monsieur de Castaignac over here to the Villa Clematis from Dieppe to make me stop thinking about Octave Boussard. But instead of that, Castaignac did nothing but tell me of his wonderful friend, the marquis, and how much everybody thought of him-and that made me resolve at last, you see. that it was my duty to help you about him in every way I could, and-ah, poor Octave! I needn't let my conscience stand in the way any more, need I?"

"Oh, Hazel, you are going to marry

Octave?"

She laughed a little confusedly. "I

didn't say that, did I, dear?"

"But, Hazel, it is growing late, and that dreadful cow-and poor Guy, calling for me!" I couldn't help it, I began to cry. Hazel stroked my hair and soothed me, so that I felt ashamed of myself that I could not be as strong as she. Everything was black around us, except for the stars that shone through the arches of the court. Far at the foot of the cliff we could hear the little hollow murmuring of the sea, and the cow ground her cud softly in the darkness of the drawbridge.

Suddenly - "Hark!" cried Hazel. From below us in the darkness came the faint ringing of a hoof upon the rocks. We jumped to our feet. The sound grew clearer; it was coming up the hill, beyond a doubt-the heavy beat of a horse's iron shoes. We sat listening, waiting, not daring to breathe, while the steps came nearer-nearer.

I clutched Hazel. "Some one is coming. It's papa-oh, Hazel!'

'Your father on horseback? Nonsense, Joujou! Listen." We tiptoed our way through the darkness of the courtvard to the open arches overlooking the pathway. Below us, on the hillside, we could see nothing, but there was a clanking of hoofs and flying of sparks in the darkness.

"If it is Octave," whispered Hazel,

"he will call our names."

The hoofs came clattering along. We could hear the spurs and stirrups jingling, and the horse breathing in long puffs as he came laboring up the side of the precipice. Suddenly the rider began to whistle.

If he whistles ragtime," murmured Hazel, "we'll know it's Octave, and we will call him. Listen! No, it's an air I never heard before. No, it can't be

Octave."

I trembled as I leaned over the stone railing with Hazel; it seemed to me that my heart stopped beating as I remembered all the terrible old tales that I had heard since my coming to Saint-Yriac. For the whistled air that came to me from the darkness, shrill and faint, like the echo of some disembodied wandering tune-it was my little song of Victor Hugo, the song that I had sung to the marquis in the garden yesterday!

"Hazel," I whispered, "it's Guy!" Hazel started with a sudden shiver

that frightened me.
"The marquis? That's impossible!" We clutched each other and listened. The rider was just below us, on the other side of the moat. "Steady!" cried a voice, and the horse stopped short, with a snort. "Be careful now, my friend-here, steady, steady!"

"Hazel," I whispered, "it's Guy's voice!" Guy, alive or dead, that was his voice. "Hazel," I whispered, "do you suppose that he is alive?"

Hazel broke from me with a relieved little laugh. "Nonsense!" she said. "He is all right, that's one sure thing.

The horse's steps came trampling hollow over the drawbridge. My dear Guy, alive, coming to me! All of a sudden I remembered. "Hazel, he doesn't know what's there! He'll be gored to death!"

I started forward, but Hazel seized my arm. "Well, that's no reason why you should be," she said, and, raising her voice, she cried: "Stop, monsieur!

Whoa! Stop!"

There was a wild snort from the horse and a pounding clatter of hoof and stirrup, mixed up and wild, from the drawbridge. Then the least little silence, while the horse breathed hard.

"Who goes there?" said the marquis' voice, just like that; quick and

sharp and a little troubled.

Poor Guy! It was his turn now to be afraid of the ghosts of this old haunted place. I remembered what he had told me of how superstitious he was —I did not stop to ask myself what the mistake had been, or how he happened to be riding up to his castle, he the dying man. He was troubled, poor Guy, so I leaned out into the darkness.

"I'm not a ghost!" I cried. "Only

Joujou!"

"Joujou?" his voice came back in a horrified, shocked kind of a tone.

"Who's there?

"Monsieur," said Hazel, very dignified, "in one moment we will explain. But now please be careful! That dreadful, savage cow of Mother Jobard's is tied right there in the drawbridge. That's the reason we can't get across, you see!"

"And oh, please, you mustn't, either!"

I cried.

"What in the world is this?" said the marquis, in a helpless, resigned sort of way. Then he slid from his saddle with a jump that rang over the bridge, and after a moment, crac! a match blazed out sputtering and cheerful. There he was for the flash of an instant -himself, undamaged, alive, his hand clutching the bridle rein of his horse.

"Where is this dangerous beast?" he said, glaring along the drawbridge. Then: "Ah, the cow, mademoiselle? That sacred type of an ancient lamb? Here, out of the way, you brute!" He scratched another match. "Sapristi! she is tied here-what does this mean? Here, my friend, this is where you are turned loose from the halter. And now go along with you!"

His hand came down, smack! on the cow's back, and she came plunging along through the dark. Hazel shrank up to me. "Oh, monsieur!" she said.

"Do not be alarmed, mademoiselle. I assure you, the creature is as mild as her own milk. And now, my head is turning—Joujou, is this really you? Where are you? Is it really you?"

"Light a lantern for us, please,"

begged Hazel. "Don't vou see we must

go home immediately?

"One instant, mademoiselle." fumbled for a moment under the arches, then the match sputtered again, and flared up, as the marquis touched the wick of an old iron lantern that hung by a chain just at the entrance of the court. It was all dark and hollow and mysterious; with the cow in one corner, the horse in another, and in the center Hazel, pale in her white dress, and the marquis staring at us with his eyes wide open, trying to bow and be quite polite and unconcerned.

"Mesdemoiselles, you do me too much honor. I hope you have suffered no inconvenience here in this wild old fortress of mine?" The lantern swung gently back and forth above his head, and I could see his face ruddy and clear as ever, except for a dark, purplish lump

just above the left temple.

"We heard that you were dying," I

"What!" he exclaimed, bewildered. "Monsieur," said Hazel, quite calm and quick, "we must go instantly, but first-you see, we are here because your servant, that wretched, crazy old woman, assured us that you had been almost killed in that automobile accident this morning; and she begged and implored us to come and see you, as the only

means of saving your life."

The marquis looked at me as she spoke; I felt his eves on me, keen and

smiling. "You came to me, Joujou? You heard that I needed you, and you came? That was good of you, indeed!"

"Monsieur," cried Hazel, "you may be able to account for her behavior, but, indeed, it is beyond me. Here you are, unhurt and well; and here we have been shut up here alone, prisoners, for hours and hours. And you say that the cow is not even cross at all!"

The marquis turned around severe and frowning. "This is Mother Jo-bard's doings. I swear to you I do not "This is Mother Jounderstand." He started suddenly, and it seemed to me that he flushed in the dim lantern light. "Name of a name!" he said, half to himself, "Who would have believed that the old wretch had

such audacity? Mesdemoiselles, in every case, I assure you that she shall be punished as she deserves, this wretched old woman. And now-what reparation can I make to you, for your kindness that has been so miserably abused? How can I even implore your pardon?"

"That can wait, monsieur!" cried Hazel, impatiently. "And now, please, help us to get home!"

'Mademoiselle, every service that is in my power is yours. First let me un hook this old lantern, and replace the slide, that we may have some light to guide us.'

"Oh," I cried, "you are well, you are

not hurt, after all!"

He looked up, smiling, and the lantern light flashed white on his teeth. "Mademoiselle, only a trifling scratch, as you see-the fault of that infamous saddle, which betrayed me. But sapristi! It is plain, at least, that he does not love me, your papa."

"I am so glad," I murmured. "Be quick, monsieur," cried Hazel.

"Mademoiselle, one instant only." He struggled with the rusty latch of the lamp. "Mon Dieu," he said, half to himself, "is it possible, then, that I am not dreaming, when I come home to this empty fortress and find two lovely spirits, white and vaporous?"

Mon Dien, the poor white muslins, draggled and damp with the dew. I shivered, and Hazel cried again: "Not spirits, but very real, and waiting to get

home.'

The marquis swung the lantern in his hand. "Ready, at last! And I assure you, mademoiselle, you will find that we have need of it before you get

Hazel turned and flew to the drawbridge, and I after her; but all of a sudden-

"Bigre!" said the marquis, through

his teeth. "What was that?"

Just below us there was a voice--far below, faint and yet clear, too. "Name of a cannon!" said the voice, and then we heard the sound of feet upon the rocks.

The blood seemed to turn backward in my veins. "It's papa," I said, in a little weak voice, that sounded strange to my ears. Hazel caught my arm.

The marquis leaned over the drawbridge, peering about him with the lantern into the empty blackness beneath. "There is a light below," he said. "There! it has vanished behind a rock. There it is again."

"It's papa, coming for me," I said again; and I remembered what he had said to me this morning, and his eyes,

how they had looked at me.

The marquis bent over, listening. "The steps are coming nearer," he said, very quietly. "There is no doubt about that. Mademoiselle, what do you wish to do?"

"Isn't there time—for me to run away?" I asked; for I was thinking, you see, of papa's eyes. Mon Dicut I did not dare to face them again—I would rather die. I could hear the steps, heavy and slipping dry on the stone—nearer and nearer.

"No," cried Hazel; "you shall not run away. You have done nothing to be ashamed of; why should you hide

from anybody?"

There was a rattle and clatter of stones down in the blackness below us. "Jove!" cried a voice, far below, but so clear I jumped again, and then I saw that Hazel had turned white, too. "That's Octave's voice," she said, quite softly; and then: "No, I won't run away. We'll stand to our guns, both of us, Joujou!"

Suddenly the marquis turned from where he stood on the drawbridge, and came back to us with the lantern in his hand, his head held very high and de-

termined.

"Mesdemoiselles," he said, "there is no doubt that people are coming up the path to the chateau. I would rather cut off my hand than know that I had been the means of placing you in so false a situation. But at least there is one thing that I can do—one point that I can place beyond doubt or suspicion." He paused a moment, and his eyes shone in the lantern light—his eyes looking straight at me. Below us, the steps crept clattering up the side of the precipice.

"Mademoiselle Joujou," he said, "I do not know whether Mademoiselle Walker, here present, knows the nature of the sentiments with which I have the honor to regard you. Mademoiselle, I lay at your feet my most respectful homages, my tenderest devotion. Mademoiselle, I have the honor to ask your hand in marriage."

He took a step toward me. Everything was whirling about me, just as it had done that day—that last day in the garden. "Oh, Guy!" I heard myself whisper, softly. The steps were quite near now; and I could hear papa's breath puffing, heavy and quick, somewhere below in that dark hillside. "Oh,

Guy!" I said.

"Mademoiselle, in justice to you, let me make myself clear. I offer you my heart and my name-but alas! what else have I to give? This bare, povertystricken old heap of stone! All the property of my family is gone-I do not disguise it from you. For myself, I can live on my pay. But, oh, mon Dieu, what ought I to do?" he cried, turning to Hazel. "Mademoiselle, I appeal to you. As you know, the prejudices of Monsieur Poizelle are bitter. After this morning. I cannot conceal from myself that he would rather die than give his daughter to me." He touched his bruised temple with his finger, and smiled a little proud, troubled smile.

"Ah, monsieur!" said Hazel, softly, and squeezed my arm in her own.

"Mademoiselle, listen! Would it be fair, would it be the part of an honorable gentleman, for me to ask this dear child to desert her family, to break with her father and all the advantages of fortune which he can give her; to become the wife of a penniless soldier; a marquise in lodgings, patching her last year's clothes?" He laughed, a little bitterly. "You see, I am frank. And then, if there should be a war, if I should be forced to leave her all alone in France—" He turned, and walked up and down the court, with his face hidden in the shadow. "And yet—my dear, dear little Joujou!"

"Monsieur, I think—" began Hazel. And then all of a sudden: "Hola! Hola there, I say!" came papa's voice, roaring from the other side of the draw-bridge. I leaned on Hazel's arm; I could not answer a word.

The marquis picked up his lantern again, and walked slowly to the great gate, under the bars of the portcullis.

"Who goes there?" he said.

"Humph!" said papa's voice, taken aback for an instant; then: "Is that you,

monsieur the marquis?"

"It is I, Saint-Yriac," responded the marquis, very calm and polite. Then, just like a drawing room: "To whom have I the honor of speaking?"

"Humph!—well, my name is Poizelle," said papa, "a man you know, I think. And I come here to ask—have you seen anything of my daughter?"

Poor papa! his voice was quite weary and troubled. I thought of all those long hours that he had been waiting, and that desperate, hard climb up the precipice. "Oh, papa!" I cried. "Here

I am, papa!"

Papa made a noise, wild and queer, and then he dashed along across the drawbridge, a little electric lantern in his hand and his face pale and drawn and strange, "Joujou!" he said, "we've been hunting for hours, Octave and I!" He seized my arm in his hand, so that I really cried out with the pain "We miss you from your rooms, we hear from the servants an alarm of breaking china, of two white shapes that flitted past. We find you nowhere—ah, what we have feared!"

The soup tureen! Yes, even smashed to bits, it had worked to betray me! Papa paused and looked at me. "And so, Joujou, this is where I find you," he said, slowly. "Ah, perhaps it would have been better to find you at the foot

of the cliff, after all!"

Hazel started forward. "Monsieur Poizelle," she cried, "don't blame Joujou; you mustn't, indeed. It's all my fault that she is here—all my fault, you must blame me."

"Name of a dog!" shouted papa. "I am not at a loss, I think, for blame for either of you! To be found at this hour, past ten o'clock, alone in the dwelling of

a young man, and that young man the most evil of aristocrats! Yes, monsieur"—he whirled around to the marquis, who stood so tall above him, grave and pale, with the lantern in his hand—the poor old, rusty iron lantern, it looked very shabby and flickering beside papa's beautiful white electric tube—"yes, monsieur, you see I do not mince matters!" cried papa, glaring and breathing hard, and I saw the strange little flecks of purple coming back into his face. "The most corrupt of aristocrats!" he cried again.

Guy stood silent. Papa turned his lantern upon him, and looked him up

and down with a sneer.

"Name of a dog, one would think, from your way of doing things, that the old days had returned again, with all the infamous rights of the seigneur. Ah! ah! you would compromise my daughter, would you? You would steal her from me, would you? Name of a cannon! I have the honor to inform monseigneur the marquis, that I am a modern of the moderns, while he is a hundred years too late! And this time his plans have failed!"

The marquis looked down at him, very white and still. "Then I am to understand, monsieur, that you refuse to listen to me, if I tell you that I love

your daughter?"

Ah, how nobly he said it! What would papa's answer be? I knew before he opened his lips. "So the marquis loves my daughter!" he said, with a kind of laugh. "Yes, once before this, a hundred years or more, it happened that the great seigneur of Saint-Yriac honored a humble little Poizelle with his love—and, name of a name, that once was quite enough! And now Octave is waiting. Joujou, come home!"

He seized my hand. The marquis bowed low, but I saw his lips quiver, the least little bit in the world. "Mademoiselle, do not forget what I said to you, will you? And now, forgive me, and good-by."

"Good-by, Guy." I answered, though papa was pulling me down to the drawbridge, and the tears were running down my face. "Indeed, I will never forget. Good-by!"

All of a sudden Hazel sprang forward. "Monsieur, one moment!"

She began to laugh, a little nervously, and papa turned and glared at her. "What is it that you find amusing, Miss Walker, may I ask?"

"I beg your pardon," cried Hazel, "but, don't you see, I don't believe that you two gentlemen quite understand each other!" The marquis turned, quick and sharp; papa paused, and I held my breath for Hazel to speak, as she stood there smiling in her white dress, facing us all.

"It's too ridiculous! I don't know just how to put it. Monsieur Poizelle, it's not the marquis, but you, who are a hundred years behind the times." She burst out laughing again. "Don't you see, he's just asking you if he can m-m-marry Joujou?"

Papa let my arm slip from his hand, and his jaw dropped as he stared at the

"What—what?" he said. "You are asking my daughter's hand in marriage? Thousand devils! Then why didn't you say so?"

Guy let the lantern fall with a crash and a clatter as he sprang forward. The pool of oil flashed up and made a wild red glare over the old courtyard, and over the marquis' face and papa as they stood facing each other.

"Say so?" cried Guy. "What else, monsieur, did you suppose could be my intention?"

Papa still stared at him, as the purple slowly faded from his face. "Matrimony — honorable matrimony? The seigneur of Saint-Yriac asks the daughter of Poizelle in matrimony?"

The marquis bowed low. "Monsieur, have that honor!"

Papa rubbed his forehead with his hand in a bewildered sort of way. "Certainly, what could I have been thinking of? They are absurd, those old tales of the past, of a foolishness to cut with a knife! Name of a dog, are we not all equal nowadays? And yet—the seigneur!"

He stood staring from me to Guy,

and from Guy to me. I did not dare to speak, but I stood waiting.

"Monsieur," said Guy, "your answer?"

"Name of a name of a name!" shouted papa. "My answer? I consent, monsieur the marquis; I consent!"

"Ah!" cried Hazel. "Dear Joujou, how glad I am!" And she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me warmly. Dear Hazel!

Guy walked up to me, very grave and sedate, but with something sparkling deep in his eyes that seemed to warm me through. "Mademoiselle," he said. Then he took my hand and bent over it and kissed it, just as he had done in the garden that first day of all. Ah, the touch of his lips upon my hand! Everything seemed misty around me, but I looked up at him and smiled.

Papa stood looking at us and rubbing his hands. There was a whistle-from the other side of the drawbridge—a low, patient kind of whistle. "That's just Octave," said papa, carelessly. Then, raising his voice: "Only a moment now, my boy!"

As he turned back to the marquis and me, it seemed to me that I had never seen my papa look really happy and pleased and excited about anything before. His eyes were twinkling wild, his mouth was smiling from ear to ear. "So it's settled!" he said. "Name of a cannon! Now he will have some employment for his millions, the poor old papa Poizelle! Ah! ah! in a year's time it will look different, this old chateau, I give you my word. Electric light—satin furniture—and gilding!"

He seized the marquis' hand and wrung it in his own, jumping up and down with pleasure, so that his hair stuck up straight from his head. Dear

little papa!

"Ah! ah! to-morrow, I promise you, it comes down, the picket fence between our domains—I mean, across our domain! To-morrow I send instructions to my notary in Paris to begin negotiations to buy the Hôtel de Saint-Yriac, in the Faubourg Saint-Germain; it shall be new furnished from top to toe, for a wedding present to my daugh-

ter. Ah, what a wedding we shall have—what splendor, what a dowry, what settlements! Father-in-law to a marquis! Ah! ah! I shall go crazy!"

Another whistle sounded from across the drawbridge, soft and low. "Papa,"

I said, timidly, "who is to tell Octave?"
"Octave! Who cares for that little rabbit of a Boussard, when there is affair with a marquis? And yet there was a certain understanding. It is awkward, I own you. For certainly, Octave must be told." And he frowned, half troubled.

Hazel came forward with a little smile, blushing and laughing, too. "If you like, monsieur," she said. "I will go

and tell Monsieur Boussard."

"Mademoiselle, you are kind to perform that unpleasant service for me! He is there on the other side of the drawbridge. A thousand thanks, mademoiselle!"

Hazel tripped down the drawbridge; about halfway across she turned, white and slim in the flaring red light, and kissed her hand to me with a little shy smile. Then she disappeared with the darkness; and on the other side of the drawbridge we heard the murmur of voices, vanishing down the hill.

"And it is high time for us to follow them," said papa, as he turned and led

the way toward the portcullis.

As we crossed the courtyard after him, suddenly, from the far corner by the gallery door, something melted and moved in the darkness, and came silently toward us. "Mother Jobard!" I gasped, clinging to Guy's arm. "Hurry, my children!" cried papa,

"Hurry, my children!" cried papa, waiting under the portcullis. The marquis turned with a start and a frown to the dark old creature, as she stood there, tall and withered, with her deep eyes smiling at us in the flickering light.

"Here, my old woman," said he, sternly, "so you are come back to ask forgiveness, for your deceit and infamous treatment of these young ladies?"

"Forgiveness?" she answered, with a half smile, as she looked at me. "And why? Because everything is as it should be—because at last all has fallen out as it was foretold?"

The marquis stared and started and frowned. "Ah, I begin to see. You mean—with a little help from you?"

"Bon Dieu du bois," responded the old woman, "I ask no thanks. Monseigneur is happy at last; that is enough for his poor old servant, is it not?"

The marquis shook his head and laughed in a grim sort of way. "Sapristi!" he said. "You hear her, Joujou? The more I think of it, the more I see that she has been playing with us like puppets all these past months—this old woman!"

Mother Jobard grinned, a pleased, mysterious sort of smile, as she turned to me. "Here, at least, I am sure of forgiveness," she said; then she slid to her knees and took my hand in hers. "The past is over and gone," she said. "The future is yours. Welcome to Saint-Yriac, my little lady!"

"Come, what is keeping you?" cried papa, from the other side of the draw-bridge. "We must follow your friend, Miss Walker. And beside that, they are waiting for us at home—your aunt and Madame Boussard and Madame Ron-

dolé."

Mother Jobard released my hand. "Come home, my children!" cried papa, jovially, as he started down the hill, bending his little electric light through the blankness. "Come, my son-in-law—come, madame the marquise!"

So, hand in hand, Guy and I followed papa down the hill.





XVIII-(Continued).



HEIR first new move, after my little talk with Langdon, was intended as a mortal blow to my credit. Melville requested me to withdraw mine and Blacklock & Co.'s ac-

counts from the National Industrial Bank; and the fact that this huge and powerful institution had thus branded me was slyly given to the financial reporters of the newspapers. Far and wide it was published; and the public was expected to believe that this was one more and drastic measure in the campaign of the great men of finance to clean the Augean Stables of Wall Street. My daily letter to investors next morning led off with this paragraph—the first notice I had taken publicly of their attacks on me:

In the effort to discredit the only remaining uncontrolled source of financial truth, the big bandits have ordered my accounts out of their chief gambling house. I have transferred the accounts to the Discount and Deposit National, where Leonidas Thornley stands guard against the new order that seeks to make business a synonym for crime.

Thornley was of the type that was dominant in our commercial life before the "financiers" came—just as song birds were common in our trees until the noisy, brawling, thieving sparrows drove them out. His oldest son was about to marry Joe's daughter—Alva. Many a Sunday I have spent at his place near Morristown—a charming combination of city comfort with farm freedom and fresh air. I remember, one Sunday, saying to him, after he

had seen his wife and daughters off to church: "Why haven't you got rich? Why haven't you looked out for establishing these boys and girls of yours?"

"I don't want my girls to be sought for money," said he. "I don't want my boys to rely on money. Perhaps I've seen too much of wealth, and have come to have a prejudice against it. Then, too, I've never had the chance to get rich."

I showed that I thought he was jest-

ing.
"I mean it," said he, looking at me with eyes as straight as a well-broughtup girl's. "How could my mind be judicial if I were personally interested in the enterprises people look to me for advice about?"

And not only did he keep himself clear and his mind judicial, but also he was, like all really good people, exceedingly slow to believe others guilty of the things he would as soon have thought of doing as he would have thought of slipping into the teller's cage during the lunch hour and pocketing a package of bank notes. He gave me his motto—a curious one: "Believe everybody; trust nobody."

"Only a thief wishes to be trusted," he explained, "and only a fool trusts. I let no one trust me; I trust no one. But I believe evil of no man. Even when he has been convicted, I see the mitigating circumstances."

How Thornley did stand by me! And for no reason except that it was as necessary for him to be fair and just as to breathe. I shall not say he resisted the attempts to compel him to desert me—they simply made no impression on him. I remember when Roebuck, himself a large stockholder in the bank,

left cover far enough personally to urge him to throw me over, he replied:

"If Mr. Blacklock is guilty of circulating false stories against commercial enterprises, as his enemies allege, the penal code can be used to stop him. But as long as I stay at the head of this bank, no man shall use it for personal vengeance. It is a chartered public institution, and all have equal rights to its facilities. I would lend money to my worst enemy, if he came for it with the proper security. I would refuse my best friend, if he could not give security. The funds of a bank are a trust fund, and my duty is to see that they are employed to the best advantage. If you wish other principles to prevail here, you must get another president."

That settled it. No one appreciated more keenly than did Roebuck that character is as indispensable in its place as is craft where the situation demands craft—and is far harder to get.

I shall not relate in detail that campaign against me. It failed not so much because I was strong but because it was weak. Perhaps, if Roebuck and Langdon could have directed it in person, or had had the time to advise with their agents before and after each move, it might have succeeded. They would not have let exaggeration and venom creep into it; they would not have neglected to follow up advantages, would not have persisted in lines of attack that created public sympathy for me. They would not have so crudely exploited my unconventional marriage and my financial relations with old Ellersly. they dared not go near the battlefield; they had to trust to agents whom their orders and suggestions reached by the most roundabout ways; and they were busier with their enterprises that involved immediate and great gain or loss of money.

When Galloway died, they learned that the coal stocks with which they thought I was loaded down were part of his estate. They satisfied themselves that I was in fact as impregnable as I had warned Langdon. They reversed tactics; Roebuck tried to make it up with me. "If he wants to see me." was

my invariable answer to the intimations of his emissaries, "let him come to my office, just as I would go to his if I wished to see him."

"He's a big man-a dangerous big

man," cautioned Joe.

"Big—yes. But strong only against his own kind," replied I. "One mouse can make a whole herd of elephants squeal for mercy."

"It isn't prudent, it isn't prudent,"

persisted Joe.

"It is not," replied I. "Thank God, I'm at last in the position I've been toiling to achieve. I don't have to be prudent. I can say and do what I please, without fear of the consequences. That's a costly pleasure, Joe, but it's worth all it could cost."

Joe didn't understand me- he rarely did. "I'm a hen. You're an eagle,"

said he.

XIX.

Joe's daughter, staving on and on at Dawn Hill, was chief lieutenant, if not principal, in my conspiracy to drift Anita day by day further and further into the routine of the new life and to > make her content with it. Yet neither of us had shown by word or look that a thorough understanding existed between us. My part was to be unobtrusively friendly, neither indifferent nor eager, and I held to it by taking care never to be left alone with Anita: Alva's part was to be herself-simple and natural and sensible, full of life and laughter, mocking at those moods that tempt us human beings to forget the brevity of life and the absurdity of taking ourselves too seriously.

I was getting ready a new house in town as a surprise to Anita, and I took Alva into my plot. "I wish to have Anita's part of the house exactly to her liking," said I. "Can't you set her to dreaming aloud what kind of place she would like to live in, what she would like to open her eyes on in the morning, what surroundings she'd like to dress in and read in, and all that?"

Alva had no difficulty in carrying out the suggestions. And by harassing Westlake incessantly, I succeeded in realizing her report of Anita's dream to the exact shade of the draperies and the silk that covered the walls. pushing the work, I got the house done just as Alva was warning me that she could not remain longer at Dawn Hill, but must go home and get ready for her wedding. When I went down to arrange with her the last details of the surprise, who should meet me at the station but Anita herself? I took one glance at her serious face and, much disquieted, seated myself beside her in the little trap. Instead of following the usual route to the house, she turned her horse into the bay shore road.

"Several days ago," she began, as the bend hid the station, "I got a letter from some lawyers, saying that an uncle of mine had given me a large sum of money—a very large sum. I have been inquiring about it, and find it is mine

absolutely."

I braced myself against the worst. "She is about to tell me that she is leaving," thought I. But I managed to say: "I'm glad to hear of your luck," though I fear my tone was not especially joy-

ous.

"So," she went on, "I am in a position to pay back to you, I think, what my father and Sam took from you. It won't be enough, I'm afraid, to pay what you lost indirectly. But I have told the lawyers to make it all over to

vou." I could have laughed aloud. It was too ridiculous, this situation into which I had got myself. I did not know what to say. I could hardly keep out of my face how foolish this collapse of my crafty conspiracy made me feel. And then the full meaning of what she was doing came over me-the revelation of her character. I trusted myself to steal a glance at her; and for this first time I didn't see the thrilling azure sheen over her smooth white skin, though all her beauty was before me, as dazzling as when it compelled me to resolve to win her. No: I saw her, herself-the woman within. I had known from the outset that there was an altar of love within my temple of passion. I think that was my first real visit to it.

"Anita!" I said, unsteadily. "Anita!" The color flamed in her cheeks; we

were silent for a long time.

"You—your people owe me nothing," I at length found voice to say. "Even if they did, I couldn't take *your* money. It would be robbing you—and your uncle. But, believe me, they owe me nothing."

"You cannot deceive me," she answered. "When they asked me to become engaged to you, they told me

about it.'

I had forgotten. The whole repulsive, rotten business came back to me. And, changed man that I had become in the last six months, I saw myself as I had been. I felt that she was looking at me, was reading the degrading confession in my telltale features. I returned her gaze.

"I will tell you the whole truth," said I. "I did use your father's and your brother's debts to me as a means of getting to you. But, before God, Anita, I swear I was honest with you when I said to you I never hoped or wished to win you in that way!"

"I believe you," she replied. And instead of puzzling over her expression, I would more wisely have trusted to my instinct to interpret it. But an attitude toward her that was a fixed habit through months of growth was not to be shaken off at a look. In Wall Street I knew when to advance cautiously and when to dash forward, but not with Anita. Love is not always wise in his use of the reins he puts on passion. So instead of acting, I continued to talk. "And I am very different to-day from what I was last spring," I went on.

"I know that," she assented, and I can recall now that her face shadowed. She waited several seconds before adding: "I, too, have changed. I see now that I was not less guilty than you. You were justified in what you did."

"No—no," I began to protest.

But she cut me short with a sad: "You need not be polite and spare my feeling. Let us go back to the object I had in coming for you to-day."

"You owe me nothing," I repeated. "Your brother and your father settled

long ago. I lost nothing through them. And I've learned that if I had never known you, Roebuck and Langdon

would still have attacked me."

"What my uncle gave me has been transferred to you," said she, woman fashion, not hearing what she did not care to heed. "I can't make you accept it; but there it is, and there it will stay."

"I cannot take it," said I. "If you insist on leaving it in my name, I shall simply return it to your uncle."

"I wrote him what I had done," she rejoined. "His answer came yesterday.

He approves it."

"Approves it!" I exclaimed.

"You do not know how eccentric he is," she explained, naturally misunder-standing my astonishment. She took a letter from her bosom and handed it to me. I read:

Dear Madam: It was yours to do with as you pleased. If you ever find yourself in the mood to visit, Gull House is open to you, provided you bring no maid. I will not have female servants about.

Yours truly,

HOWARD FORRESTER.

"You will consent now, will you not?" she asked, as I sat staring at this characteristic note. "I am not doing it for any other reason than that I myself will feel clean—clean!"

Her tone, her expression, compelled me. I now thought I knew what had chiefly occupied her thoughts that summer, and I appreciated how much it meant toward her peace of mind to give me her fortune. "Yes—I consent."

She gave a great sigh as at the laying down of a heavy burden. "Thank you," was all she said, but she put a world of meaning into the words. She took the first homeward turning. We were nearly at the house before I ventured to interrupt her thoughts.

"You say you have forgiven me," said I. "Then we can be-friends?"

She was silent, and I took her somber expression to mean that she feared I was hiding some subtlety—Heaven knows, she had cause enough to suspect me.

"I mean just what I say, Anita," I

hastened to explain. "Friends—simply friends." And my manner fitted my words.

She looked strangely at me. "You would be content with that?" she asked.

I know now what answer she hoped for, though I had convinced her that I had ceased to care for her as at first. But I answered what I thought would please her. "Let us make the best of our bad bargain," said I. "You can trust me now, don't you think?"

She nodded without speaking. We were at the door, and the servants were

hastening out to receive us.

That evening I was my natural self, as I had not been with her since the early days of our acquaintance. Alva, too, was in high spirits, and young Thornley. Anita's mood, however, was pensive. She had little to say; her mind seemed to be wandering off after some thought that would not release her. Not that there was anything in her manner to depress me—the reverse. "When she sees the new house," said I to myself, confidently, "we shall be still better friends."

But when the great day came I was not so sure. Alva had been up for a private view with Thornley; in her enthusiasm she telephoned me from the very midst of the surroundings she found "so wonderful and so beautiful" -thus she assured me, and her voice made it impossible to doubt. And the evening before the great day I, going for a final look round, could find no flaw serious enough to justify the sinking feeling that came over me every time I thought of what Anita would think when she saw my efforts to realize her dream. I set out for "home" half a dozen times at least, that afternoon, before I pulled myself together, called myself an ass, and, with a pause at Delmonico's for a drink, which I ordered and then decided not to take, finally pushed myself in at the door.

Alva had gone home; Anita was waiting for me in her sitting room. When she heard me in the hall, just outside, she stood in the doorway. "Come in," she said to me, who did not dare so much as a glance at her.

I entered. I must have looked as I felt—like a schoolboy, summoned before the teacher to be whipped in presence of the entire school. Then I was conscious that she had my hand—how she had got it, I don't know—and that she was murmuring, with tears of happiness in her voice: "Oh, I can't say it!"

"Glad you like your own taste," said I, awkwardly. "You know, Alva told me."

"But it's one thing to dream, and a very different thing to do," she answered. Then, with smiling reproach: "And I've been thinking all summer that you were ruined! I've been expecting to hear every day that you had had to give up the fight."

"Oh, that passed long ago," said I.
"But you never told me," she reminded me. Then she added: "And I'm glad you didn't. Not knowing saved me from doing something very foolish." She blushed a little, smiled a great deal, dazzlingly, was altogether as different as it is possible to imagine from the unresponsive, ice-locked Anita of a short time before, as different as June from January. And her hand—oh, so intensely alive—seemed extremely comfortable in mine.

"When you offered me that money from your uncle," said I, "you did it to help me out?"

She colored furiously, "How silly you must have thought me!" she answered.

By this time I had her other hand. I was forgetting our compact to be "just friends." As I was drawing her toward me, the color fading from her face reminded me. She had lowered her eyes; she was evidently waiting, expectant. When I did not kiss her, she looked to see why.

"I beg your pardon," said I, in jest, but in earnest also. "I almost forgot our agreement."

She colored again. Smiling, serious and trembling a little, she tilted her face upward.

"Do you love me, Anita?" I asked.
"I am your wife," she said. And I

thought it was an evasion. Instantly my pride was on guard.

"Do you *love* me, Anita?" I repeated, almost sternly.

She drew away from me—what woman would not? But in my mood, after what I had passed through, her movement was confirmation of my suspicion.

"Anita, look at me again," I said.
"Tell me, is it gratitude that makes you willing to be my wife—or love?"

"I had not thought about it until you began to question me," was her reply. "I can only say there is no one I like so well, and—I will give you all I have to give."

"Like!" I exclaimed, contemptuously. "And you would be my wife! Do you want me to despise you?" I flung away her hands and left her, closing her door violently between us.

Such was our house-warming.

XX.

For what I proceeded to do, all sorts of motives, from the highest to the basest, have been attributed to me. Here is the truth: I had already pushed the medicine of hard work to its limit. It was as powerless against this new development as water against a drunkard's thirst. I must find some new, some compelling drug-some frenzy of activity that would swallow up myself as the battle makes the soldier forget his toothache. This confession may chagrin many who have believed in me. My enemies will hasten to say: "Aha, his motive was even more selfish and petty than we alleged." But those who look at human nature honestly, and from the inside, will understand how I can concede that a selfish reason moved me to draw my sword, and still can claim a higher motive. In such straits as were mine, some men of my all-or-none temperament debauch themselves; others thresh about blindly, reckless whether they strike innocent or guilty. I did

Probably many will recall that long before the "securities" of the reorganized coal combine were issued, I had, in my daily letter to investors, been preparing the public to give them a fitting reception. A few days after my whole soul burst into a flame of resentment against Anita, out came the new array of new stocks and bonds, Roebuck and Langdon arranged with the underwriters for a "fake" four times oversubscription, indorsed by the two greatest banking houses in the Street. Despite this clever trick, which fooled all but the few insiders, the public refused to buy. I felt I had not been overestimating my power. But I made no move until the "securities" began to go up, and all the financial reportersunder the influence, where not actually in the pay, of the Roebuck-Langdon clique-shouted that, "in spite of the malicious attacks from the gambling element, the new securities are being absorbed by the public at prices approximating their value." Then-but I shall quote my investors' letter the following morning:

At half-past nine yesterday—nine-twenty-eight, to be exact—President Melville, of the National Industrial Bank, loaned six hundred thousand dollars. He loaned it to Bill Van Nest, an ex-gambler and proprietor of pool rooms, now silent partner in Hoe & Witte-kind, brokers, on the New York Stock Exchange, and also in Filbert & Jonas, curb brokers. He loaned it to Van Nest without security.

security.

Van Nest used the money yesterday to push up the price of the new coal securities by "wash sales"—which means, by making fake purchases and sales of the stock in order to give the public the impression of eager buying. Van Nest sold to himself and bought from himself 347,060 of the 352,681 shares

traded in.

Melville, in addition to being president of one of the largest banks in the world, is a director in no less than seventy-three great industrial enterprises, including railways, telegraph companies, savings banks and life insurance companies. Bill Van Nest has done time in the Nevada State Penitentiary for horse-stealing.

That was all. And it was enough—quite enough. I was a national figure, as much so as if I had tried to assassinate the President. Indeed, I had exploded a bomb under a greater than the President—under the chiefs of the real government of the United States, the government that levied daily upon ev-

ery citizen, and that had the State and national and principal municipal gov-

ernments in its strong box.

I confess I was as much astounded at the effect of my bomb as old Melville must have been. The clique had made me a local celebrity by their personal attack on me, and I had thought they had given me real fame. Next morning I felt that I had been obscure, as I looked at the newspapers, with Matthew Blacklock appropriating almost the entire front page of each. I was the isolated, the conspicuous figure, standing alone upon the steps of the temple of Mammon, where mankind daily and devoutly worships.

Not that the newspapers praised me. I recall none that spoke well of me. The nearest approach to praise was the "Blacklock squeals on the Wall Street gang" in one of the sensational penny sheets, which strengthen the plutocracy by lying about it. Some of the papers insinuated that I had gone mad; others that I had been bought up by a rival gang to the Roebuck-Langdon clique; still others thought I was simply hunting notoriety. All were inclined to accept as a sufficient denial of my charges Melville's dignified refusal "to notice any attack from a quarter so discredited."

As my electric whirled into Wall Street, I saw the crowd in front of the Textile Building, a dozen policemen keeping it in order. I descended amid cheers, and entered my offices through a mob struggling to shake hands with me-and, in my ignorance of mob mind, I was delighted and inspired! Just why a man who knows men, knows how wishy-washy they are as individuals, should be influenced by a demonstration from a mass of them, is hard to understand. But the fact is indisputable. They fooled me then; they could fool me again, in spite of all I have been through. Woman never bore man who could resist their flattery, false though he knew it to be. There probably wasn't one man in that mob for whose opinion I would have had the slightest respect had he come to me alone, yet as I listened to those shallow

cheers and those worthless assurances of "The people are behind you, Blacklock," I felt that I was a man with a mission!

Our main office was full, literally full, of newspaper men - reporters from morning papers, from afternoon papers, from out-of-town and foreign papers. I pushed through them, saying as I went: "My letter speaks for me, gentlemen, and will continue to speak for me. I have nothing to say except through it."

"But the public--" urged one.

"It doesn't interest me," said I, on my guard against the temptation to cant. "I am a banker and investment broker. I am interested only in my customers."

And I shut myself in, giving strict orders to Joe that there was to be no talking about me or my campaign. "I don't purpose to let the newspapers make us cheap and notorious," said I. "We must profit by the warning in the fate of all the other fellows who have sprung into notice by attacking these bandits.

The first news I got was that Bill Van Nest had disappeared. As soon as the Stock Exchange opened, National Coal became the feature. But, instead of "wash sales," Roebuck, Langdon and Melville were themselves, through various brokers, buying the stocks in large quantities to keep the prices up. My next letter was as brief as my first philippic:

Bill Van Nest is at the Hotel Frankfort, Newark, under the name of Thomas Lowry. He was in telephonic communication with President Melville, of the National Industrial Bank, twice yesterday.

The underwriters of the National Coal Company's new issues, frightened by yesterday's exposure, have compelled Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Mowbray Langdon and Mr. Melville themselves to buy. So, yesterday, those three gentlemen bought with real money, with their own money, large quantities of stocks which are worth less than half what they paid for

They will continue to buy these stocks so long as the public holds aloof. They dare not let the prices slump. They hope that this storm will blow over, and that then the investing public will forget and will re-lieve them of their load.

I had added: "But this storm won't blow over. It will become a cyclone." I struck that out. "No prophecy," said I, to myself. "Your rule, iron-clad, must be-facts, always facts; only facts."

The gambling section of the public took my hint and rushed into the market; the burden of protecting the underwriters was doubled, and more and more of the hoarded loot was disgorged. That must have been a costly day-for, ten minutes after the Stock Exchange closed, Roebuck sent for me.

"My compliments to him," said I, to his messenger, "but I am too busy. I'll be glad to see him here, however.'

"You know he dares not come to you," said the messenger, Schilling, president of the National Manufactured Food Company, sometimes called the Poison Trust. "If he did, and it were to get out, there'd be a panic."

"Probably," replied I, with a shrug. "That's no affair of mine. I'm not responsible for the rotten conditions which these so-called financiers have produced, and I shall not be disturbed by the crash which must come. If I wanted a favor from Roebuck, I should go to him. As he wants a favor from me, he must come to me,"

Schilling gave me a genuine look of mingled pity and admiration. "I suppose you know what you're about," said he, "but I think you're making a mis-

"Thanks, Ned," said I-he had been my head clerk a few years before, and I had got him the chance with Roebuck, which he had improved so well. "I'm going to have some fun. Can't live but once.

"I know some people," said he, significantly, "who would go to any lengths to get an enemy out of the way." He had lived close enough to Roebuck to peer into the black shadows of that satanic mind, and dimly to see the dread shapes that lurked there.

"I'm the safest man on Manhattan Island for the present," said I.

"You remember Woodrow? I've always believed that he was murdered, and that the pistol they found beside him was a 'plant.'

"You'd kill me yourself, if you got the orders, wouldn't you?" said I, good-

humoredly.

"Not personally," replied he, in the same spirit, yet serious, too, at bottom. "Inspector Bradlaugh was telling me, the other night, that there were easily a thousand men in the slums of the East Side who could be hired to kill a man

for five hundred dollars.'

I suppose Schilling, as the directing spirit of a corporation that hid poison by the hogshead in low-priced foods of various kinds, was responsible for hundreds of deaths annually, and for misery of sickness beyond calculation among the poor of the tenements and cheap boarding houses. Yet a decenter chap never lived. He, personally, wouldn't have harmed a fly; but he was a wholesale poisoner for dividends.

Murder for dividends. Poison for dividends. Starve and freeze and main for dividends. Drive parents to suicide, and sons and daughters to crime and prostitution—for dividends. Not fair competition, in which the stronger and better would survive, but cheating and swindling, lying and pilfering and bribing, so that the honest and the decent go down before the dishonest and the depraved. And the custom of doing these things so "respectable," the applause for "success" so undiscriminating, and men so unthinking in the rush of business activity, that criticism is regarded as a mixture of envy and idealism. And it usually is, I must ad-

Schilling lingered. "I hope you won't blame me for lining up against you, Matt," said he. "I don't want to, but I've got to."

"Why?"

"You know what'd become of me if I didn't."

"You might become an honest man and get self-respect," I suggested.

"That's all very well for you to say," was his laughing retort. "You've made yourself tight and tidy for the blow. But I've a family, and a damned expensive one, too. And if I didn't stand by this gang, they'd take everything I've got away from me. No, Matt, each of us to his own game. What is your game, anyhow?"

"Fun-just fun. Playing the piper

to see the big fellows dance.

But he didn't believe it. And no one has believed it-not even my most devoted followers. To this day Joe Ball suspects that I had some secret objective of huge personal gain. That any rich man should do anything except for the purpose of growing richer seems incredible. That any rich man should retain or regain the sympathies and viewpoint of the class from which he sprung, and should become a "traitor" to the class to which he belongs, seems preposterous. I confess I don't fully understand my own case. Who does?

My "daily letters" had now ceased to be advertisements, had become news, sought by all the newspapers of this country and of the big cities in Great Britain. I could have made a large saving by no longer paying my sixty-odd regular papers for inserting them. But I was looking too far ahead to blunder into that fatal mistake. Instead, I signed a year's contract with each of my papers, they guaranteeing to print my advertisements, I guaranteeing to protect them against loss on libel suits. I organized a dummy news bureau, and through it got contracts with the telegraph companies. Thus insured against the cutting of my communications with the public, I was ready for the real campaign.

It began with my "History of the National Coal Company." I need not repeat that famous history here. I need recall only the main points-how I proved that the common stock was actually worth less than two dollars a share, that the bonds were worth less than twenty-five dollars in the hundred, that both stock and bonds were illegal; my detailed recital of the crimes of Roebuck, Melville and Langdon in wrecking mining properties, in wrecking coal railways, in ejecting American labor and substituting the scum of eastern Europe; how they had swindled and lied and bribed; how they had twisted the books of the companies; how they were planning to unload the mass of almost worthless securities at high prices, then to get from under the market and let the bonds and stocks drop down to where they could buy them in on terms that would yield them more than two hundred and fifty per cent. on the actual capital invested. Less and dearer coal; lower wages and more ignorant laborers; enormous profits absorbed into a few pockets.

On the day the seventh chapter of this history appeared, the telegraph companies notified me that they would transmit no more of my matter. They feared the consequences in libel suits, explained Moseby, general manager of

one of the companies.

"But I guarantee to protect you," said I. "I will give bond in any amount

you ask."

"We can't take the risk, Mr. Blacklock," replied he. The twinkle in his eve told me why, and also that he, like everyone in the country except the clique, was in sympathy with me.

My lawyers found an honest judge, and I got an injunction that compelled the companies to transmit under my contracts. I suspended the "History" for one day, and sent out in place of it an account of this attempt to shut me off from the public. "Hereafter," said I, in the last paragraph in my letter, "I shall end each day's chapter with a forecast of what the next day's chapter is to be. If for any reason it fails to appear, the public will know that the newspaper has been coerced by Roebuck, Melville & Co.

XXI.

That afternoon-or was it the next? —I happened to go home early. I have never been able to nurse my anger against anyone. My anger against Anita had long since died away, and had been succeeded by regret and remorse that I had let my nerves, or whatever the accursed cause was, whirl me into such an outburst. Not that I regretted having rejected what I still felt was insulting to me and degrading to her; simply that my manner should have been different. There was no necessity or excuse for violence in showing her that I would not, and could not, accept from gratitude what only love has the right to give. And I had long been casting about for some way to apologize-not easy to do, when her distant manner toward me made it difficult for me to find even the necessary commonplaces to "keep up appearances" before the servants on the few occasions on which we accidentally met. She was going her way, I mine.

But, as I was saying, I came up from the office and stretched myself on the lounge in my private room adjoining the library. I had read myself into a doze, when a servant brought me a card. I glanced at it as it lay upon his extended tray. "Gerald Monson," I read, aloud. "What does the damned

rascal want?" I asked.

The servant smiled. He knew as well as I how Monson, after I dismissed him with a present of six months' pay, had given the newspapers the story-or, rather, his version of the story-of my efforts to educate myself in the "arts and graces of a gentleman." "Mr. Monson says he wishes to see you particular, sir," said he.

"Well-I'll see him," said I. I despised him too much to dislike him, and I thought he might possibly be in want. But that notion vanished the instant I set eyes upon him. He was obviously at the very top of the wave. "Hello, Monson," was my greeting, in it no re-

minder of his treachery.

"Howdy, Blacklock," he replied. "I've come on a little errand for Mrs. Langdon." Then that nasty grin of his, "You know, I'm looking after things for her since the bust up.'

"No, I didn't know," said I, curtly. "What does Mrs. Langdon want?"

"To see you—for just a few minutes

-whenever it is convenient."

"If Mrs. Langdon has business with me, I'll see her at my office," said I. She was one of the fashionables that had got herself into my black books by her treatment of Anita since the break with the Ellerslys.

"She wishes to come to you herethis afternoon, if you are to be at home. She asked me to say that her business is important-and very private."

I hesitated, but I could think of no good excuse for refusing. "I'll be here

an hour," said I. "Good-day."

He gave me no time to change my mind. Something-perhaps it was his curious expression as he took himself off-made me begin to regret. The more I thought of the matter, the less I thought of my having made any civil concession to a woman who had acted so badly toward Anita and myself. He had not been gone a quarter of an hour before I went to Anita in her sitting room. Always, the instant I entered the outer door of her part of our house, that powerful, intoxicating fascination which she had for me began to take possession of my senses. It was in every garment she wore. It seemed to linger over any chair she sat in for a long time after she left it. She was at a small desk by the window, was writing letters.

May I interrupt?" said I. "Monson was here a few minutes ago-from Mrs. Langdon. She wants to see me. I told him I would see her here. Then it occurred to me that perhaps I had been too good-natured. What do you

think?"

I could not see her face, but only the back of her head and the loose coils of magnetic hair and the white nape of her graceful neck. As I began to speak, she stopped writing, her pen suspended over the sheet of paper. After I ended there was a long silence.

"I'll not see her," said I. "I don't quite understand why I yielded."

I turned to go.

"Wait - please," came from her,

abruptly.

Another long silence. Then I: "If she comes here, I think the only person who can properly receive her is you."

"No-you must see her," said Anita, at last. And she turned round in her chair until she was facing me. Her expression—I cannot describe it. I can only say that it gave me a sense of impending calamity.

"I'd rather not-much rather not," said I.

"I particularly wish you to see her," she replied, and she turned back to her writing. I saw her pen poised as if she were about to begin; but she did not begin-and I felt that she would not. With my mind shadowed with vague dread. I left that mysterious stillness,

and went back to the library.

It was not long before Mrs. Langdon was announced. There are some women to whom a haggard look is becoming; she is one of them. She was much thinner than when I last saw her; instead of her former restless, petulant, suspicious expression, she now looked tragically sad. "May I trouble you to close the door?" said she, when the servant had withdrawn.

I closed the door.

"I've come," she began, without seating herself, "to make you as unhappy, I fear, as I am. I've hesitated long before coming. But I am desperate. The one hope I have left is that you and I between us may be able to-to help each other."

I waited.

"I suppose there are people," she went on, "who have never known what it was to-really to care for some one else. They would despise me for clinging to a man after he has shown me thatthat his love has ceased."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Langdon," I interrupted. "You apparently think your husband and I are intimate friends. Before you go any further, I must dis-

abuse you of that idea."

She looked at me in open astonishment. "You do not know why my husband has left me?" she inquired.

"I do not," I said, "and I do not wish

to know."

expression of astonishment Her "Oh!" she changed to incredulity. sneered. "Your wife has fooled you into thinking it a one-sided affair. Well, I tell you she is as much to blame as he-more. For he did love me when he married me; did love me until she got him under her spell again."

I thought I understood. "You have been misled, Mrs. Langdon," said I,

gently, pitying her as the victim of her insane jealousy. "You have---"

"Ask your wife," she interrupted, angrily. "Hereafter, you can't pretend ignorance. For I'll at least be revenged. She failed to trap him into marriage when she was a poor girl, and——"

"Before you go any further," said I, coldly, "let me set you right. My wife was at one time engaged to your hus-

band's brother, but-

"Tom?" she interrupted. And her laugh made me bite my lip in the effort to control myself. "So she told you that! I don't see how she dared. Why, everybody knows that she and Mowbray were engaged, and that he broke

it off to marry me.'

All in an instant everything that had been dark in my affairs at home and downtown became clear. I understood why I had been pursued relentlessly in Wall Street; why I had been unable to make the least impression on the barriers between Anita and myself. You will imagine that some terrible emotion at once dominated me. But this is not a romance, but only the veracious chronicle of certain human beings. My first emotion was-relief that it was not Tom Langdon. "I ought to have known she couldn't care for him," said I, to myself. I contending with Tom Langdon for a woman's love had always made me shrink. But Mowbray-that was vastly different. My respect for myself and for Anita rose.

"No," said I to Mrs. Langdon, "my wife did not tell me, never spoke of it. What I said to you was purely a guess of my own. I had no interest in the matter—and haven't. I have absolute confidence in my wife. I feel ashamed that you have provoked me into saying so." I rose and opened the door.

"I am not going yet," said she, calmly. "Yesterday morning Mowbray and she were riding together in the River-

side Drive. Ask her groom."

"What of it?" said I. Then, as she did not rise, I rang the bell. When the servant came, I said: "Please tell Mrs. Blacklock that Mrs. Langdon is in the library—and that I am here, and gave you the message."

As soon as the servant was gone, she said: "No doubt she'll lie to you. These women that steal other women's husbands are usually clever at fooling their own silly husbands."

"I do not intend to ask her," I replied. "To ask her would be an insult."

She made no comment beyond a scornful toss of the head. We both had our gaze fixed upon the door through which Anita would enter. When she finally did appear, I, after one glance at her, turned-it must have been triumphantly-upon her accuser. I had not doubted, but where is the faith that is not the stronger for confirmation? And confirmation there was in the very atmosphere round that stately, still figure. She looked calmly first at Mrs. Langdon, then at me. "I sent for you," said I, "because I thought that you, rather than I, should request Mrs. Langdon to leave your house.

At that Mrs. Langdon was on her feet, and blazing. "Fool!" she flared at me. "Oh, the fools women make of men!" Then to Anita: "You—you—But no, I must not permit you to drag me down to your level. Tell your husband—tell him that you were riding with my husband in the Riverside Drive

yesterday."

I stepped between her and Anita. "My wife will not answer you," said I. "I hope, madam, you will spare us the necessity of a painful scene. But leave

you must-at once."

She looked wildly round, clasped her hands, suddenly burst into tears. If she had but known, she could have had her own way after that, without any attempt from me to oppose her. For she was evidently so unutterably wretched—and no one knew better than I the sufferings of unreturned love. But she had given me up; slowly, sobbing, she left the room, I opening the door for her and closing it behind her.

"I almost broke down myself," said I to Anita, "Poor woman! How can you be so calm? You women in your relations with each other are—a mys-

terv.'

"I have only contempt for a woman who tries to hold a man when he wishes

to go," said Anita, with quiet but energetic bitterness. I did not understand then what man and what woman she really meant. "Besides"—she hesitated an instant before going on—"she deserves her fate. She doesn't really care for him. She's only jealous of him. She never did love him."

"How do you know?" said I, sharply, trying to persuade myself it was not an ugly suspicion in me that lifted its head and shot out that question,

"Because he never loved her," she replied. "The feeling a woman has for a man or a man for a woman, without any response, isn't love, isn't worthy the name of love. It's a sort of baffled covetousness. Love means generosity, not greediness. Why do you not ask me whether what she said is true?"

The change in her tone with that last sentence, the strange, ominous note in

it, startled me.

"Because," replied I, "as I said to her, to ask my wife such a question would be to insult her. If you were riding with him, it was an accident." As if my rude repulse of her overtures and my keeping away from her ever since would not have justified her in almost anything.

She flushed the dark red of shame, but her gaze held steady and unflinching upon mine. "It was not altogether by accident," she said. And I think she

expected me to kill her.

When a man admits and respects a woman's rights where he is himself concerned, he either is no longer interested in her or has begun to love her so well that he can control the savage and self-ish instincts of passion. If Mowbray Langdon had been there, I might have killed them both; but he was not there, and she, facing me without fear, was not the woman to be suspected of the stealthy and traitorous.

"It was he that you meant when you warned me you cared for another man?" said I, so quietly that I wondered at myself; wondered what had become of the "Black Matt" who had used his fists almost as much as his brains in

fighting his way up.

"Yes," she said, her head down now.

A long pause. I thought I understood at last.

"You wish to be free?" I asked, and my tone must have been gentle.

"I wish to free you and myself," she

replied, slowly.

There was a long silence. Then I said: "I must think it all out. I once told you how I felt about these matters. I've changed greatly since our talk that night in the Willoughby; but my prejudices are still with me. Perhaps you will not be surprised at that—you whose prejudices have cost me so dear."

I thought she was going to speak. Instead, she turned away, so that I could

no longer see her face.

"Our marriage was a miserable mistake," I went on, struggling to be just and judicial, and to seem calm. "I admit it now. Fortunately, we are both still young—you very young. Mistakes in youth are never fatal. I think I should not be hesitating, if I were sure of—of him. Anita, do not blunder out of one mistake into another. Use all your experience in judging the man. But—you are no longer a child, as you were when I married you. You will be careful not to let judgments formed of him long ago decide you for him as they have decided you against me."

"I wish to be free," she said, each word coming with an effort, "as much on your account as on my own. And I am glad my going will be a relief to

vou."

I hid my resentment at what seemed to me a truly feminine attempt to shift the responsibility. "Yes, it will be a relief," said I. "Our situation has become intolerable." I had reached my limit of self-control. I put out my hand. "Good-by," I said.

If she had wept, I might have understood, all set as I was in the conviction that everything was at an end between us. But she did not weep, "Can you ever forgive me?" she asked.

"Let's not talk of forgiveness," said I, and I fear my voice and manner were gruff, as I strove not to break down. "Let's try to forget." And I touched her hand and hastened away.

When two human beings set out to

misunderstand each other, how fast and far they go!

As I was leaving the house the next morning, I gave Sanders this note for her:

I have gone to live at the Downtown Hotel. When you have decided what course to take, let me know. If my "rights" ever had any substance, they have starved away to such weak things that they collapse even as I try to set them up. I hope your freedom will give you happiness, and me peace.

"Are you ill, sir?" asked my old servant and friend, as he took the note.

"Stay with her, Sanders, as long as she wishes," said I, ignoring his ques-

tion. "Then come to me."

His look made me shake hands with him. As I did it, we both remembered the last time we had shaken hands—when he had the roses for my homecoming with my bride. It seemed to me I could smell those roses as if they were in the very room.

XXII.

I shall not estimate the vast sums it cost the Roebuck-Langdon clique to maintain the prices of National Coal and so give plausibility to the fiction that the public was buying eagerly. In the third week of my campaign Melville was so deeply involved that he had to let the two others take the whole burden upon themselves.

In the fourth week Langdon came

to me.

The interval between his card and himself gave me a chance to recover from my amazement. When he entered he found me busily writing. Though I had nerved myself, it was several seconds before I ventured to look at him. There he stood, probably as handsome, as fascinating, as ever, certainly as self-assured. But I could now, beneath that manner I had once envied, see the puny soul, with its brassy glitter of the vanity of luxury and show. I had been somewhat afraid of myself—afraid the sight of him would stir up in me a tempest of jeal-ousy and hate; as I looked, I realized

that I did not know my own nature. "She does not love this man," I thought. "If she did or could, she would not be the woman I love. He deceived her inexperience as he deceived mine."

"What can I do for you?" said I to him, politely, much as if he were a stranger making an untimely interrup-

tion.

My look had disconcerted him; my tone threw him into confusion. "You keep out of the way, now that you've become famous," he began, with a halting but heroic attempt at his customary easy superiority. "Are you living up in Connecticut, too? Sam Ellersly tells me your wife is stopping there with old Howard Forrester. Sam wants me to use my good offices in making it up between you two and her family."

I was completely taken aback by this cool ignoring of the real situation between him and me, Impudence or ignorance?—I could not decide. It seemed impossible that Anita had not told him; yet it seemed impossible, too, that he would come to me if she had told him. "Have you any business with

me?" said I.

His eyelids twitched nervously, and he adjusted his lips several times before he was able to say: "You and your wife don't care to make it up with the Ellerslys? I fancied so, and told Sam you'd simply think me meddlesome. The other matter is the Travelers' Club. I've smoothed things out there. I'm going to put you up and rush you through."

"No, thanks," said I, curtly. It seemed incredible to me that I had ever cared about that club and the things it represented, as I could remember I undoubtedly did care. It was like looking at a toy after it has been outgrown and recalling the emotions it

caused.

"I assure you, Matt, there won't be the slightest difficulty." His manner was that of a man playing the trump card in a desperate game—he feels it cannot lose, yet the stake is so big that he cannot but be a little nervous.

"I do not care to join the Travelers'

Club," said I, rising. "I must ask you to excuse me. I am exceedingly busy."

A flush appeared in his cheeks and deepened and spread until his whole body must have been afire. He seated himself. "You know what I've come for," he said, sullenly and humbly, too.

All his life he had been enthroned upon his wealth. Without realizing it, he had claimed and had received deference solely because he was rich. He had thought himself, in his own person, most superior; now he found that, like a silly child, he had been standing on a chair and crying: "See how tall I am." And the airs, the cynicism, the graceful condescension, which had been so becoming to him, were now as ludicrous as crown and robes on a king taking a swimming lesson. "What are your terms, Blacklock? Don't be too hard on an old friend," said he, trying to carry off his frank plea for mercy with a smile.

I should have thought he would cut his throat and jump off the Battery wall before he would get on his knees to any man for any reason. And he was doing it for mere money—to try to save not his fortune, but only an imperiled part of it. "If Anita could see him

now!" I thought.

To him I said, the more coldly because I did not wish to add to his humiliation by showing him that I pitied him: "I can only repeat, Mr. Langdon, you will have to excuse me. I have given you all the time I can spare."

His eyes were shifting and his hands trembling as he said: "I will transfer control of the Coal combine to you, if

you wish, Mr. Blacklock."

His tones, shameful as the offer they carried, made me ashamed for him. For money—just for money! And I had thought him a man. If he had been a self-deceiving hypocrite, like Roebuck, or a frank believer in the right of might, like Updegraff, I might, in the peculiar circumstances, have tried to release him from my net. But he had become a brigand against his conscience, because he thought it "smart" to be bad, and he delighted in making

the most cynical epigrams against the black deeds of himself and his associates.

"Better sell out to Roebuck," I suggested. "I control all the Coal stock I'll need—just enough to enable me to throw the concern into the hands of a receiver when the time comes for that move."

"I don't care to have anything further to do with Roebuck," Langdon answered. "I've broken with him."

"When a man lies to me," said I, "he gives me the chance to see just how much of a fool he thinks I am; and also the chance to see just how much of a fool he is. I hesitate to think so poorly of you as your attempt to fool me seems to compel."

But he was unconvinced. "I've found he intends to abandon the ship and have me to go down with it," he persisted. "He believes he can escape and denounce me as the arch rascal who planned the combine, and can convince people that I foozled him into it."

Ingenious; but I happened to know that it was false. "Pardon me, Mr. Langdon," said I, with stiff courtesy, "I repeat, I can do nothing for you. Good-morning." And I went at my work as if he were already gone.

Had I been vindictive, I would have led him on to humiliate himself more deeply, if greater depths of humiliation there are than those to which he voluntarily descended. But I wished to spare him; I let him see the uselessness of his mission. He looked at me in silence-the look of hate that can come only from a creature which is weak as well as wicked. I think it was all his keen sense of humor could do to save him from a melodramatic outbreak. He slipped into his habitual pose, rose and withdrew without another word. All this fright, and groveling, and treachery for plunder, the loss of which would not impair his fortune—plunder he had stolen with many a jest and gibe at his helpless victims. Like most of these debonair dollar chasers, he was a good sportsman only when the game was with him.

That afternoon he threw his Coal

holdings on the market in great blocks. His treachery took Roebuck completely by surprise-for Roebuck believed in this fair-weather "gentleman," foulweather coward, and neglected to allow for that quicksand which is always under the foundation of the man who has inherited, not earned, his wealth. But for the blundering credulity of rascals, would honest men ever get their dues? Roebuck's brokers had bought many thousands of Langdon's shares at the high artificial price before he grasped the situation—that it was not my followers recklessly gambling to break the prices, but Langdon unloading on his "pal." As soon as he saw, he abruptly withdrew from the market. When the Stock Exchange closed, National Coal securities were offered at prices ranging from eleven for the bonds to two for the common and three for the preferred-offered, and no takers.

"Well, you've done it," said Joe, coming with the news that Thornley, of the Discount and Deposit Bank, had

been appointed receiver.

"I've made a beginning," replied I.

And the last sentence of my next morn-

And the last sentence of my next morning's "letter" was: "To-morrow the first chapter of the History of the Industrial National Bank."

Why had I succeeded where so many had falled? Because I was known to be rich—and was, therefore, regarded as competent to speak on matters of money. Because I was a financier—and was, therefore, regarded as an authority on matters of finance.

"I have felt for two years," said Roebuck to Schilling, who repeated it to me soon afterward, "that Blacklock was the most dangerous fellow in the country. The first time I set eyes on him, I saw he was a born iconoclast. And I've known for a year that some day he would use that engine of publicity of his to cannonade the foundations of society."

"He knew me better than I knew myself," was my comment to Schilling. And I meant it—for I had not finished the demolition of the Coal combine when I began to realize that, whatever I might have thought of my own ambitions, I could never have tamed myself or been tamed into a devotee of dollars and of respectability. I simply had been keeping quiet until my tools were sharp and fate spun my opportunity within reach. But I must, in fairness, add, it was lucky for me that when the hour of battle struck, Roebuck was not twenty years younger and one-twentieth as rich. It's a heavy enough handicap to go to war burdened with years; add the burden of a monster fortune, and it isn't in human nature to fight well. Youth and a light knapsack!

But—to my fight on the big bank. Until I opened fire, the public thought, in a general way, that a bank was an institution like Thornley's Discount and Deposit National-a place for the safe-keeping of money and for accommodating business men with loans to be used in carrying on and extending legitimate and useful enterprises. And there were many such banks. But the real object of the banking business, as exploited by the big bandits who controlled it and all industry, was to draw into a mass the money of the country, that they might use it to manipulate the markets, to wreck and reorganize industries and wreck them again, to work off inflated bonds and stocks upon the public at inflated prices, to fight among themselves for rights to despoil, making the people pay the war budgets-in a word, to finance the thousand and one schemes whereby they and their friends and relatives, who neither produce nor help to produce, appropriate the bulk of all that is produced. And before I finished with the National Industrial Bank, I had shown that it and several similar institutions in the big cities throughout the country were, in fact, so many dens to which rich and poor were lured for spoliation. I then took up the Universal Life, as a type. I showed how insuring was, with the companies controlled by the bandits, simply the decoy; that the real object was the same as the real object of the big bandit banks. When I had finished my series on the Universal Life, I had named and pilloried Roebuck, Langdon, Melville, Wainwright, Updegraff, Van Steen, Epstein—the seven men of enormous wealth, leaders of the seven cliques that had the political and industrial United States at their mercy, and were plucking the people through an ever-increasing army of agents. The agents kept some of the feathers—"The Seven" could afford to pay liberally. But the bulk of the feather crop was passed on to "The Seven."

I shall answer in a paragraph the principal charges that were made against me. They say I bribed employees of the telegraph companies, and so got possession of incriminating telegrams sent by "The Seven" in the course of their worst campaigns. I admit the charge. They say I bribed some of their confidential men to give me transcripts and photographs of secret ledgers and reports. I admit the charge. They say I bought translations of stenographic notes taken by eavesdroppers on certain important secret meetings. I admit the charge. But what was the chief element in my success in thus getting proofs of their crimes? Not the bribery, but the hatred that all the servants of such men have for them. I tempted no one to betray them. Every item of information I got was offered to me. And I shall add these facts:

First, in not a single case did they suspect and discharge the "guilty" per-

sons.

Second, I have to-day as good means of access to their secrets as I ever had —and, if they discharged all who now serve them, I should be able soon to reestablish my lines; men of their stripe cannot hope to be served faithfully.

Third, I had offers from all but three of "The Seven" to "peach" on the others in return for immunity. There may be honor among some thieves, but not among "respectable" thieves. Hypocrisy and honor will be found in the same character when the sun shines at night—not before.

It was the sardonic humor of fate that Langdon, for all his desire to keep out of my way, should have compelled me to center my fire upon him; that I, who wished to spare him, if possible, should have been compelled to make of him my first "awful example."

I had decided to concentrate upon Roebuck, because he was the richest and most powerful of "The Seven." For, in my pictures of the three main phases of "finance"—the industrial, the life insurance and the bankinghe, as arch plotter in every kind of respectable skulduggery, was necessarily in the foreground. My original intention was to demolish the Power Trust -or, at least, to compel him to buy back all of its stock which he had worked off on the public. I had collected many interesting facts about it, facts typical of the conditions which "finance" has established in so many of our industries. For instance, I was prepared to show that the actual earnings of the Power Trust were two and a half times what its reports to stockholders alleged, that the concealed profits were diverted into the pockets of Roebuck, his sons, eleven other relatives and four of "The Seven," the lion's share going, of course, to the lion. Like almost all the great industrial enterprises, too strong for the law and too remote for the supervision of their stockholders, it gathered in enormous revenues to disburse them chiefly in salaries and commissions and rakeoffs on contracts to favorites. I had proof that in one year it had "written off" twelve millions to profit and loss, ten millions of which had found its way to Roebuck's pocket. That pocket! That "treasury of the Lord"!

Dishonest? Roebuck and most of the other leaders of the various gangs, comprising, with all their ramifications, the principal figures in religious, philanthropic, fashionable society, did not for an instant think their doings dishonest. They had no sense of trusteeship for this money intrusted to them as captains of industry, bankers, life insurance directors. They felt that it was theirs to do with as they pleased. And they felt that their superiority in rank and in brains entitled them to whatever remuneration they could assign to themselves without rousing the wrath

of a public too ignorant and too envious to admit the just claims of the "upper classes." They convinced themselves that without them crops would cease to grow, sellers and buyers would be unable to find their way to market, barbarism would spread its rank and choking weeds over the whole garden of civilization. And, so brain-less is the parrot public, they have succeeded in creating a very widespread conviction that their own high opinion of their services is not too high, and that some dire calamity would come if they were swept from between producer and consumer! True, thieves are found only where there is property; but who but a chucklebrain would think the thieves made the property?

Roebuck was the keystone of the arch that sustained the structure of chicane. To dislodge him was the direct way to collapse it. I was about to set to work when Langdon, feeling that he ought to have a large supply of cash in the troublous times I was creating, increased the capital stock of his already enormously overcapitalized Trust and offered the new issue to the public. As the Textile Trust was even better bulwarked, politically, than the Power Trust, it was easily able to declare tempting dividends out of its lootings. So the new stock could not be attacked in the one way which would make the public instantly shun it--I could not truthfully charge that it would not pay the promised dividends. Yet attack I must-for that issue was, in effect, a bold challenge of my charges against "The Seven." From all parts of the country inquiries poured in upon me: "What do you think of the new Textile issue? Shall we invest? Is the Textile Company sound?" I had no choice. I must turn aside from Roebuck; I must first show that, while Textile was, in a sense, sound just at that time, it had been unsound, and would be unsound again as soon as Langdon had gathered in a sufficient number of lambs to make a battue worth the while of a man dealing in nothing less than seven figures. I proceeded to do so.

The market yielded slowly. Under my first day's attack Textile preferred fell six points, Textile common three. While I was in the midst of dictating my letter for the second day's attack, I suddenly came to a full stop. I found across my way this thought: "Isn't it strange that Langdon, after humbling himself to you, should make this bold challenge? It's a trap!"

"No more at present," said I, to my stenographer. "And don't write out what I've already dictated."

I shut myself in and busied myself at the telephone. Half an hour after I set my secret machinery in motion, a messenger brought me an envelope, the address typewritten. It contained a sheet of paper on which appeared, in typewriting, these words, and nothing more:

He is heavily short of Textiles.

It was indeed a trap. The new issue was a blind. He had challenged me to attack his stock, and as soon as I did, he had begun secretly to sell it for a fall. I worked at this new situation until midnight, trying to get together the proofs. At that hour—for I could delay no longer, and my proofs were not quite complete—I sent my newspapers two sentences:

To-morrow I shall make a disclosure that will send Textiles up. Do not sell Textiles!

TO BE CONCLUDED.







GERIA had just given the editor of a woman's magazine another cup of tea. "Tell me," he said, thoughtfully, slipping into a vacant chair by her side, "what do women like

to read? It is the riddle of the Sphinx which eternally confronts an editor. Correctly answered, it would mean a circulation soaring skyward, and the grateful and constant jingling of the

guinea in editorial pockets.

"I shall not enlighten you," mocked Egeria; "perhaps I could not if I would. Woman is a capricious creature, and apt to contradict in one breath the likes and dislikes she has voiced in another. She loves to veil her individuality as well as her complexion, and the most rigidly observed rule of one who knows how to play the game is that man shall lay his cards on the table before she coyly draws the aces from her sleeve. For several thousand years she has been so consumedly amused by that caricature of the gods-man, that other jests fall flat upon her ears. Consequently, your sex has assured the universe that she has no sense of humor."

The editor drooped his eyelids slightly. It was a trick of his when he meant

to be nasty.

"The soul of woman," he observed, "finds its counterpart in a cat. Inscrutable, cruel, forever unrevealed, it watches with unwavering, yellow eyes the rude but honest gambolings of the dog soul of man."

"How far more interesting is the cat!" cried Egeria. "You can starve or beat it, you can kill and dissect it to the last remaining thread of nerve tissue, and what have you gained? The spirit forever eludes you."

"The older religions," said the editor, suavely, "did not concede to woman the possession of that problematical blessing, a soul. She only claims it through the chivalry of later theologians."

"We are getting curiously far from the subject, are we not?" Egeria's tone was languidly polite. "We were discussing what women like to read, I believe. You editors have apparently decided the question, and that is the reason we groan under the heavy yoke of the woman's magazine."

"Our enormous circulation," coldly, "would seem to justify our—"

"For the sake of your fashions and patterns, we take the weak gruel of your 'family stories,'" interrupted Egeria; "but don't accuse us of enjoying them. There are only two distinct types of the 'family story,' and these never vary. The plot of one is woven about a noble, earnest young doctor, lawyer or preacher, with high ideals and an automobile; and a saucy, frivolous young girl who is transformed by his great love for her into a chastened and worthy wife. The other plot deals with a poor but refined and self-effacing young girl, who lives with stern Aunt Huldy or tight-fisted Uncle Hiram, and patiently washes the dishes and bakes the Saturday evening beans until she is rescued by a prosperous and progressive young farmer."

"I am to infer, then," argued the editor, with some heat, "that you agree with John Oliver Hobbes in her belief that the young girl of to-day should read 'Tom Jones,' and other like class-

ics. Now I ask if you really consider *Tom* a proper companion for girls? I do not believe in coeducation myself."

"Well," mused Egeria, "you know what Gibbon said about him, that he would be remembered when the Escurial

was in ruins."
"I don't care what Gibbon said about him," replied the editor, testily. "He is

extremely rough and coarse, and sure to steal any girl's illusions and destroy the bloom of her innocence."

"Pish! Tish!" scoffed Egeria. "What are illusions, anyway?"

"Beautiful iridescent bubbles!" cried the editor. "The stuff that dreams are made of."

"But glass, marked perishable, with a protective tariff so high that the duty, paid in heartaches, is apt to bankrupt the possessor. And the bloom of innocence?"

"The most divine thing in the world," answered the editor, devoutly.

"Hm-mm-m," Egeria sniffed. "A commercial commodity, like rouge, lending the same attraction and causing future suffering in proportion to the amount of bloom. Now, isn't it just as well to let some of the children of great fiction filch a few of the bubbles and flick off a bit of the rose-flush, since life and man combined are going to smash all the illusions at one fell swoop, and rub off the bloom so ungently that the young person may thank her stars if she is not skinned in the process?"

The editor feinted. "I know you write; all women do now. Then why, instead of devoting yourself to criticism, do you not give us the sort of thing that women really like to read?"

"I do not write," she said, "but do you think I couldn't?" Smiling to herself, she lifted a notebook and scribbled rapidly for a few minutes. Then she read:

Wharnton acutely and somewhat consciously, so it appeared to him later, succeeded in apprehending a situation which, no matter how admirably he concealed, and, in a measure, felt that his conscience abetted and condoned his intimate and ultimate conclusion, yet by some strange exclusion of other emotions, subtler and more complex—

"There!" she exclaimed, triumphantly. "Don't you think that would go in one of the thirty-five-cent magazines? Now, how is this for those periodicals that want 'good, strong, vital stuff'?"

Blue Janders sat upon the arid, baked ground of the desert removing the cactus spines from his feet. "I'low the whole kibosh o' blamed, low-down, pizen-pup kiotes'll be on my trail 'fore the sun gits tired o' paintin' them rocks yander an' throws down his brush for the night."

"Some more tea," cried the editor.
"The sand gets in my throat."

"Something lighter," murmured Egeria. "Here's a bit for the ten centers:"

Jimmy Isinglass lounged into Mrs. Bobby Crescendo's drawing room. Jimmy was admirably turned out by his man, Wilkins, as the scarlet and gold lackeys lining Mrs. Bobby's marble halls were aware. Mrs. Bobby was a picture herself. Not for nothing had four French maids given her their undivided attention that afternoon. "Hello, Jim!" she cried, in her high, merry voice. Jimmy Isinglass laughed at her audacious wit. Then he went white. "My lady, my lady," he murmured, pressing her heavily jeweled fingers to his burning lips.

The editor arose. "Almost I had forgotten that I had a magazine. I've got to look after my make-up to-night."

"I don't know what your make-up may be"—Egeria, too, had risen—"but"—rubbing her hand over her smooth cheek—"since I dine out tonight, it's time I was looking after my make-up."

A moment later the editor returned to thrust his head through the portières. "But, really," he insisted, "I am in earnest. What do women like to read?"

Egeria laughed. "Once, in a moment of confidence, a hard-working miner's wife, the mother of seven children, drew aside a curtain from a shelf in her kitchen, and exposed to my naked and unashamed gaze translations of half a dozen of the most notorious French classics, with a score of other works of fiction less admirably written but equally instructive. 'And just why?' I asked. 'Oh,' she replied, 'I get so tired of this ugly old, dishwashing, calico-dress life

that I like to read about women who

just raise the devil.'

"Again, I heard a sad, bad, nearly mad woman exclaim: I want to read a sweet, charming little idyll of the woods and fields; something with the atmosphere of apple blossoms and youth

and springtime.

"The girl who works for her living has an eternal curiosity concerning her sisters who toil not, neither spin, and she revels in the details of opulence. Else that bar sinister of the feminine intellect, the woman's page, could not exist. She reads with bated breath those printed, naïvely snobbish accounts of the outgoings and the incomings of our millionairesses. She gloats over the number of 'madame's' personal attendants, her wardrobe, her perfumes, her amusements.

"The wealthy young woman desires to know more of the life of the daughters of toil. To that end she studies sociology and goes into settlement work, and attempts to instruct and uplift and

meddle generally.'

"However," broke in the editor, with an air of finality, "there is some common ground. All women like to read of a new recipe for custard pudding and the latest way to make over a last

vear's basque."

"You mean," corrected Egeria, gently, "that that is a man's view of what women like. Personally, I never knew anyone who enjoyed custard pudding and a basque. A basque?" wrinkling her brow. "Oh, I believe I've heard my mother speak of them. Since man.first emerged from caves, he has dogmatized about woman. He has frequently

averred that the lady novelist—a pet and early Victorian phrase—has never succeeded in portraying a man. Her attempts are either 'governesses in trousers' or gorillas. Then he points with pride to Brown or Jones. 'Look at Brown,' he exclaims. 'He has shown an intuitive knowledge of the subtlest, most intimate feminine emotions; has literally taken apart and explained the mechanism of a woman's brain. Why, he has impaled you women on the pages of his books as an entomologist glues butterflies to a card.'

"Or, 'Read Jones,' he says, patronizingly. 'He knows you women better than you know yourselves. The critics all agree that no one has ever before so divined and depicted the feminine

heart.'

"And woman, complaisant woman, does not even talk back. She merely lowers her eyelids and smiles."

"And permits you to—er—dogmatize for her," murmured the editor. "But before I go, what do women like to

read?"

"Whatever serves as a stimulus for their imaginations, whatever pictures for each individual woman that phase of life which most appeals to her. It may be the veriest trash, it may be the sincerest art; but her reason for liking it lies within herself."

"There should be some unanimity of taste," remarked the editor, sulkily. "It would simplify things for us. We've gone on the principle that it exists, in order to supply ourselves with a work-

ing basis.'

"True," sighed Egeria. "Hence the woman's magazine."



LARGESS

ONE went her way with swift and dancing feet,
Passing a poet in the village street,
Nor knew she flung him, in that moment's time,
The lovely largess of an unwrit rhyme.
THEODOSIA GARRISON.

A STRATAGEM Descendent





F I could only keep my temper when I play with the brute,'' Bixby groaned, as he walked away from the Medchester Hunt Club's links

with Diana Crenshaw, the girl for whom he wished to win the Medchester Fall Championship—and to do much more. He had just won his way into the semi-finals, and on the next morning was to meet Sharples, for three years the club champion; and the opprobrious term Bixby had made use of

referred to him.

"You must beat him," Diana replied, with a tightening of the lips; and an astute observer might have surmised that she was quite willing to have him win tournaments and do other things for her—although this was a point about which Bixby himself felt dubious, being an interested participant instead of an astute observer. "He's not fit to be our club champion," Diana continued, and expressed the sentiments of the majority of the club members.

When the Medchester Club was not fox hunting it played golf with assiduty; and it prided itself on its unique way of holding its club championships every spring and fall. This was in rounds of thirty-six-hole match play to the finals, and then the same number of holes at medal play. No other club in the country put its members to such a severe test, one which left little to chance—altogether too little, thought those players whose brilliant threes and fours were followed by sevens and eights.

"It leaves altogether too much to Sharples' tongue," Jimmy Daniels grumbled, the only time he ever managed to last to the finals—largely through the luck of the draw—only to become so enraged at Sharples that he broke his driver across the sand box and gave up the match at the sixteenth tee, being then twelve strokes to the bad.

And Sharples openly prided himself on having six championship cups to his credit-"to his discredit," Mrs. Jimmy said, spitefully—not a little through his ability to rattle his opponents. Twice Grey had been runner-up to Sharples; the quiet Grey, who played such a smooth, even game, and never became flustered-except when he was playing Sharples. Dick Crenshaw. against Diana's brother - "Old Steady-legs," they called him-whose temper was normally placid as a lump of suet, three times had met and been worried off his game by Sharples. And now, on the next day, for the fourth time since Sharples had come to Medchester—and lucky for him he had got into the club early in his career—he and Bixby, the brilliant and peppery Bixby, were to meet, and all but Sharples feared the outcome.

The peculiar exasperation about it all was that every one of these men knew himself the champion's better in golf, and felt that he was beaten by the qualities which distinguish a baseball coach from a gentleman. Bixby's nature made him particularly susceptible to the methods of the champion. When he had been playing with him for a half hour, and was three or four strokes in the lead, he became so exasperated at Sharples' running commentary on the game—delivered often when Bixby was preparing to make a stroke—that in his anxiety to annihilate him, to make twos

and threes on every hole, he sometimes climbed instead into double figures.

"Putt for the back of the hole!" Jimmy Daniels had exclaimed on one occasion, as he was following the pair around. "Bix putts for the back of New York State when he's playing

against Sharples."

It was this very essence of courage in Bixby which was his undoing against this disagreeable champion. Most men when engaged in an important match are apt to approach and putt short, from their cautious desire to make no mistakes. Bixby never lost his courage to go for the hole, and the angrier he got the further he would overrun the tin, in trying to hole out impossible putts.

II.

But to return to Bixby and Diana Crenshaw, walking away from the links in the November twilight. He, who had just won his way into the semifinals with such brilliant ease, felt none of the elation which commonly follows a match well won, even if defeat threatens from the future. He lost himself in gloomy meditation for a furlong or two, and then broke the silence explosively:

"There's no sport playing with a man like that, anyway. He doesn't try to win by his game, but by putting you off

yours."

"But you are a lot better player than

he is, really, Rob, and-"

"That's the trouble," Bixby interrupted. "By the time I have been listening to his remarks for half an hour I simply want to paralyze him, and then

I go all to pieces."

"I should think you would be ashamed to let that man beat you," Diana replied, and the scorn in her words for "that man" seemed, to her companion, uncomfortably to include the man who could not beat him. Bix-by was more sensitive to the words of Diana Crenshaw than some others, though the number of those who hung on the words of Diana was not small.

She had made a number of references of late to the coming championship, and Bixby had got it into his head that a win over the hated Sharpleswho was quite as unpopular with women as with men-would perhaps do more for him, Bixby, in the eyes of Diana than anything else he could do. Playing a good game of golf is really not an important item in the relations between the sexes; and yet when we see what some men accomplish by the wearing of good clothes and the proper smoothing of their hair, we must not underestimate even golf. When a whole community is devoted to one sport, as Medchester is to golf at certain seasons of the year, it takes perhaps an undue place in that community's estima-

"No one can keep his temper with Sharples," Bixby said, despondently. "You know he's just the same in the hunting field. Kerstaw hates him worse than I do. He rides over the hounds; and when Kerstaw tells him to keep back, he follows him over the fences so close that, if he went down, Sharples would be sure to land right on him."

They walked on in silence through the deepening dusk. The tournament this fall had dragged well on into the time that should, by rights, have been wholly devoted to hunting, and the days were very short. Each was thinking gloomily of the morrow's play.

"Oh, but I want you to beat him so much!" Diana said at length. "You hold the record of the course, and you

ought to do it."

"I can beat him," Bixby said, with infinite disgust in his tone. "That's what makes it so infernally exasperating. If it only weren't thirty-six holes, my temper might hold out."

"Why didn't you get the committee to change it to eighteen holes?" Diana asked, although she was one of the fair-

est of young women.

"It wouldn't be very sportsmanlike, you know," Bixby explained, gently. "You couldn't change the conditions just to beat a certain player, even if it's Sharples. Besides, you know Medchester prides itself on its unique method of deciding its championship by thirty-six-hole match play in the preliminary rounds, and then the finals at

thirty-six-hole medal play. There isn't another club in the country that holds its championships just that way. And the conditions are fair enough, too," he added, presently. "A man who can win six or seven matches at thirty-six holes is pretty good. There's no fluke about his winning."

"They're putting up a handsomer cup than ever this fall," Diana said, mourn-

fully.

This was true. The tournament committee, at each returning championship, nourished a fresh hope that some one would arise and beat the man who ought to have been a criminal lawyer, cross-examining honest men to make them appear rogues; and to accentuate his mortification, when it should come, kept increasing the value of the prize offered. And this nourished hope of the committee was a guarantee that the conditions of the championship would not be changed-not, at least, until the fair green of Medchester had been wiped up and mopped clean with the body of Sharples, to speak in homely figurative language.

III.

Those preceptors who teach us that the great wisdom is to put plenty of thought before action would have been pleased with the frame of mind in which Bixby came to the first tee for his match with Sharples next morning. He had done some powerful thinking after leaving Diana the evening before, and he faced the large gallery grimly determined that nothing that his opponent could say or do should make him swerve in the least from the course he had laid out for himself.

He arrived at exactly the minute scheduled for the match, in order to have time for no preliminary conversation with his opponent. Sharples was not there yet, and Bixby, while waiting, practiced short approaches and putts on a little putting course behind

the clubhouse.

The minutes went by and still Sharples did not appear. Bixby became tired of practicing, and sat down on the porch. The tournament committee fumed and threatened, and offered the match to Bixby by default; and the club members who had assembled to follow the match said things about the absentee that he would not have enjoyed hearing, except as he might have hoped that the state of exasperation they indicated would be shared by his adversary.

Sharples kept Bixby waiting at the first tee exactly an hour. This was enough to put any man of nervous disposition off his game, the more so as, when finally Sharples did appear, he blandly pulled out his watch and showed it to be just an hour behindtime. Everyone felt morally certain that such tardiness could not have crept into his timepiece without his contrivance, or at least his active connivance; still, there was nothing to be done about it.

"We offered to default the match to Bix fifteen minutes ago," Jimmy Daniels said, sharply. "Lucky for you he was too good a sportsman to take it."

"Yes, Bixby is very generous," Sharples sneered. "He usually gives me the match when we are playing for the championship." After a slight pause, to let his sneer rankle, he added: "I wonder, though, that he didn't embrace this opportunity of beating me. It was his only chance of getting that handsome cup the committee has put

up this fall."

Bixby only smiled, although from the long wait, and Sharples' manner, he could not prevent a slight flush of annovance from rising to his face. But he did not grit his teeth, when he stood up to drive off, with a determination to drive the ball further than it had ever been driven before; and the gallery noticed this with wonder and hope. Instead, he took a careful, short swing, almost as if he were playing out of a bunker, and sent the ball not more than a hundred and fifty yards—he the mighty swiper-toward the first green. And as he began, so he continued, having changed his entire manner of play from his usual dashing way to a cautious, rather cramped style, that at-, tempted no unusual distance, only accuracy of direction.

Bixby played every stroke with direct reference to Sharples' last or coming stroke; he took no chances, and tried for sure halved holes, with wins only when Sharples gave them to him; and, above all, he concentrated his mind on the game, and never played a stroke with the impetus of a remark of Sharples still in his mind. The onlookers marveled to see Medchester's most brilliant player, the one who took longer chances than anyone else-chances generally justified by the results-playing in such a crabbed style; but Bixby's own game required his spirits to be blithe. And as they saw him poking along neck and neck with Sharples. dribbling his ball up to the hole, and never trying to smother his opponent, they began to hope that, in spite of Sharples' steady flow of remarks, Bixby would manage to keep his temper and his present style of play.

IV.

The morning round finished all even, with Bixby unruffled and calm. Everybody took luncheon at the clubhouse, and Diana's eyes invited Bixby to the seat next her, which was unoccupied, although the chair at her side was not usually relieved of its duties as a chair.

"Dick says you'll win out if you keep on the way you have played this morning. He says he's never seen you go eighteen holes before without trying to knock the cover off the ball. How do you manage to do it this time?"

"I thought you wanted 'that man' beaten," Bixby answered, looking straight into her eyes for an instant, and then quickly away. He was avoiding all forms of excitement.

"I do, and"—she paused for a second—'oh, I do want you to do it!"

Bixby drew a long breath. Then he shook his head at himself. "Would you mind talking about the Presidential election, or something uninteresting like that?"

On account of the delay occasioned by Sharples' jockeying at the start in the morning, it was quite late before the afternoon round was begun.

These eighteen holes proved a repetition of the morning round, till near the end. Bixby continued his careful plodding game. He paid little attention to Sharples' words and very much to his strokes. They went along thus, halving nearly every hole, while the spectators were all a-grin at the prospective downfall of the champion, which seemed to them certain if he were unable to make Bixby lose his temper.

The last five holes were played in a waning light that every instant made it more difficult to follow the flight of the The short fall day was done when the contestants arrived at the last hole. Bixby was one up, and, in a calm frame of mind, merely trying for a half. It was so dark that each player was allowed two fore caddies, who, it was hoped, would be able to ascertain by their ears, more than by their eyes, the position of the balls. And the fore caddies were warned to take up as little room as possible, since, if the balls found them in their flight, it would only be a "rub of the caddy," so to speak.

The two players drove off into the gloaming, and the caddies, ears well to the fore, located both drives. They were both a fair brassie shot from the hole, and Sharples, with his next stroke, managed to wing one of the caddies to the right of the green, as a vigorous "Ouch!" floating back to them, testified. Bixby on this hole relaxed a little from his careful style of play, and made a full, free swing at the ball, according to his ordinary tactics of being well up to the hole. The ball started off straight into the darkness, and a second later the sharp clang of the tin told that the ball had hit the flag.

For the first time that day Bixby permitted a self-confident grin to overspread his features. Sharples' ball, from the position of the caddie who had "outhed," must be at least forty yards to the right of the green, while Bixby's was probably within a sure putt or two of the hole.

Three of the fore caddies converged on the hole, and sent up a shout that led

Bixby and the hurrying gallery to anticipate finding the ball dead to the hole, if not actually in it. But when they reached the group of grinning, excited caddies, they found that the ball had impaled itself on the sharp corner of the tin flag-not three feet from the hole, to be sure, but directly above it.

Sharples gave a triumphant laugh when he saw Bixby's ball, and made his own approach cleverly to within three

feet of the hole.

Bixby studied the situation of his ball a long time. It seemed to be firmly fixed on the tin, and would require a stroke of some force to loosen it. Finally he decided to strike it straight up into the air, so that it would fall down near the hole and permit him to halve the hole with Sharples, thus winning the match.

Very carefully he prepared to make the stroke in the semi-darkness. He had already drawn back his club when

Sharples spoke:

"Hold on there, Bixby! You can't putt on the green without taking out the flag. It will cost you a stroke if you do.

Slowly Bixby straightened himself up and looked at Sharples. Then with de-

liberation he said:

"You fool, can't you see for yourself that I'm not on the green? I'm up in the air." It is uncommonly exasperating to be interrupted as one is about to

make a stroke.

"I hope you are 'up in the air,'" Sharples muttered to himself, using the term in the trotting horseman's sense. Aloud he said: "The rules say that within twenty yards of the hole shall be considered the putting green." Sharples spoke with the argumentative twang to his voice that he knew how to make so annoying. He pulled a book of rules from his pocket and began to turn over the leaves. (An undue familiarity with every picayune little rule was another of his exasperating traits.)

"Well, damn it," Bixby burst forth, not waiting for the rule, which it was too dark to read, anyway, "what shall I do-take out the flag and play the ball off it, from the edge of the green?"

"You can't do that-this isn't casual water. It would be deliberately moving the ball, and you'd lose the hole."

"Well, in Heaven's name, what shall I do?" Bixby's tone had lost all its suavity and had become very peppery indeed.

"I don't know," Sharples drawled, in evident pleasure, "unless you call it a

lost ball, and lose the hole."

"But, good Lord, man, it isn't a lost ball—and it isn't really on the green."

He turned to Jimmy Daniels, but the question was too complicated for that golfing luminary, and he shook his head sadly.

At this point Grey, who had been thinking hard, spoke up: "I think you're wrong about that rule of everything within twenty yards of the hole being the putting green, Sharples. That rule is for medal play, not for match play."

The gallery, itself not versed in every minor rule, gave a sigh of relief, and Sharples, in nowise abashed, put his book of rules back into his pocket.

"The rule for match play," continued Grey, "says that either side has the right to have the flag removed when approaching the hole. You are at perfect liberty to have the flag removed—only you mustn't move Bixby's ball."

"A Daniel come to judgment!" Mrs. Jimmy breathed, and the gallery gig-

gled audibly.

"Very well," Sharples said, coolly, and all the spectators surmised that he had known all along that the rule he quoted did not apply to match play; "then he can follow the good old custom of playing the ball where it lies."

Sharples had gained his object in spite of the failure of his protest; for Bixby had become so angry at him and his pettifogging objections that when he tried to make his stroke he first missed the ball entirely, then only hit the flag without dislodging the ball, and the third time, muttering honest golfing curses between his teeth, hit the ball a swipe that sent it off into the darkness, out of sight.

The hole was Sharples' and the match halved, since it was so dark that there was no possibility of playing another hole; and Bixby walked back to the clubhouse without even trying to find his ball, so disgusted was he at his opponent, and especially at himself. The gallery followed, not one person congratulating Sharples on his escape from the defeat that had seemed so imminent.

V.

"I say, Grey, would you mind letting both Sharples and Bixby play with you to-morrow in the finals, instead of making them play off against each other first?" Jimmy Daniels, of the Tournament Committee, interrupted Grey at a game of pool, half an hour later, to ask the question.

"H'm! make me play against two men for the championship, instead of one," Grey commented, not committing him-

self.

"Yes, I know. But it seems pretty hard to make them decide a match like to-day's by playing one extra hole, when they're both in cold blood; and if we take to-morrow for them to play it all over again, likely as not it will snow the next day—sky looks like it, and the weather reports predict it—and then there's no telling when we can finish the championship. It's pretty near next year already."

"All right. It won't make much difference in medal play, anyway," Grey, a

thorough sportsman, answered.

The other two, on being approached on the subject in the dressing room, consented at once, Sharples because he thought he had a better chance of wining from Bixby at medal play than at match, and Bixby because he did not care what he did, now that he had disappointed himself and his friends by losing his temper.

About nine o'clock that night, as for the twentieth futile time Bixby was going over in his mind the events of the day, Will Crenshaw, Diana's younger brother, brought a note to him, asking him to come to see her for a minute. He went immediately, yet with some reluctance, since he had failed to realize

her expectations.

Diana, with a shawl drawn tightly about her, was waiting for him on her

orch.

"Rob," she called to him, as he came around the end of the house, "I wanted to tell you that you really did awfully well this afternoon. That ball sticking on the flag at the last hole wasn't—wasn't—really human."

Bixby shook his head despondently. Even her sympathy could not console

him for having failed.

"And talking and quoting rules wrongly isn't golf," she went on, hotly. "But don't play that dinky game tomorrow that you did to-day. Play your game and *smother* Sharples."

Bixby laughed at the vindictiveness of her tone, and it did him good to laugh, if only to unbend the wrinkles

in his forehead.

"That sounds all right," he answered her, "but I'm afraid if I am to win at

all I must-"

"Rob, come here!" she commanded. She leaned down over the railing of the porch, put her lips close to his ears, and whispered a few words into them; then straightened up and ran into the house.

Bixby stood still a second, then a grin gradually overspread his face, and then he began to laugh, first softly, and finally with his head thrown back in a roar

of enjoyment.

VI

The threatened snow did not come next day. Instead, perfect golfing weather invited the three finalists to start out and prove which one could make thirty-six holes in the fewest number of strokes.

Bixby was a little late, and apologized profusely for his tardiness when

he appeared.

"I thought perhaps you were going to try the plan of being an hour late yourself," Sharples responded, brazenly.

If there was one thing that would ordinarily have rasped Bixby, it would have been an aspersion on his fairness from such a man as Sharples; but this morning he only smiled a good-natured smile and looked out over the widestretching links.

"It is a pleasant day," he said, nod-

ding a cheerful assent.

Sharples glanced at him curiously, and then grinned malevolently. He had seen men before start out with a firm intention of remaining amiable, and then succumb to temper and his remarks in less than eighteen holes.

As the three were walking away from the first tee, Grey managed to get Bixby off a little to one side. "That was a splendid drive of yours," he said, in an undertone. "Now, don't pay the slightest attention to Sharples. Just play against me, and you'll be all right," which was rather decent of Grey, since Bixby could beat him handily when playing his game.

Bixby, however, only smiled vaguely, and hesitatingly answered: "We are lucky not to have any snow, aren't we?"

Sharples, in front of them, heard the answer. He stopped and turned around.

"Bixby seems to have the weather on the brain to-day," he said, and it was in his ability to make even innocent words unpleasant that his peculiar power lay. This time, however, his words evoked no sign at all from the man they were

intended to annoy.

The play to-day was quite different from what it had been on the previous day. Bixby had evidently heeded the advice Diana had given him over the railing of her porch the night before. There was no caution in his game today. He played in his old care-free, slashing style, the style that wins championships or breaks hearts, depending on whether the strokes come off or not. And Bixby's did come off. He drove two hundred yards or over nearly every time. On the few occasions when he had to play the odd, he put every ounce of his supple body into his second stroke, and much more than overcame the distance lost on the first shot.

At the fourth hole the gallery gave an anticipatory groan as Sharples began to dispute over some little point in the rules. Bixby would be sure now to get

impatient.

He showed no sign of it, however, even when the discussion waxed warm. He sat down by his ball and calmly watched the disputants dispute. Arguments battled, and concerned him; yet he evinced no particular interest beyond an amused smile, as at some thought in his own mind.

Finally, the point under discussion having been settled by the referee, he told Bixby to go ahead and play. Apparently, however, the latter was in such a brown study that he did not hear the words; for he sat calmly on, though his eyes were fixed on the protesting Shar-

ples and the referee.

"Fire ahead and play, Bix!" the referee called again. Still Bixby did not move.

Grey touched him on the shoulder

and he jumped up quickly.
"Oh, I beg your pardons," he said.
"I was thinking what I was going to do with that cup when I won it."

The remark was unlike Bixby, and

Sharples growled:

"You were thinking the same thing last night at the last hole, I presume."
"It's interesting." Bixby answered, in

"It's interesting," Bixby answered, in a philosophic tone, "to watch the play of emotion on different physiognomies." Jimmy Daniels burst out laughing.

"Play of emotion, you chump! Well, your physiognomy had better hump itself and play golf now."

"I beg your pardon," Bixby said again, gravely. "Is it my turn to play?" He looked inquiringly at Daniels.

"Yes, play, putt, swat the ball!"—he made the motion of the swing with his hands. "Haven't I told you to, half a dozen times?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," Bixby apologized for the third time. "It—it—is a

remarkably fine day."

The gallery giggled, and wondered whether he had relied on a profusion of highballs to carry him safely through the match.

Even this incident, however, did not in the least put Bixby off his game. On four greens running he needed only one put to hole out, and by luncheon time he was eight strokes up on Sharples and eleven on Grey.

Diana held out her hand to Bixby as he came up to the clubhouse, and smiled brilliantly at him, but said no word. To-day, too, he sat beside her at luncheon, and when a couple of enthusiasticame over and tried to talk about the morning's match with Bixby, she shooed them away.

"If you talk to Rob about his play, you'll put him off his game," she said, with a pretty air of proprietorship.

VII.

In the afternoon it was a runaway match. Bixby played as if he were the reincarnation of Colonel Bogey, refined and improved to modern standards.

"Might as well have left my putter at home," he remarked, genially, to Sharples on one occasion when he had just holed out the ball with his midiron from twenty yards off the green.

And Grey became so tickled at the way Bixby was leaving Sharples in the rear, a stroke a hole or better, that he himself braced up and first crawled up to, then passed, the man who had been

champion for three years.

In the end Sharples was reduced to silence; even his loquacity vanquished. But, talking or silent, it appeared all the same to Bixby. Serenely and blithely he played his inspired game, wings on the ball from the tee, and legs on it

after it touched the ground.

Toward the end, even the officials shouted and slapped each other on the back at the animal sagacity of the ball, seeking the hole as a rabbit seeks its warren—even though they ran the risk of spoiling the finest record, amateur or professional, that had ever been made on the Medchester links. But this, no more than anything else, disturbed Bixby. Occasionally he looked up and grinned; but generally he seemed not even aware of the unusual commotion going on behind him.

Bixby's hands felt like those of the man within the White House, at a big reception, before the gallery had half expressed its exuberant feelings at the end of the match. Jimmy Daniels and two other conspirators alone withdrew to a little distance and held a hurried consultation. Then they came back and announced to Bixby and the assembled multitude that the club had decided to celebrate that night with a big supper at the clubhouse in honor of the new champion.

"You can come, of course?" he ended, to make sure of first catching his

hare.

Bixby smiled. "It's been a very pretty day for the match," he said, pleasantly. Jimmy Daniels turned pathetically to his fellow conspirators: "I believe Bix is plumb locoed," he said, resorting to the language of popular fiction in his extremity.

Diana Crenshaw spoke up. "Of course Rob will come," she said, with conviction. "Don't expect a man who has just won the championship to think

of eating the first thing."

When Diana spoke with authority it was taken for granted that her words were the words of truth, and the conspirators hurried way to the clubhouse to make ready for the jollification, and everybody else followed, Bixby still as if in a maze, answering at random the congratulations poured upon him.

VIII.

"Speech! Speech!" came from all parts of the banqueting hall; for thus do ordinarily humane persons delight to

plague those they honor.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Bixby began; glibly, as many another has begun, before being overwhelmed with the utter futility of the spoken word. Yet Bixby was better off than he might have been: for he had something he really wished to say. "Ladies and gentlemen: Jimmy Daniels here has just been accusing me of having been so stack up this afternoon over my good luck that I would not speak to a common man like him." (Ironic cheers at Jimmy.) "I feel that I probably owe apologies to more than one of you for the same appearance of stuck-upedness. is that, knowing certain disadvantages of playing against our champion" (Cry of "Former champion!" followed by

great applause) "I heeded a suggestion made to me last night by a young lady whose advice I expect always to follow in the future."

In the second's silence before the fact behind the words dawned upon the audience, there came a faint little "Oh, Rob!" in the voice of Diana Crenshaw.

When some semblance of silence had come back to the room, Bixby continued, the grin on his face still wide:

"You fellows probably don't know how hard it is to improvise answers to questions you haven't heard. I'm afraid that I worked the weather pretty hard this afternoon. It was the only thing that seemed to come to my mind. And you know," he urged, "it was a pretty day."

His audience looked puzzled, and Bixby hastened to enlighten them: "Perhaps you remember how Ulysses listened to the songs of the sirens, tied to a mast, while his boatmen's ears were stuffed with wax. Now, it would be inconvenient to play thirty-six holes at golf, tied to a mast; but stuffing my ears was quite simple. You all know what an—ahem!—oratorical ability our late champion possesses. Perhaps it would be too much to call Sharples a siren—"

As Bixby had proceeded, giggles had arisen in different parts of the room, until now, when it had percolated into the minds of all in what manner Bixby had managed to keep himself from feeling the effects of Sharples' words, the giggles rose to shrieks and yells of delight, which completely stopped his speech, and under cover of which he bowed several times and sat down.



IN BONDAGE

AM a slave to one
Whose face is like a flower,
Pink in the morning sun,
Sweet in its fragrant bower;
A queen who sits above
And rules my heart to give
Its worship and its love
So long as I shall live.

I am a subject true
To one whose tender eyes—
Twin violets—are blue
And innocently wise;
A queen who rules so well,
Had I more skill and art
I should make bold and tell
The dream that haunts my heart.

I am a captive, yet
Captivity like this
Holds nothing of regret,
Holds everything of bliss:
A queen—ah, dearest, so
Forever shall you be.
A king to mate you? No;
Sweeter is slavery!
FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

HE FASCINATING OF FO Da ANNE RITTENHOUSE



HE social season in America, which has just ended, has shown the débutante outclassed by the woman of forty. If Oslerism as a theory was intended to include wom-

en in society as well as men in affairs, it

will not hold water.

Is the débutante's day over? is the question American society is agitating. Has youth lost its social power? Has sweet eighteen gone the way of sweet sixteen as a pretty legend of other days, to be wrapped in rosemary for remembrance?

As society grows older, does it place in its front ranks older men and women? Is America striving forward to reach the European system of favoritism to the fascinating woman who is frankly

middle-aged?

These questions are not vital to commerce or culture, but they have vitally interested a major portion of those who make up society. The débutante as a social factor has been quite supreme in American life. In London, Berlin, Paris and Rome she has been treated with some respect, a little courtesy and infrequent attentions. She has never for a moment occupied the center of the stage. She has to be a débutante as a means to an end. She couldn't be forty until she had been twenty, but tradition and observance had given her nothing to expect in the way of flattering attentions.

If she secured, for a while, the undivided interest of an eligible man, she was promptly chided by her older and more fascinating female relatives. Her mother, if a social favorite, would probably sigh if she had to allow the fledgling a part of her own social nest.

No one demurred at this European system. It was evolved from centuries of drawing-room experience. débutante nothing was expected, and the world got nothing. She was supposed to be as uninteresting as she was unsophisticated, both qualities boring in the extreme to the men who went into

social life to be amused.

But in America youth was power. We have not been overcivilized. We relished the appearance each year of fresh faces and ingénue manners. Even our older men felt enthusiastic over dancing and dining with sweet eight-Her coming-out party was not only a festal occasion, but she herself was the center of gossip, interest and sentiment.

Europe said there was something distinctly middle class about this attitude. It was on a par with that absurd feeling that a woman of forty should wear

a cap and take to knitting.

American society, however, was stubborn about it. It allowed its women of forty to become hearthside figures. and knelt in admiration at the feet of the very young. It not only tolerated but indorsed the marriage of sweet sixteen to the immature callow youth of twenty who, with difficulty, could support two people.

It looked upon the vivacity and social ambitions of the middle-aged woman as the ridiculous pretense of being young. It gave her gray and black to wear, and bestowed the red robe of power upon the

débutante.

The woman of forty did not protest, but took her place quietly without the gay circle, and patted the heads of the young as they flocked to leadership in the drawing room. . She effaced herself. If unmarried, she was thrust into oblivion. If married, she was a martyr to the house and the nursery, and did not dare dream of tulle and roses.

Society could not help being undeveloped and immature under such conditions. "Twenty" may be fascinating, but "twenty" is not mentally exhilarating. She may have great promise of things to come, but she remains a hope, not a fulfillment.

So that with the girl of twenty as the high-water mark of age in fashionable society, it could not be helped that people were older in manner and feeling than they had any right to be.

In early American days, when girls were married when fifteen years old and were grandmothers at thirty-five, it is reasonable to understand their early old age. At forty they were too tired not to retire from the active arena.

This feeling has been more firmly intrenched in the greater portion of American life than the ultra-fashionable person thinks. Those women who were used only to the drawing rooms which were a copy of those in Mayfair and the Faubourg St. Germain, saw life only in an exclusively restricted sense. They believed "the beating on the drum of their ears to be the roar of the whole world."

They represented the most magnificent in American social life, for they bought their manners already made, as they did their clothes, from the other side.

It is only when a condition threatens to become universal that it becomes significant and often startling.

When the young girls in small towns found themselves outclassed in social favoritism by the women of thirty and forty, the condition began to be American, as it was once British and French.

The satirists say it is the sign of decay. This sounds harder than is meant on the woman of forty. It is intended to explain the general conditions of overcivilization, of which this banishing of the young girl is a part.

Pretty theory, you may say, but what is there to prove it?

The best proof lies in your own experience and observation. It is true that the débutantes of each season command the majority of large social events given in their honor. The world flatters and pays tribute to their leap from schoolroom to ballroom. Among themselves life is a succession of gay chattering events of more or less importance. Society accords them a measure of its approval if they be sweet, well-mannered, amiable and well dressed. It does not ask them to be bright, or intellectual, or forceful. Society is wise. It has learned not to ask or expect the

improbable.

But who is the belle of the ball? Ten chances to one it is the mother of the débutante. Who is the subtle, seductive personality that draws all men to her, and who has really the best time? It is the fascinating woman of You must have observed this at every great social function of the winter, if you have not been too engrossed by some affair of your own. If you are a man over twenty-five years old, you have probably danced with a débutante, because you felt it a courtesy to the mother or married sister. The débutante will be the first one to acknowledge the popularity of her older rival. The woman of forty, wherever she is, fascinating, subtle and alluring, will confess to having quite as good a time at any ball as any girl present. A group of very lovely young women discussed this question in a petulant Each admitted that the manner. youngest college boys were the only ones allowed to be attentive to them.

"We will have to make ourselves into a union," said one, "to prevent the appearance at the best summer resorts of the attractive older women. Last summer not one of us had a living chance: we sat on steps, alone and mournful, while this and that delightful woman

carried off all the men."

"What is it they see in these women of forty?" interrupted another speaker.

"Sense," answered a young man, just out of college, who was feeling his oats. He was a convert to the attractiveness of middle age, and with the rest of his sex he quite scorned the social pretension of the fair young fledglings of twenty. It is in the attitude of the

men, young and old, that lies the controlling proof of the dominant power of the woman of forty. Few of them hesitate to admit her supremacy. It is a common saying among them that they go to see the débutante only when the older woman is not available.

"Janet is a very nice girl," will be the comment of a man, "but no one wants to talk to her when her mother is

in the room."

An emphatic evidence of the way most men regard débutantes is the following conversation which took place between two well-known and forceful men of the world who go into society constantly:

"They tell me Miss G. is quite charming. Did you meet her at the Phila-

delphia Assembly?"

"I have a faint idea that I did. I remember trying to get her to persuade her mother to give me a dance, as she was so surrounded I couldn't very well get up to her. Mrs. G. was the belle. She quite captured the ballroom that

night."

The dressmakers give strong evidence in favor of the hold the older woman has on social life. It is for her the best thought is given to gowns and hats. Hers is the figure that is studied. It is to her taste they appeal. The young girl is dismissed with frilly frocks of white and blue. If she looks deliciously dainty, she is approved. For her there are not the subtle character gowns, the fascinating novelties.

But if you are looking for proof, probably the next best, if not the first of importance, is the frank opinion of the woman of forty concerning herself and her contemporaries. Her mental and moral attitude toward the whole condition of things to be is vastly different from what it was a few years ago. The decade has fixed a gulf between the two. Unless a woman is unhealthy, nervous or anæmic, she pays the greatest compliment to her age by never reminding herself of it. Her lack of youth is not deplored on the few times it is considered. She knows she is in her prime, and that she is living in an age which gives her the full

measure of rightful honor and due tribute.

She feels her power. She sees evidences of her force. She is confident of her command over men, women and things. She knows that she has a full ten years to control the pulse of affairs. She is not worried, as an immature person would be, over the trifles that do not count; she is not exhausted by a display of wasted energy; she has reserve power in her storage battery with which to meet emergencies; and experience has taught her just when and how to use this force.

It is her surety of touch that makes men of her own age comfortable with her, and compels the uplifted admiration of the younger man who is trying so hard to be a successful worldling.

When she is not spiteful or jealous, she is apt to bring the débutante to her shrine, an enthusiastic worshiper. She is not always kind to the younger woman, however, and she is not always safe for the younger man.

Married or unmarried, if she has a stimulating personality she is apt to have the element of danger. If she is not safe and sound, she may exert her power in a not always beneficent direction. She may draw to herself too much tribute from the younger man which should be directed toward the young girl. She may not recognize, or she may choose to refuse to see, that for the young boy to become desperately in love with the woman of forty is what Henry Van Dyke calls "a dislocation of destiny."

This is not the common type, however. She does not typify the whole condition. She is a part of it, very much in the lime light just now, and, therefore, bringing the greatest amount of discussion to this new state of things. There are quite as many powerful women of forty who have neither malice toward youth nor over self-esteem.

The most comfortable truth about this whole condition is the broadening of the social horizon. When men and women of experience, charm and mature culture can demand and receive dominant attention in drawing room and ballroom, it opens the gates wider to interesting persons. Society ten years ago in America was too apt to be interesting only to extreme youth. No civilization can idealize sweet sixteen without surrounding these girls in their salad days with a certain amount of homage, which is detrimental to the chances of an older woman's success. She feels she is misplaced by comparison with the crudities of an inexperienced intellect. She naturally feels, or, rather, has it forced upon her, that cleverness, social poise, perfection of manner and appreciation, sympathy and emotion are thrown away among men and women who only ask the lightness of youth for amusement.

A decade ago older men bowed at the shrine of the débutante. They paid her tribute in the way of flowers, dances and theater parties. It was considered the natural expression of interest toward the reigning figure in society.

Look about you to-day, and see how the conditions have changed. The older man who spends his time running after the débutante is criticised with the smile behind the fan—that most deadly method of disapproval.

"So fond of the nursery, you know," is the comment of the fascinating women in his own set and of his own age; and with such smiling satire he is banished to the nursery and its amusements.

The young girl of the past season would have been fretted by the attentions of men of forty. Their monopoly of her would have made her peevish. She would have resented their attentions as an intrusion. And her allies among the college youths would have twitted her with "running with the bald heads."

In short, she would have made a social mistake in allowing it, and would have fallen between the devil and the deep blue sea, in that she would not be able to hold the attention of the older man, and she would have lost her chances with the young ones.

This is a healthy condition. It is as it should be, and we have suddenly learned the lesson which the older nations have been teaching us by example for centuries. And it is the woman of forty, above all others, who is most exalted by this condition and who profits most because of it.

She has been starved out of her own for all the generations of social civilization in America. Fate and a warped theory thrust her where she did not want to be; where, in the general system of broad life, she had no right to be

With all her rich maturity of mind, her vivid and glowing experiences of life, her ripened sympathy, she was told to sit at the hearth and give advice to those who were taking her rightful place.

If she had not married, she was a derelict. She had neither harbor, name nor flag. She belonged to no country. She had to find her own place. She usually became the appendage of some married relative, who treated her with a superior manner. She was supposed to do the tedious tasks. She made the preserves, helped the children with their lessons at night, nursed the babies through the whooping cough and measles, and became the confidante of half the women with troubles in the fown.

If impecunious, she earned her salt by visiting from one family to another, where she did the upper chores and would have been thought ungrateful had she complained. If she earned her living, she did it by taking in sewing or trudging through wind and weather to the schoolroom, where her learning was given its only chance in teaching the primer or the multiplication table.

Whether or not she felt that her niche was an unnatural one, it is hard to know. Most human beings are passive under conventions or restraints which they do not see broken. She probably considered it the law of life. She wore black and somber colors, while she yearned, if rebellious, for a strand of red. Turned in on herself and restricted by a narrow horizon, she had little chance of developing into a gracious or satisfactory being. If she was charming, broad, sympathetic to those

who disobeyed the conventional virtues, she was remarkable. Everything tended to make her a gossip, a tattler of tales, a querulous person. She usually knew too much of everyone else's business, which was natural, because she

had no business of her own.

She exists to-day all over America, this misplaced woman of forty. Somewhere in a hidebound village she is yet undeveloped. Reforms, good or bad, begin in great centers. They spread slowly to isolated communities. The ladies of Cranford live not only in Cranford. The best black silk is still the Sunday gown for the unmarried middleaged woman, and "spinster" and "old maid" are living epithets used behind the backs of worthy women.

Conventions are deep-rooted in grassgrown towns, and human beings who have had no chance to travel to the end of the rainbow still believe that the things which are with them are fixtures

in the rest of the world.

They regard with suspicion and disapproval many women over thirty years old who have gone out of the little center and gavly adopted the new life that the middle-aged woman calls her own. At forty years old she has returned to visit her own, and trails her rose-pink garments down the grassgrown streets, with her picture hat of roses and violets protecting her head. She accepts the ardent attentions of the entire male population, and does not even stop at the love-making of the high-school graduate. She is probably aware that she is considered neither dignified nor proper, but she knows and feels that she compels a kind of fascinating interest from every person in the village. She is considered with wonder if she still goes to church and confesses she does not play cards for money.

New England and the West are more filled with these traditions than the South and the Middle East. The social conditions are so dominant in these latitudes that women have a superior chance of social development. And in both these climates there is much the same feeling regarding other reforms

in womanhood. The South leads, along with the other early civilized portions of the country, in a certain revolt toward the term "bachelor girl." They are polite people, and they do not say much, but they have a deep-rooted, querulous attitude toward all that the term implies.

It smacks of the latelatchkey, freedom of talk, the desire to answer to one-self for one's actions. It is dimly related to too much college learning and a defiant adoption of unconventionality. It vaguely suggests overfriendly conversations with people to whom one has not been presented; it arouses in the minds of the older social habitués a feeling that the "bachelor girl" is only a rebellious woman running amuck.

They have a subconscious sense that the whole thing is wrong. If their women will be fascinating, socially alluring and excellently well dressed alforty, they do not criticise, but throng to her side to show admiration and ap-

proval.

And this is the type of woman that is the dominant force when one refers to the delightful woman of forty. She is evolved from a growing social system, and she springs from the heart of the exclusive classes. She hasn't the faintest idea of breaking the convention, and she, too, dislikes the phrase "bachelor girl" as much as she does "old maid." She does not want a name: she objects to being classified. And it is because of her own attitude that too little has been said of one of the most powerful social evolutions of the twentieth century. Of course all women of forty are not attractive, neither are all girls of eighteen.

Fascination, charm, the elusive quality which the Northwest Indians call "man-compelling"—a significant phrase—is God-given. It ranks beyond beauty and genius. It has moral and immoral potentialities. It is the divine spark. The torch of the Creator touches a soul here and there in any clime, at any age; but the woman of forty, when she has the spark, is the most powerful figure to-day in modern

society.

ASTAR RUBY

BY MARTHA MC CULLOCH WILLIAMS





REER, plus the drinks and three fat, black cigars, was always oracular. He beamed solemnly on his partner, Verner, and said with his wisest look: "Nothin' doin', son.

Nothin' at all. But if you're just immorally bound to lose some money, play anything but Lowlight in the cup race."

"You—you won't take Kingsley's tip?" Verner began, interrogatively. Greer cut him short. "Kingsley be

——!" he said. "Old fox! I see through his game. Oh, no, son. He's got no grudge against you—you're not quite big enough yet. But he knew, or thought he did, you'd leak, and start the market exactly the way it shouldn't go—that is to say, his way. He's deep—as deep as a well. Gave the tip in pure friendliness, did he? I like that. The scoundrel don't know what real friendliness means."

"But this goes so well with what we know—you said yourself yesterday Short Sixes were bound to boom, and take half the list along with them, before the fourth of July," Verner protested.

Again Greer shut him off—this time with a look of comic scorn. "I must have been talking through a glass—a cocktail glass," he said. "Not but Short Sixes are due to skyrocket some time. Be hanged, though, if I'll go playin' football with 'em when Kingsley announces the time!"

"Then—I had better phone his office—I thought you might—the thing looked so good to me," Verner said, trying hard to speak in his business voice, but not quite successful in keeping a hurt note out of it.

Greer wheeled on him, asking, sharply: "Did you say we'd stand with them this deal? If you did, of course it goes—though I shall hate it like the devil."

"I left the matter open until I saw you. That's why I'm here; it was the only place I could be sure of catching you, after Hawkins said you'd gone off in the bubble," Verner answered.

Greer caught his arm, saying: "Then all this can wait until morning. Come along, son. I'll make a sport of you yet—if you don't watch out."

"Not much chance. I haven't got a million outside a special partnership," Verner said, trying to speak lightly.

Greer chuckled hard. "You might have it—for the takin'," he said. "And, really, Ash, you ought to take it—it's your duty, as an enterprising American citizen, not to let poor old Jeff Holland's cash go to any of those miserable, wasp-waisted foreign fellows. Besides, Margery's a good sort—a mighty good sort. I've known her since we were both in short frocks. You shouldn't hold it against her that she married old Jeff, when he had the sense to die in six months. Marryin' her will be better than findin' money."

"Thank you, but I don't care to find it—not that way," Verner said, a little stiffly.

Again Greer chuckled. "That means—you're still in the runnin' for another stake. Oh, I know all about it, son. I'm wise—experienced wise. That pretty piece of pride and poverty you're eatin' your heart out about is not for the firm of Greer & Verner—she won't even have me. Asked her plump this morning, on the way down."

"Oh, you did?" Verner's tone was ecstatic.

Greer nodded. "So I thought I'd tell you—save your coming a cropper, maybe," he purred.

Verner turned his head, too happy for speech. If, indeed, Leslie Reid had refused old Greer, then the biggest lion

was out of his own path.

The park was always at its best in the flush of early June. The small world of great folk, the great world of small folk, and the half world, intangibly affiliated to both, had sent to it a crowd notable even upon a cup day. The midday sun had been hot and bright, so hot there were hazy shimmers all about the infield. But now, in the wane of afternoon, a mottle of fleecy cloud lay under the blue, tempering the light, but holding in the heat. There was almost no breeze. All the salt freshness of the morning air had vanished. The massed throng was wilted throughout, but the horsemen in it were supremely happy. Just the weather for breaking records, said they-especially over a track lightning fast. The connoisseurs among them even snuffed the close air gratefully. It was so thick and lifeless, it would make the cup race a supreme test of stay, no less than speed.

Greer was one of the connoisseurs. He never missed a classic race, nor wasted his vision upon overnight affairs. For the most part, he kept himself from betting-but now and again made astounding wagers. He had a way of fancying some particular horse, and backing his favorite in sublime indifference to the odds. But there luck stood him in hand. Five times in six, his favorite turned out to be also the public's, and, what is more to the purpose, also a winning one. Heretofore he had never plunged on a cup race. Indeed, until three days back he had had no intention of risking more than a double eagle on the contest. Suddenly, for some reason or for none, he gave himself a tip on Lowlight. Lowlight first, the rest nowhere, was the finish he saw in his mind's eye, so he had come to the park prepared to back his judgment.

"We'll go up and see the ladies—of course I brought Margery along," he

said, again laying hold on Verner. "And then we'll get busy with the pencil pushers."

"Excuse me. I can't afford that sort of speculation any more than the oth-

er," Verner interrupted.

Greer smiled amiably, saying: "Lord, but you're sore, Ash! Still, I don't much blame you. If the Kingsley tip were but what it looks to be, you'd be rich pretty shortly—and all for our risking a measly thirty thou' at first. We'd do it, son—twice over—except for my knowin' the whole thing's a trap. But if I let you get rich you'll never take poor Margery. And she's really desperate about you. Can't you manage to propose as we go home?"

Verner laughed. "I see you're out to break the record—the refusal record," he said. "But it's out of the question this time. I'm going back as soon

as I see the big race."

"No. You'll dine with us at the beach—and there's a moon—a big, round, full moon," Greer protested. They were at the clubhouse steps. Verner, glancing up, saw Leslie on the piazza, more wistful, more beautiful, more ethereal than ever, and turned away his eves, groaning in spirit. He loved hershe was the woman in all the world for him; but her face was her fortune, and she had been bred to every luxury. He could not ask her to wait, letting her evanescent beauty fade, while he fought his way up. He had had but a few thousands to put into the firm-Green had generously said that his brains more than made good. Greer was, indeed, in most things, the soul of kindness. It was exasperating to have him turn rusty just at the moment when fortune lay in Verner's grasp.

Verner did not discount Kingsley's tip. There was a reason for it—one he could not let himself tell Greer. Back in his college days he had saved Kingsley's only son from open disgrace. The lad was dead, the trifle of money that had saved him from exposure had never been repaid. Verner, indeed, had almost forgotten the incident—which he had been sure the elder Kingsley knew nothing about. But, somehow, to-day.

between the crabbed, bitten-off sentences in which the big man had couched his offer, Verner had felt something he had been bound to translate as grati-

tude.

Halfway up the steps a knot of men bound downward blocked his way, so he could not help hearing one of them say, contemptuously: "Play Pascare!! Man, you must be dotty! Oh, I know he's a Star-Ruby, and used to be the king pin of the bunch; but a bushel of Star-Rubies don't get my money—not with fifty to one about them. Why, haven't you heard how the big fellow has gone off? He ought to have been turned out, after his first race this season. Was hardly a mighty bad last. Just did save his distance—when last year he could burn up the wind."

The knot untied itself and passed on. Verner likewise went upward in Greer's wake, but, though he laughed and chatted when they came to the ladies, he seemed to himself to be alivetruly alive-only in the very back of his head. He was not superstitious—in his infrequent race goings he had always defied hunches. But a Star-Ruby! Covertly he glanced down at the stone. glowing and deepset, upon his little finger. It was, in a sort, his talisman; a fine gem, true pigeon-blood in color, with the star, well defined, flashing through its red translucence. It had come to him from the great uncle to whom he owed his college course and his modest patrimony. He had worn it first upon a red-letter day, taking it off at the last minute to go on the gridiron and save the game for his team. Ever since, its possession had given him a sense of well-being. With a start he recalled that it was only by pledging it he had got the ready money for that poor, drunken lad. He had redeemed it, of course-how else could he have had it on?—when Greer had proposed partnership, at the very fag end of commencement. He did not habitually wear it-but harking back to things less remote, he recalled that he had put it on the morning before he had engineered that deal in water bonds, which

had enabled him to save the homestead.

in a country town, for a stepmother he did not love.

And Pascarel, sometime king of all Star-Ruby colts, was to-day a despised outsider among the cup contenders. That was truly pitiful. At two years old he had swept the boards; at three he had shown himself a distance horse of quality. It must be a cruel or conscienceless or hard-driven owner had raced him off his legs-how otherwise had he come to his four-year-old form hardly the ghost of himself? For his blood's sake, if not his own, he should have been eased and spared. Verner loved a good horse genuinely. He had seen Pascarel his first time out, and had won over him when he spread-eagled his field. Thus, as he sat watching the warming-up gallops, he was able, after close looking, to recognize in a gaunt, bony creature, low-headed and cranky of action, the king of Star-Rubies sadly As he watched the horse eclipsed. make the round of the course, he twisted the ring so swiftly it reddened the flesh underneath. Greer noted the twisting.

"Here, give me that!" he said, as he spoke, possessing himself of Verner's free hand. Verner let him take the jewel-he was too intent upon what he saw courseward to be more than half conscious of things nearer at hand, even Leslie, though she had made him sit by her, thus perforce matching Greer with Mrs. Holland. Margery, poor, good girl, had made Verner take her fieldglass-it was thus he saw, far out on the backstretch, Pascarel, for half a furlong, show his old, dazzling speed. The burst ended quickly-almost before Verner had drawn breath, the horse was going crankily, as though in the worst of tempers. But Verner, watching narrowly, thought he understood. jockey was riding to orders-orders not to uncover a very dark horse.

With the understanding there flashed through him the wildest purpose. It was useless to tell Greer—all the king's horses and all the king's men could not drag him from his belief in Lowlight. But Verner himself could act on the secret he thought he had surprised. With a murmured apology he hustled

Greer away, in his haste forgetting to give back Margery's glass. Automatically, he had made small pretty wagers with both women—neither of them was the sort to bet money in public. He had answered in kind Greer's bantering chaff. It was only when they struck the trampled greensward that he wheeled upon Greer, saying with a hard breath: "I want a thousand—at once, please. You can keep the ring as security."

"You cub! Take your tuppenny trinket!" Greer growled, making to

give back the ruby.

Verner shook his head, saying: "Unless you keep it, I can't take the money. And I want it mighty bad—worse than I ever before wanted anything—al-

most."

The last word was a whisper, unheard except by his heart—a heart forever loyal to Leslie Reid. Greer thrust a crumpled handful of yellowbacks upon him, saying with a laugh: "I'd tell you to play Lowlight one, two, three, only I think you'll feel better if I let

you burn it up."

"No doubt," Verner acquiesced over his shoulder, as he launched himself at the mad mob about the bookmakers. Nothing but the hardihood of a great hope, a greater fear, could have made him brave it. Somehow he won through it, and got his money down in hundreds. Upon most slates Lowlight was at evens; Tramway, the favorite, oddson, one to two; the three-year-old, Viceroy, four to one; all the rest long shots -Pascarel the very longest. But other folk than Verner had noted that speedy burst, and so cut his price a thoughtforty to one was the ruling rate till Verner was half down the line. Then by the telepathy of the ring, the price fell-to thirty, to twenty, at last to fifteen. Still, when Verner emerged, crushed, panting, very much awry, he knew that he stood to win rather more than the coveted thirty thousand dol-

He strolled quickly to the paddock, where the cup candidates were waiting the call to post, each fit and ready, the center of an admiring throng. Greer stood out prominently in the ring about Lowlight, his eyes worshiping, his hands in his pockets, his lips distilling confident wisdom to all who would hear.

At the bugle's insistent call, the breaking crowd made way for the racers. Nine strong, they minced or cantered or rocketed past the clubhouse lawn, a-flower with pretty women, the packed grand stand, the massed free seats, the riotous, roaring infield, on to where, a furlong up-course, the starter and the barrier awaited them. The cup race was over a distance of ground-two miles and a furlong. Since the cup was of gold, the stakes valuable, the added money heavy, it commonly brought together the best in training, with not infrequently a sprinkle of the worst. The glorious uncertainty of racing drew magically horses that looked to have no sort of chance. Threeyear-olds and upward were eligible, but being run thus early, at the beginning of June, the younger division were rarely seasoned enough to take into camp their elders-who were seldom their betters. Only once since it was established had a three-year-old won the cup. But for his youth, Viceroy would have been favorite-he had never been headed in his two-year-old form, and this season had scored two wins in three But he had not been pitted against such a racer as Tramway, the Ornament four-year-old, or Lowlight, also four, who so gallantly upheld the honor of his sire, Watercress. Both had won and lost fortunes for their owners and followers; both had, moreover, been saved and specially pointed for the cup. The talent swore by both-hence judging between them was a nice matter. The talent agreed that at the Derby distance, or anything under it, Lowlight was invincible, but when it came to a longer route, Tramway had shown it rather more to his liking. Viceroy, in public, had never run the cup distance. It was reported, though, that he had reeled off a longer one in private at a clip that made the clockers stare.

Pascarel was hardly a memory, albeit a year back he had been a prophecy. Then he had run, carrying any weight, over any distance, so fleetly, so handily,

the old-timers, nodding, said he would be worthy to rank with the great fourmilers of their day. Possibly he might have been if there had not come an owners' quarrel, a break up of the stable, and a campaign at the winter tracks. It was a short campaign. "Red" Calligan, in whose name the horse ran. sometime trainer and generally shifty man, reported the animal on the edge of a breakdown-a report more than justified by Pascarel's showing his first time out in the spring. That was six weeks back, and ever since the horse had been kept in the barn, though not thrown out of training. Red had said, dolefully, in answer to inquiries, that the critter might round to, along toward the shank o' the season-'tany rate, he meant to give the beast one more chance before sending him to the stud.

Verner knew nothing of all this; still, he had a curious sense of pity as Pascarel went practically friendless, the last of the paraders. The others, even the longest shots, had got cheers, clappings, little friendly, encouraging cries. He himself had not given a hand to the beast that carried his hopes and his fortunes. But, for all that, his heart was

pounding furiously.

Greer looked at him with an indulgent smile, saying, with a whistle: Son, put away that ghost look! Why, you're white as a sheet. Run along up and let Margery take care of you. I'm willin' to lay any odds the start don't

come for half an hour vet."

"You'd lose," a pursy man just in front of them said, smiling. "If that should happen, Blithe, the starter, 'd have to hunt a new job. Reason why? Hillhouse! He owns Tramway—and Tramway's packing a hundred and thirty pounds this trip. See? Backin' and fillin' will wear him all out. Hillhouse knows that-and he knows, too, that he same as owns the Jockey Club. I'd be sorry for two'three members, if by any upset Tramway lost."

Greer looked inquisitive, but merely shook his head. Therefore the pursy man explained at length how Hillhouse was at daggers' points with his old partner, Rixon, who recently had bought Lowlight. Yes, the pair were late owners of Pascarel-queer how that horse was now little better than crow's meat. Again yes-there was a whisper that the partners hadn't treated Red Calligan right. Red claimed they took all the winnings for expenses, and left him the losses for salary. He had had some sort of contingent arrangement with them, and, by all accounts, they

hadn't been exactly white.

Greer heard all this avidly. It went over Verner's head. What time he could hold the glass steady, he was watching the rainbow line form and break and whirl itself into clots. In the race, as in the betting, Pascarel was the extreme outsider. The start was not tedious-still, it seemed to Verner a year at least before the changing, many-colored file swept down upon a throng that rose at it, roaring and cheering. At the stand it had scarcely broken; Lowlight, on the rail, was half a length in front, with Tramway, who held the center, drawing it out to a faint crescent. But as it swept down on the first furlong pole beyond, there was a wondrous change. Lowlight and Tramway raced side by side, in front of all but one and the flying leader, a length clear, was Pascarel, the despised.

Those who saw it caught breath for the minute, then laughed - loudly or grimly. It was Red Calligan's joke, thus for a little to shame the pride of his late employers. No doubt that was what he had entered their cast-off for. No doubt, also, at the half, Pascarel would come back to his horses, the

ruck, hopelessly beaten.

Pascarel did nothing of the sort. At the half he had still his length to the good-to the quarter he held it, and well into the next furlong. Then Greer let out a yell-Lowlight had almost collared the flying leader, with Tramway at his saddle skirt. So far all three had run on their courage, untouched of steel or catgut. Now with a stinging slash Lowlight's jockey urged him further forward-for the wink of an eyelash his nose showed in front. But in the next stride Pascarel made good-together, side by side, neither a line before the other, they came to the stand, and rushed by it, whirlwind fashion.

The stand watched them in startled silence, hardly heeding that Tramway came hot on their heels. He was going great guns, and going easily, his rider crouching motionless in saddle. On beyond he began to gain steadily—inch by inch, foot by foot, he drew up on his rivals. At the quarter he ran nearly level-all through the outstretch the three ran locked. At the half Pascarel had only a nose the best of it, and the backstretch did not serve to better his lead. But when they swung for the homestretch, all three riders sat down. Under them were bulldogs of the course: no matter how cruel the slashing, the prickings of sharp steel, there was no swerving, no sulking-true and game the three ran on and on. At the last furlong pole they were well abreast -then weight told; run as gallantly as he might. Tramway fell steadily behind. Lowlight went the pace a little further —then he also faltered, and lost ground. Well he might—his eyeballs stood out, his heart was laboring, his breath coming in fitful, mighty gasps. He tried to rally—all in vain. Though he made up a little of his loss. Pascarel drew away. Now he led by a length-now by twoat the finish line he was majestically alone. At the finish line, also, Viceroy, coming from the ruck, in a mad, scrambling dash, nipped even the place from Tramway had pulled up, Lowlight. hopelessly winded.

Stunned, the great crowd looked on in silence, till Red Calligan, Esquire, leaped into the middle of the course and caught Pascarel's bridle as he was brought back to the scales. That was the spark to set off an explosion—such cheers as the park hears but once in a blue moon. All in a flash it was understood what lay back of the race—how the dark horse was a man's revenge on men otherwise beyond his power. The situation appealed equally to the sense of humor and the sense of fair

play.
So his name was shouted in every key of triumph, his hand shaken by men whose habit it was to pass him with the

curtest of nods. Strangers, likewise, crowded to do him honor. Greer was one of then. He wanted to drag along Verner, but that young man had something else on his mind. As quickly as he might, he got Kingsley's office on the telephone—the uptown place, where all after-hours arrangements were carried through. He did not need to say much to the man at the other end—only "Senegambia!"—a senseless word, of course, but one that Kingsley had agreed to understand as clinching the deal he had offered. With that out of the way, Verner went happily to cash his tickets.

Greer stalked at Verner's elbow throughout the cashing in, explaining to wondering admirers all about the hunch, and waving the star ruby back and forth to prove what he said. Afterward, when they were clear of the crowd, Verner held out his hand for it, saying, with a smile: "Old man,

you'll let me redeem it?"

"Redeem it nothin'!" Greer snorted.
"What d'ye take me for, Ashby Verner?
A pawnbroker? Son, it was a special
Providence your takin' that money—if
you hadn't, it would have been lost with
the rest. So I count you've saved me
just the price of a weddin' present.
Take it and be happy. This is so near
your lucky day, I think that piece of
pride will say yes, rather than no."
"At any rate, she'll have the chance,"

Verner said, turning away his head.
Greer clapped him on the shoulder, saying: "Good for you! And no matter what happens on Kingsley's old tip. you can bank on it that you ain't goin'

to starve."

Kingsley did all he had promised, and something more. Consequently, when, early in October, Miss Leslie Reid was married with due pomp and circumstance to Ashby Verner, she was acknowledged to have done very well indeed. Only men with something more than prospects can give their brides star rubies of price. But then, as Greer explained, Ashby could not do less, considering that a star ruby had helped him to a fortune and a wife.

A.DOUGHTY. SILENT PARDNER BY HOLMAN F. DAY





APTAIN DUNCAN
BODGE, of the schooner T. P. Todd, felt a flush spread hotly under his grizzled beard and a contrasting trickle of cold along his spine. He blinked

away a haze that had suddenly obscured his vision as he gazed on Farmer Aminadab Doughty. The farmer relighted his pipe, set his chair legs more firmly into the spongy sod and leaned back against the weather-stained clapboards of his domicile. He had spoken last. Now he smoked and gazed serenely out across the sun-freckled cove, toward a squat-bowed two-master that was anchored in the reach.

Captain Duncan Bodge remembered now more clearly strange stories of woodpiles hollowed from underneath until only the shell had remained. 'Min'dab Doughty suspected! Potato fields, the hills of which had been ravaged, the soil replaced and the tops left standing. 'Min'dab Doughty suspected! But never caught!

Captain Bodge had heretofore resolutely determined, on many occasions, not to believe all that people said about the transactions of Farmer Doughty. This was always after he had stumbled away from the house, still dizzy from his prolonged, adoring, blinking study of the face of Farmer Doughty's daughter.

But this proposition that had at last oozed like poison drops out of the old

Captain Bodge picked up his glazed cap from underneath his chair, moved his lips once or twice, as though to speak, and then began to lumber slowly away over the dooryard sward.

"Why, Captain Duncan, you aren't going yet, are you?" called a woman's cheery voice. She stood at the open kitchen window, plump, rosy and thirty -the spinster daughter of Widower Doughty. "You promised to let father entertain you till I had done my dishes," she went on. "Now, you just set yourself and do as you agreed." Her playful tone of authority brought the crinkle of a bashful grin upon his weatherbeaten face, and he went back to his When the distant clatter of crockery announced her departure from the window, Farmer Doughty observed, dryly:

"I reckon that talkin' bus'ness must make you absent-minded, cap!"

The skipper of the T. P. Todd lowered his voice to a growl.

"'Dab Doughty, I just heard handcuffs snappin' and a jedge sayin' 'Guilty,' and the bang of a cell door, when ye was talkin'. It's State prison ye was talkin'." The skipper's voice trembled.

"Mnh-huh! Ye're afraid, hey?"
"I ain't afraid, aflo't or ashore, of anything I can meet like a man, but when ye hem and haw and put a prison job up to Dunk Bodge, he dodges. And that's me to the ke'lson!"

"'S that so, eh? Well, if ye ain't got no more bus'ness sprawl to ye than that ye'd better not wait till them dishes is washed. Neither me nor the gal's got any use for ye," said the old man, with decision.

"That's a nice thing to say about a innercent daughter," retorted the skip-

"Look here, Dunk," snapped the farmer, "here you be, middle-aged. Ye've coasted and tug-a-lugged till ye're warped like a dock spile, and all ye've

got to show for it is a fore-and-aft schooner that is so rotten that ve don't dast to sneeze aboard her, for fear she'll cave in. And all this while others that I, can speak of has been gittin' ahead of ye. It's about time ye was appre-ciatin' common sense and a bus'ness manager. I'm ready to pump the common sense into ye and be the manager, and now ye go to gawpin' like a lighthouse in a fog and makin' remarks that, if so be ye wasn't in a way to be my son-in-law, I'd boot ye down hill for. On t'other hand——" Doughty took out his pipe and listened. The clatter of dishes continued, and there was the croon of a woman's voice singing in the summer kitchen. Reassured as to his daughter's location, the old man went on: "Here's you and me jest ripe for a pardnership. I've got a cargo of swale hay that I've pressed to look like herd grass; insurable for herd grass, providin' some one with a reppytation for honesty—say, like you—gets it insured. You've got a schooner that reelly ain't fit to set for an eel pot, but which is insurable extry on account of aforesaid reppytation for honesty. By gad, Dunk, you've got capital there in that reppytation! It's a shame to let capital like that lay idle. And it shan't! You hear me? It shan't. It shall be used in the family. You take my hay and your schooner, insure, as I've said, start for market, let accidents happen as they may, get picked up in your dory by a coaster or a fisherman, collect insurance-reppytation assisting-and come back to hear the weddin' bells a-ringin'. Then you've got the cash for a five-eighths into a new schooner-and me jest a silent pardner. There! I've been plain and open. It's safe and sound and wuth your while."

Doughty leaned back once more and regarded the skipper with deep mean-

"I'm too square for a round idee like that to fit into me," said Bodge, sullenly.

"Then ye won't fit into my family," retorted the farmer. "Your repoytation may be your capital, but my daughter's my stock in trade."

"Well, I reckon 'Liza will have some-

thing to say about that when I say something to her." The captain was

clearly rebellious.

"Not when I have my say first. My gal sticks by me. She ain't ever believed anything agin' me yet and she never will. If that wa'n't so, then she wouldn't be still livin' with me to home -a gal with her looks! You, yourself, Dunk Bodge, couldn't make her harbor no grudge agin' me, not if you swore on a stack of Bibles. Listen, cap! You can tell the truth, but you can't do even that very well. I can lie twict as fast. In two days, with my inside track, I'll have ye fixed out so that my gal will pour bilin' water on ye."

The skipper rolled his cap in his hands and looked at the crafty old farmer moodily. He realized his own inefficiency against the odds presented. This love that had come to him late in life seemed a very fragile fabric in his eyes. He feared to see it dashed down at any time. He believed that this ruthless old man could smash the little temple, even as he had boasted. Captain Duncan Bodge didn't understand matters of the heart very well, anyway.

"Let me tell ye one more thing," murmured the farmer, rapidly and huskily, for the rattle of dishes had ceased and the rapid whisk-whisk of a broom hinted that the kitchen was being tidied; "wimmen folks are deeper than ye think and they don't say all they know. Do they love a man that's dog-poor and pussylanimous and no git-up to him? No. Do they love a man that's bold and stands by their family and says to their father: 'Dad-in-law that's-a-goin'-to-be, if you say snacks, it's snacks. Shake!' Well, you bet she loves him! Nah-h-h! I know you never stole northin' yet-and you ain't got to now. But if you don't know the difference between stealin' and a commercial transaction, then the next time you go to Boston you step up to State Street and make a few inquiries. Do you think they're gittin' rich there on day's wages?"

It was evident, however, that the farmer didn't care to have his daughter know just then his ideas of what constituted business, for he suddenly ejaculated: "Hold hosses, Cap.Dunk—she's comin'."

He was droolingly sucking the match flame into his pipe as his daughter came out of the house, unrolling her knitting.

"It's lovely out here, isn't it, Cap'n Duncan?" she observed, in her cozy way. "I suppose you and dad have got that business all settled by this time. I think it will be just fine for you two to go into it together. Dad has been cheated so many, many times by goin' into business deals with men that were dishonest. But everyone knows that Cap'n Duncan Bodge ain't that sort."

She bent to count some knots on her bright needle, and the two men looked at each other—Captain Bodge with that expression that one sees in the eyes of

a pleading St. Bernard pup.

"Dad has told me about it," she resumed, cheerfully, "and I never was so glad of anything in my life. I hope you will do just splendid, and if this trip pays, why, there's lots more hay to buy and ship. to load, cap'n?"

"We might as well start in to-morrow, cap," Doughty hastened to say. "The Tasker boys ain't workin' for anyone now, and we can get them to help, and I'm a good man on a tackle

myself."

He got up and went along and

pinched his daughter's ear.

"'Liza," he said, "there ain't no man in all God's created kingdom that I'd ruther throw a good slice of bus'ness in the way of than this same Cap Dunk, right here. He don't throw it back into your face. I'd sacrifice to do it. P'r'aps in this deal I've been talkin' about I could do a mite better than even snacks if I took on some one else, but I don't care about that. The happiness of them that's near and dear to me is more than fine gold—yea, better than rubies. Ye are good children—the both on ye!" And then, evidently unable to master his emotion, he stumbled away around the corner of the house.

"Blessed old dad," murmured his daughter, her eyes misty as she watched him out of sight; "he's always like that, cap'n. Ain't he good?"

Captain Bodge, after what seemed to the woman a violent effort to master his own deep emotion, choked out affirmation.

"He seems to think an awful sight of you," she went on. "He was saying to me this morning that he was going right along with you to market and help sell the hay, for, of course, he knows all about hay."

The captain gulped hard as he heard

this news.

"And you can see what kind of a true, generous friend you've got in dad. He's going to have you let Lester Trask stay at home and get a new job. Dad's goin' to take his place and work for nothing. There! Cap'n Duncan Bodge, how is that for liking you?"

In Trask's personality were combined the mate, the cook and the entire crew of the T. P. Todd. The captain gulped harder as he swallowed this additional

news.

"I'm glad you are going to discharge that Lester Trask," she said, with a flicker of spirit in her eyes. "He has bothered me dreadfully by hanging around the house here. Phew! Seems as though I can smell that cologne and hair oil now. I don't like these smarties that think a woman is going to fall down and worship store clothes and a twisted mustn't-touch-it on their upper lip."

The captain's face was squizzled with

an anxious frown.

"Les Trask? Has—has he been courtin' you?" he faltered.

"Huh! I don't call it courtin'," she sniffed. "Of course I s'pose you might call it attentions, but, after all, I'm glad you're goin' to let him go off the vessel. Father says he guesses he's a wolf in sheep's clothing. Dad invited him here first, but dad says he really didn't have any idea he'd try to—to—well, dad guesses you'll discharge him now."

The captain was too engrossed in his heart matters to ponder just then on Doughty's inconsistencies of conduct and opinion.

"I don't want nobody courtin' you,

'Liza," he blurted, desperately. "I haven't knowed jest how to say it to you—but I don't want nobody courtin' you except me. Won't you let me do all the courtin'? And I want to marry you, too, 'cause there ain't no other woman in the world that I ever see that I loved. There!" He wiped the streaming perspiration from his forehead with the flat of his hand.

"I think you're a good man, cap'n," she said, her fingers trembling over her needles. "I didn't believe anything in what Lester Trask said to dad about your havin' flirtations 'long coast."

The captain was known from Quoddy to Cape Cod as a swearer of much volubility. Now he uprose, choked, thudded back upon his chair, rebounded, rapped his knuckles against his forehead and then blew a "poof" of hot breath upon the air, as though it were the essence and spirit of the oaths he had been swearing inside.

"I never believed a word," she went on, "but I don't wonder you don't want a man like that around you after this. Dad said no one could blame you for being mad. But, as I was saying, Cap'n Duncan, father thinks everything of you, and father's all I've got since mother died, and he has been so good

to me--"

It appeared to the captain, even in his love-dream, that Aminadab Doughty was occupying altogether too commanding a position in affairs. He determined to have a look at the family barometer.

"'Liza," he stammered, "it don't seem hardly a good idea to let third parties mess in too much, even if they be clus relatives. I've seen turrible messes come out of it. Now, ain't it goin' to be better if you and me just make our bus'ness our own, between ourselves?"

"Cap'n Duncan, blood in the Doughty family is a good deal thicker'n water. It always has been—it always will be. I should hate to think you were trying to stir up any kind of touse between me and my dad." She stared at him in a way that sent a little, cold trickle down his back.

"I ain't the man to make trouble in any family," he hastened to say. "That's jest the idee I've always had of ye," cried Aminadab, cheerily and paternally, reappearing from the ell door. He came along and patted the captain on the shoulder. "I suppose it's settled about the marriage bell goin' ding-dong?" he queried, with a wink as emphatic as the snap of a cigar cutter. Captain Duncan blushed and the daughter looked shyly at him, and then away.

When lovin' hearts are all agreed, Of words there ain't no special need,

quoted Aminadab, cheerfully. "You suit the Doughty family, Cap Dunk, and that's enough said on all sides." And then more briskly, now that what he considered the frivolity was ended, he said: "I'll speak to the Tasker boys this afternoon, and if you'll work the Todd into dock early to-morrow we'll have that hay aboard like slidin' down a suller door."

The captain got up and put on his glazed cap. He felt dizzy. There was a smarting in his throat, as though unuttered words were blistering it. An ugly rancor surged in him along with mighty joy, but he didn't know what to say. As he was about to depart, Farmer Doughty clapped a broad hand against his shoulder and jovially pushed

him toward Eliza.

"Contracts ought to be sealed, cap," he snickered, disregarding his daughter's indignant protests. "As the lawyers say, 'L. S.'—place for the seal—stands for 'Lips Sweet,' and you can see the place just as well as I can. Come, cap!" And with his other hand he pulled his blushing daughter forward.

A moment afterward the skipper was staggering down the grassy slope with a shivery glow running all through him from a little burning spot on his lips.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" he quavered, softly. "She's a-goin' to marry me!"

But the joy had died out of his face by the time he stumbled into his dory and took the oars.

"The old hellion!" he gritted. "He's got his spear in my back, and all I can seem to do is wiggle."

When he clambered over the Todd's dingy side, he-felt in very proper frame of mind to have it out with Lester Trask. The "crew and cook and the gallant mate" was simpering before a bit of glass propped on the house roof, and was shaving. He wore a fancily striped shirt, and the legs of his new trousers were hunched up to his knees so that the crease might not be spoiled.

"Gettin' ready for a pink tea, I persume?" the skipper growled, stifling his impulse to leap at once on the traitor's back. "If there's anything I hate, it's a

shipboard dude."

The crew turned up a mild blue eye, wondering at this astonishing hostility from one with whom he had been on equal terms of comradeship for so long. In justice to Trask, it should be stated that he had never dreamed that his secretive skipper was loving in the same direction in which his own fancies had recently turned. Therefore, there was nothing on his conscience.

"I won't have no more of this primpin' and fubbin' and flirtationin' 'board ship," roared the skipper, shooting his fists up into the air. The choler he had been swallowing back on shore now

burst on this vicarious victim.

"Anything in ship's papers against a man's shavin' and puttin' on decent clothes when he goes ashore?"demanded Trask, bridling.

"Well, I hate a dude!" sneered the

skinner

"Hate, then, and be derned, but don't joggle my elbow," returned the crew, with a coaster's unconventionality in discipline, and he daubed more lather upon his cheeks. The placid rak-rak of the razor went on irritatingly.

"I ain't goin' to 'if-and-or but' with you a minute, Trask," resumed Bodge, his ferocity not abating. "I owe you one month and three days, which is twenty-two-fifty, and here it is, and when you go ashore you take your dirty

dunnage and you stay."

For full fifteen seconds did the crew regard the skipper silently and with growing malevolence, trying to remember cause for this amazing outburst. Then came vituperation on both sidesthe skipper concealing the real secret that prompted him, the crew maddened by a sense of injustice. A few minutes later, the skipper had crew, a slighter antagonist, on his back, clutching his jutting ears, slippery with soap, and then he rapped his head smartly on the deck until Trask grunted for mercy.

When at last the muttering Lester had gone over the packet's side, tugging his canvas bag, Captain Duncan

sighed and murmured:

"I feel some better, but it ain't better

enough to brag on!"

During the next few days the lading of the T. P. Todd went on placidly enough. When the news went abroad in the hamlet that Captain Bodge had discharged Lester Trask and hired Aminadab Doughty for 'fore the mast, there was some speculation as to what it meant. The explanation of a business partnership satisfied most persons. But Lester Trask, haunting the wharf and gloomily eying operations, grumbling to himself and to those who would listen, was not satisfied.

On the morning of the fourth day at sunrise Captain Bodge and his new crew went on board, and an hour later the *T. P. Todd* was rolling down the channel, hay bales stuffing her old sides and tiered so high on deck that her booms had scant clearing in which to

swing.

Captain Duncan, at the wheel, turned now and then to wave his glazed cap in answer to an apron fluttering from the ell door of the Doughty farmhouse on the hill.

"Love is some better'n beet greens, hey, Dunk?" quizzed Aminadab. He was perched on a convenient hay bale, his knees under his chin, his gaunt arms clasped around his legs. His patriarchal beard flapped in trailing strands against either ear.

"But stop your wavin'. She can't see you. I want to talk to you about something that amounts to something. You say Griffin was ready to put on the insurance all right and tighty?"

"Yes," sourly mumbled the skipper.
"Didn't hem and haw about it?"
"Said if it was anybody but me he'd

want to paw 'round a little more, but said he knew anything I was in was all right." Captain Duncan's bitter gloom didn't fit the self-commendation that he

was uttering.

"What did I tell ye?" chirped the old man. "Reppytation is like cash capital. But cash capital ain't turnin' in northin' till you invest it. I've been and showed ye how to invest yours, but you're actin' the biliousest I ever see a bus'ness man act when he's got a good thing." Doughty tamped his tobacco into his pipe and puffed with much content.

"Say, Dab Doughty," gritted the skipper, "I've been coaxed and poked and slicked and headed-off into this without seein' a dodge-hole to get out of, and you've done it. You put me where I had to go on or else tell a good and innercent daughter that her father was a skin and a land pirut, or act as if I had jilted her, and now I'm in it all over. But you go to braggin' any more that you're doin' me a favor, and I'll tie you to the jib boom by them whiskers of yourn and let you swosh. Now shet up whilst I meditate."

It was what the skipper called a "right good slarnt of a chanst" that day. A snapping west wind filled the old hooker's patched sails and drove her with lathering bows across the Gulf of Maine. Old Doughty smoked and gazed serenely into the lashing sea, or, with landsman's caution, dragged him-

self about over the hav bales.

"Never was a handsomer job," he muttered, over and over. "Swale-grass fillers and herd-grass wrappers—what a smoke 'twill make for old Davy Jones! And no one knows about 'em but me and that Canuck hired man that went back to Canada after they were pressed. Say, cap," he inquired, after one of his congratulatory tours across the deck load, "where will we be at midnight, do ye reckon?"

"Prob'ly thutty miles to the so'east of Thatcher's," replied the skipper, curtly. "Plenty of Gloucestermen passing in

these waters?"

"Usually."

"I believe the understandin' is that ways and means is to be left to me?" A grunt.

"We gets supper-I gets it, and, being kind of green at sea work, and none surprisin', that ain't, and the galley funnel runnin' right out between the hay bales, I must have got too big a fire, and sparks settle under a bale and smolder, and the fire runs along, and first thing we knows out she busts along about midnight something awful, and then there ain't nothin' to do but drop astern in the dory and leave the poor old Todd to her awful fate. S-pt-o-o-o!" The old man put back his pipe and blinked shrewdly at his companion. "First rehearsal, cap. I tell ye, when I get all the details worked in, that's goin' to be a corker of a story. And the brave fight we made to save her! Chanst for a reg'lar dime novel. How we were backed inch by inch, still fightin', to the stern rail. Do you know what I'm goin' to do?" His eyes sparkled as his imagination took fire. "I'm goin' to singe off half my whiskers for a proof. Then I jest want to have a dad-blamed insurance adjuster come up and give me a holler if he dares to. I'll singe 'em now," he shouted, eagerly. "You need to see a sample of real grit. You need to be braced!"

With the skipper eying him moodily, he puffed his pipeful into glowing coals and fired a twisted spill of his whiskers, patting out the malodorous smolder as it approached his cheek. But as he went on with his task, the sportive wind flapped a streamer of beard unbidden across the pipe, and a puff of flame and smoke and a howl of pain showed that the damage was more than his caution

intended.

Only vigorous swats upon his smarting face saved him from serious burns. After that, until dusk settled, he regarded himself ruefully in a pocket mirror, and whined as he wrinkled his cheeks tentatively.

"But it's good evidence," he groaned. Occasionally the skipper broke out into vehement abuse of him and his iniquity, but Doughty couldn't be drawn into altercation. When his big silver watch, winking at a match flash, told him it was near midnight, he grimly set

about his task. Bodge saw him tugging a big can from a hiding place in the galley, and by the way the dim figure was bobbing around over the hay, he knew that the devilish business was now near its climax. The rank odor of kerosene puffed to the skipper's nostrils, and he clung to the hand spokes and shivered. Then he lashed the wheel, ran below and gathered his few belongings. He groaned helplessly as he did so, and cast a pathetic look of farewell around the little cabin. But above, on deck, old Doughty was calling huskily:

"I'm ready to touch her off!"

So he floundered up the ladder, pulled the towing dory to the rail, dumped his dunnage in, and turned his back on the glare of red flame that sprang up amidships. The next moment both men tumbled with clatter of feet into the dory and began to row desperately.

With instant promptitude, a hay bale forward came heaving up like the cover of a box, and out of a narrow niche scrambled Lester Trask, his mouth stuffed with ship's biscuit, his eyes gog-

gling in excitement.

"Smelt 'twas a plot-knowed there was something up," he gasped, "but, oh,

my Gawd!"

A dozen bales were flaming, and smoke clouds from others were unrolling upon the wind. For a moment the man stared aghast, and then he grabbed a dangling sheet-end, leaped overboard, soused himself alongside, as one would soak a sponge. Sputtering and spitting, he came up hand-over-hand, grabbed a boat hook and charged the heart of the fire.

The first bale came hardest, but he caught the hook under the wire, and, after a mighty effort, tugged the flaming mass to the side. It went overboard and under water with a screaming hiss. Then by the aid of boat hook, water bucket and deck pump, each in its turn, he battled furiously, nerved by the lust of salvage and urged by the spirit of revenge. A half hour later—blistered, blackened, singed but happy—he was at the wheel of the T. P. Todd, steering the craft back along the course

toward Portland harbor and a customhouse whereat he might declare.

"She ain't no rose jar for smells," he soliloquized, "but she's a lily of the valley for salvage, and—well, the sight will be wuth lookin' at the next time Mister Lester Trask walks up to the Doughty house in his Sunday clothes and winks at Mister Min'dab Doughty and says 'Back to the coast!' to Mister Dunk Bodge, and says to Miss 'Liza Doughty—" In his glee he broke out into raucous improvisation:

Oh, Er-liza! Dear Er-liza!

Won't ye love your true love when your true love spies yer?

This couplet, sung over and over, served to solace many of the long hours of ratching back against a wind that set dead ahead.

Many times during that same first half hour Farmer Doughty played a queer game of peekaboo. As the dory would toss to the top of a wave he hung upon his oar, scruffed the sweat from his brow with his forearm and growled:

"Well, that's a blame slim bonfire!"

"You didn't put on enough kairosene, prob'ly," suggested the skipper, entirely willing to quarrel.

"All there was in a five-gallon can," retorted Doughty. "But most likely she went whoosh! all over, like an oiled rag. How long does it take a fore-and-aft schooner to burn?"

"The last fifteen I torched up averaged eighteen minutes and forty-four seconds apiece," said Captain Duncan,

sarcastically.

"Still on—bus'ness-like—still on—reconciled to a good stroke," sighed the farmer. "Why don't you think about 'Liza and about five-eighths into a new packet and livin' happy ever after? Why don't you be sensible, Cap Dunk? Hain't you goin' to pick out your weddin' suit in Boston this trip—me a-helpin' you? Be sensible!"

One last dim reflection of red from the sky lit up the first smile that had crinkled across Captain Bodge's weather-worn features for a long time.

A Gloucesterman, smashing Boston-

ward with a halibut catch, picked them up in the gray of morning. It was a masterly tale that Doughty related-a tale lit with burning hay, hissing flames, red gleams and tottering masts and singed whiskers.

"Rehearsal number two," he mumbled, in undertone to Bodge, who had listened with saturnine intentness. "Wait till I tell that at the custom-

house!"

It truly did prove an official story without flaw, and that same evening the two conspirators embarked upon the steam packet for Portland in high good humor, Captain Duncan carefully conveying a big parcel with "Blank & Dash, Ready-Made Clothing," printed on its wrappings. The farmer, with great facetiousness, kept trying to punch the bundle or to tear a slit in the paper, and once, when the skipper wasn't looking, he licked a stubby lead pencil and marked "Weden Sute" on the bundle.

They slept uneasily in saloon chairs. When the hooting of fog whistles awakened them they went out on deck and forward, Captain Bodge impelled by his The steamer was seaman's instincts. feeling her way up the harbor in a dense morning fog, the pilots hanging from open windows and listening for whistle toot or blast of horn to answer their signals. But suddenly a lumbering schooner showed them her stern almost underfoot, and it was not until the big steamer had thrashed the sea into milk in her reversing that the pilots found voice to make many sulphurous inquiries about: "Your horn, you blank, blank skipper of a tin skimmer!" The schooner was crawling off into the fog from under the steamer's counter. The man at the wheel turned up a smooched face.

"One feller can't do no more than he

can!" he screeched.

Doughty grabbed Bodge, and Bodge grabbed the farmer, and they threw each other back from the rail like partners in a dizzy two-step.

"The T. P. Todd," gasped the skip-

"Hay and all!" choked the farmer.

"Les Trask!"

"And there ain't no ghost to that outfit! Did you smell it?"

Until the steamer was docked they looked into the harbor fog, mournfully speculating, wildly guessing. Then the farmer drew Bodge off into a corner of the gloomy freight shed, and endeavored to hide the shiftiness of his gaze and to put sincerity into his tones.

"Where he's makin' his stab for isthe customhouse," said Doughty, "but in this fog there's no telling what wharf he will land at. All is, you've got to post yourself at that customhouse and lay for him in case he should get past me. That's your job all cut out for you. I'll hire a boatman and go down the harbor to meet him. I can handle him better'n you can, Cap Dunk. You ain't got no diplomacy. You can't lie. You ain't no good in dealin' in skin games. Hump yourself for that customhouse." And he grabbed the captain by the shoulders and rushed him out to the street.

For several hours, wearily shifting his bundle from arm to arm, consumed by doubts and sweating in anxiety, Captain Duncan Bodge patrolled the sidewalk before the customhouse. The sun came up and the fog drifted away. At last he could endure the suspense no longer. He posted back to the steamer wharf. Among the Scotiamen and the coasters that were anchored in the lower harbor, his seaman's quick eye saw no rig resembling the Todd's, but away down past Cow Island there was a familiar blur of dingy canvas. It was standing out to sea.

A doryman, whittling from a huge plug of tobacco, was sitting near on a spile end. Noting the skipper's eager scrutiny of the distant sail, he volunteered:

"Prob'ly that ain't northin' you're wantin'. She's only a hay coaster that I carried her skipper off to a little while

ago."

Once more the captain shifted the burden of his wedding suit and his lips moved quiveringly, but he did not speak. Then he went dragging his feet over the slivers up the wharf, trying to understand this new phase of the farmer's craftiness. He wondered if that evil old man of the singed whiskers would dare to take Trask out to sea and dump him overboard. Then other reflections occurred to him, and with his bundle squeezed tightly under his arm he trotted to the wharf of the east-bound coastwise packet. When she sailed he was seated well forward, humped over his parcel, his elbows akimbo, as though he were trying to hasten the craft's flight. And anyone with half an eye could see that Captain Duncan Bodge was revolving mighty thoughts.

It was about a month later that two men who had come down by stagecoach scuffed through the grass on the slope fronting Aminadab Doughty's cottage. A comfortable glow of lamplight from the window invited them.

"Lester, that light looks kind o' consolin' after our perels of the deep," observed one of the men, with sentimental tone.

"It seems jest as if it shone from the winder of Heaven, Mister Doughty," said the other, with as much sentimentality. "This bein' lugged clear to Europe and fired back, and only one suit of clothes on ye all the time, ain't what it's cracked up to be," he growled.

"I didn't know which way the darned old liner was goin' when I waved to it," lamented Doughty. "I was all turned round and you was asleep."

"Well, bein' home ag'in, home ag'in, from a furrin shore, makes up for it, Mister Doughty. Now, one last word before we go in, so that there won't be no stubbin' toes. I can depend on you, you say, to fix it for me with 'Liza? All I've got to do is to look pleasant and seal it with a kiss at the proper time?"

"Ex-actly. The Doughty family understands each other," declared the farmer, proudly. "If you want to see a girl that knows her bus'ness when her dad speaks, then you travel clost behind me and keep your eye peeled." And, with the assurance of the master of the house, he opened the door and went stamping in. The next moment his daughter was in his arms. Blinking

over her shoulder in a keen survey of the room, he saw Captain Bodge calmly rocking away in a big chair that had always been sacred to Aminadab Doughty.

"I reckoned you and Les would show up all right in good time," said the skipper, acknowledging the greeting. "I've pacified 'Liza, 'cause I knowed that them that's born to be—well, I knowed you was both good, spry men," he concluded, lamely.

The farmer leveled baleful gaze on this visitor so amazingly at home. But he checked the fiery speech trembling on his lips, and said as graciously as he could:

"I'm glad ye're here this evenin', 'cause it's a good thing for me and you and Les to settle our bus'ness 'fore we have to do much outside talkin'." He hurried, as though he wanted to get over some disagreeable matters as soon as possible: "I hope you ain't been thinkin' hard things ag'inst me, Dunk, for leavin' as I did. But it had to be done."

"Oh, I s'posed you had reasons good and sufficient," returned the skipper, cheerfully. "I've backed your play the best I've knowed how. I've said you was in the hospittle gittin' over burns caused by a heroic struggle to save the T. P. Todd. That went here fust-rate."

"Why, with a few more lessons, you could do a pretty fair lyin' job. Take that ability and the cash value of your reppytation, Dunk, and you'll be makin' money fast as anyone 'fore you know it." Doughty's tone was admiring.

"I'm doin' fairly well," Bodge rejoined, modestly.

"Glad to hear it, sartin I am. But now, folks, for bus'ness!" Doughty's tone was very brisk. "'Liza, we have some very special matters to talk over such as prob'ly wouldn't interest wimmen. Can't you run up to your room for a little while?"

"It's my bedtime, anyway," she said, with a smiling good-night.

"Now, cap," went on the farmer, sinking his voice to a growl, "we——" he jabbed his thumb significantly at the floor and added, "the *T. P. Todd.* Got

took to Europe on a liner. Got back. Story was that we'd got blowed away from seine bo't. Nobody fussin' to look it up. The first *Todd* story still stands. She wa'n't spotted in Portland in that fog."

"That's right," corroborated the skipper, encouragingly. "I've collected all the insurance, and it was easy money."

The farmer's eyes glared at him

sharply for an instant.

"You and me can settle that part later, Cap Dunk," he went on, "but first we've got Les, here, to take care of. We're pardners—you and me—and one is held for the other, and you'll have to stand behind me in a little trade I made with Les. Les has sort of got us dead to rights. I could see that plain after my first talk with him, when I went out to the Todd that day." He rapidly sketched Trask's method of intervention. "All there is about it, I traded for our best mutual interestsmutual interests, you understand. It's a fair whack-up. You and me gets the money-and that's the main thing. Les gets 'Liza-and when a feller is willin' to give up salvage thataway, it shows he loves a gal enough to make her a good husband. And, of course, he gets his old job on the new schooner. I've promised it, cap, and you'll have to stand behind. As for 'Liza, she sticks to her dad always.'

"Why, gents," said Bodge, calmly and blandly, "it's none of my affair about this Todd matter. Les Trask and you, Doughty, took her away after she was safe in harbor and wrecked her. Wrecked my property, you understand. But I know what temptation is" - he sighed - "and I ain't a-goin' to make it rough for you. You can settle the matter between yourselves. But I'd advise ve not to make any talk about it. You might get into trouble-you two! I understand, of course, that I could send you to State prison, but if you stay real sooavable, you can depend on me to stay quietand 'Liza, too! She had to be told, of course, to keep her from startin' a hue and cry." His tone was very patroniz-

ing.

Trask and Doughty looked at each other nervously. The farmer recovered his composure first.

"I'll still run my own family, Cap'n Dunk, if you please. So we'll call it settled that you ain't to hang round

'Liza any more."

"Oh, we're married," said Captain Duncan, as calmly as though he were mentioning the direction of the wind. "Yes, we're married cozy as can be. You helped me pick out my weddin' suit, you recollect."

"Did you dast to marry my daughter without—" roared Doughty, jumping up and cracking his fists, but Bodge pushed him back into his chair with one

emphatic punch.

"Shut up, father-in-law," he growled. "Now you listen sharp: I've collected that money and bought five-eighths into the new Simeon Estes—cashing in my reppytation that you've had so much to say about. You didn't have any property in that line to cash in, but seein' it's all in the family, I'll make believe you've got a shavin' of an interest in the schooner. But me and your daughter, as majority stockholders, has voted you out of active directorship. You're a silent pardner-and you want to stay blame silent, if you know your business. Understand?" The last words were almost a snarl. The old man cowered.

"Mister Trask," the skipper cried, whirling on Lester, "it ain't polite of you to stand 'round on one foot and listen to family matters." While the ex-crew was still muttering beseechingly something about "salvage," Captain Duncan pushed him into the night and

bolted the door after him.

"Now, father-in-law," said the skipper, in that tone of patronizing toleration which proved to be the torture and retribution of the old man's remaining days, "you take your lamp and run right away to bed, for I want you up early to help me about the calking on the Simeon. If you're spry and handy, and keep your yap still hereafter, you shan't never go to State prison so long as I can protect you—and that's a son-in-law wuth havin'."

THE CALL

By Theodore Roberts

THE crowd was in the street. He heard,
Across the clanging and the din,
The thin, clear piping of a bird.

It called to him: "Come out of town Come out! Come out! The woods are cool, The swinging eddy-rims are brown,

The banks are red, the trees are green, The rocks are diamonded with spray, The merry rapids flash between.

Come out! The black duck leads her brood

By golden waters, and the noon

Makes laughter in the solitude."

The town was hot. He bent his head And heard across the weary miles The things the distant rivers said.

The noise of quick wheels died away

And he could hear the winds foot by

Like children on a holiday.

He closed his eyes—and he could feel
The strain across his wrist, and hear
The angry music of the reel.

And (face on desk) he saw the trout

Leap clear—and fall! Thus, in his dreams,

August and Nature called him out.





HUG - CHUG, chugchug, the stanch little launch made her way through the waters.

And the regularity of her pulsebeat was melody to Colebrooke.

elody to Colebrooke. This was worth

while: to be out on the broad lake, alone, beneath the stars; to feel the Nereid obey the hand that held the wheel in grasp, as docilely as though she were indeed a water nymph and loved the will that held her in subjection.

Alone. For Andreas didn't count.

A heavy door shut off the cabin from the engine room where Andreas stood like an automaton over the engine and did his part with a mechanical deftness into which no shred of imagination ever entered.

For Andreas was stolid with the sto-

lidity of a Swede.

All he asked of life was "a yob."
A polar expedition, deep-sea diving, or a trip to Mars—how much would they pay? That was the question.

It was not possible to imagine Andreas receiving a thrill, unless the bank where he deposited his savings should suspend payment. Save for such a casualty, Andreas was a piece of mechanism, warranted to work steadily, unremittingly, silently.

He suited Colebrooke, who liked to plan, to execute; above all, who liked silence as he guided the launch through

the water.

In daylight he liked to follow the shore line, with a delight in the rounding sweep of its curves; at night, the heavens gave him a starry-eyed companionship and set him to dreaming of many things as he gazed back at their radiant loveliness.

The nights were too few and the way too short, that was all. But what an inspiration it had been to get the *Nereid* out again and come up by water, instead of spending a prosaic night on the train!

The bustle and "hustle" of Chicago seemed as far away as fable. Further. For solitude and space are fields where

fancy flourishes.

He blessed Ned Thwaite for the invitation. Good old Ned! His letter had been entirely characteristic.

Colebrooke grinned now at the remembrance of it.

Help! Help! The governor has a new yacht. We're allowed to ride—cut off with a shilling if we refuse. On our way to North Shore. Join us at Marquette, morning of the twenty-third, and go along. Don't fail me! Constitution couldn't stand the shock.

"The old ox!" Colebrooke jeered, affectionately—for Ned Thwaite was as athletic as he was irresponsible.

And Colebrooke's father had nodded brusquely when the subject was

broached to him.

"All right," he said. "Good way to spend a vacation. I intended to give you two months off this summer, anyway. I presume we'll be able to keep up the business without you that long."

And he had laughed a very genial, fatherly laugh, as he smote his first-born

between the shoulder blades.

Colebrooke had finished college to begin life at the foot of the business ladder whereon Colebrooke Senior sat on the top rung; and his father had been inwardly delighted at the way the boy took hold.

It had been a year of hard work, and it had been exceedingly good for Colebrooke; and good, too, was this relax-

ation and reward.

He felt, a trifle ungratefully, that he should bear up wonderfully if the Thwaite yacht should be a few days behindhand. It was so "bully" to cruise around alone. And to-morrow morning would find him in Marquette.

Of all the nights since he had left Chicago, this last seemed the most per-

The moon had her searchlight out, and swept the lake with its pale green rays.

The shore curved in a great U, and two wooded islands dotted it like an umlant

At the far end of the curve he could see the lights of a little town. He steered promptly outside the island.

No little far northern towns for him just now. This was no night for plain practicalities. It was no night for sleep. It was made to be enjoyed.

These were new waters to him. He made his way by the map, half envying those early voyageurs who had taken their unmapped way round all these cliffs and promontories that towered high above the water.

Between the first island and the second the range lights beckoned to him. But he shook his head. They were no lure against the stars. He felt the happiness of peace. This was one of the good things of life. To have a good boat, plenty of gasoline-

He glanced down at the gasoline gauge and his expression changed sharply. His enthusiasm fell as low as

the gauge indicated.

What comfort was there now to be derived from stars and moonlight effects? The gasoline could not last an hour. And he had written Thwaite that he would be in Marquette the morning of the twenty-third without fall. He had not said how he was coming. He had been afraid they would insist on picking him up at the Sault. If they overtook him after that, well and good. But they would probably take a course further out. But about the gaso-

He had supposed, of course, that Andreas had bought more at the Sault Saturday. He had seen him talking to the dealer.

He rang for him.

"Any more gasoline?" he inquired,

Andreas' head shook slowly and unemotionally.

"Didn't you buy any at the Sault?" Colebrooke demanded, irritably.

"He sharge five cent too much," Andreas said, placidly. "Ah tank she las', maybe."

"It will-for twenty minutes-perhaps an hour," said Colebrooke, grimly, inwardly cursing Andreas' economy, and himself for having left the matter to him. "Get back. I'll try to run her

It was the range lights now, after all -if the gasoline held so far. They winked maliciously at the stars.

Andreas disappeared serenely. Colebrooke changed his course sharp-

The glory and the glamour of the night had departed. Necessity had roused practicality. It was merely a question of distance now. He would have traded the moon for a few gallons of malodorous fluid, and thrown in Orion's Belt and the Pleiades for good measure.

The launch made her way between the two islands-halted, stopped. And the range lights were still far away.

On the larger island Colebrooke could see a cabin and a clearing. But the cabin windows were dark.

He looked at his watch. It was two

There was but one course to pursue. To drop anchor, to go to sleep; and, in the morning, row over to the island and see if gasoline was obtainable. If not, Andreas could row to the mainland. It was a long row, but he could do it; and Colebrooke hoped sardonically that the thought of the baffled dealer at the Sault would strengthen his arms.

He lay down to sleep disgustedly, Andreas followed suit placidly, and the Nereid swung quietly at anchor, while her red and blue lights watched openeyed till morning.

It was seven o'clock when Colebrooke

opened his eyes on a day perfect enough to be purchased as a pattern by anyone desiring to turn the article out in large quantities.

The log cottage on the island showed as a more pretentious affair than it had

seemed the night before.

It was two-storied, and the upper windows opened out casementwise. The lower ones were wide, and there was a rustic, vine-covered porch.

A rude stairway led down to a small wharf, but there was no boat there.

Colebrooke regarded the stage setting rather agreeably.

The wharf argued communication with the mainland, some time, and in the meantime the island looked attractive.

If he couldn't get gasoline, the smoke from the chimney suggested that he might get breakfast. He had told Andreas to get his own. Andreas' cooking was good within its limits, but Colebrooke was in the mood for surprises. He rowed over to the dock with a certain zest in the unknown, and ran lightly up the stairway.

He had stepped on the porch when he heard a feminine voice on the other side of the cottage, and he veered around.

At sight of its owner, he felt as the Nereid may have felt when her engine

stopped unexpectedly.

There is always a sensation of surprise when one sees a beautiful girl; and this one was surprisingly occupied. She was seated on a stump, apparently giving a confidential lecture to an antelope that stood quite placidly and con-

tentedly beside her.

The piquant freshness of the girl's delicately ovaled face gave a hint of the wood nymph. Her russet-brown hair, coiled loosely at the nape of her neck, caught little flecks of gold from the sun; her lips had a delicious curve which whispered of a sense of humor. She wore a white shirt-waist decidedly metropolitan in cut, as was her kilted skirt of russet-brown cloth, which was short enough to display well-shaped tan oxfords.

As Colebrooke's eyes mentally snapshotted these details on Colebrooke's brain, he said to himself that the antelope showed an almost human intelligence in the way it stayed by her.

"I'm afraid, Mary Ann," she was saying, as she ran slender white fingers over the antelope's knobby head, "that in spite of all this outward meekness of yours, you're something of a fraud. These protuberant eyes, you know, are always a sign of oratory; and from the relieved way your mate takes to the woods and solitude when you desert him for us, I suspect he enjoys the stillness. Or else you are a monotonously certain person. In either case, you're very wrong. Femininity should always be charming, and I'll give you a few

She looked up to see Colebrooke.

The look she gave him was curiously frank. It was neither surprised nor perturbed. It merely waited for him to explain himself.

"Good-morning," said Colebrooke, mechanically. "Have you---" but the mechanism refused to say "any gaso-

line."

To ask such a banal question of this stunning young woman became frankly

impossible.

"It sounds like the famous advertisement," she said, and her tone savored of amusement. "I have, thank you, or something equivalent."

The tinge of mockery in her eyes was

Colebrooke hastened to explain.

"You behold in me a poor mariner stranded upon an unknown coast," he

"Good-morning, Ulysses," she said,

demurely.

"I thought it must be Circe," he answered her challenge, swiftly. "It's all quite correct as to background. 'I climbed a cliff' and here's 'a sheaf of smoke ascending blue' from your chimnev."

The brown eyes danced.

"So men still spout 'Pope's Homer, and think to call him poet, too, were scarce misnomer," she quoted, mischievously.

"Dobson, by all that's great!" said Colebrooke, in astonishment. It was almost as surprising as the antelope-in northern Michigan.

And in the *Nereid's* tiny cabin a battered copy of "Vignettes in Rhyme" was tucked under the cushions.

There had been a time at college when Bob Colebrooke had made a fearful nuisance of himself by breaking out into half pages and full pages of Dobson on all occasions; and the legend existed that he had once promptly fought a boxing match with a bulky and irreverent classman who had told him to "dry up," and had recited "Avice," against which the classman had objecte 1, a line at a time, between blows, quite after the manner of Cyrano.

The girl gave a quick, satisfied nod. "Your references are entirely satisfactory," she said, gayly. "The gentlemen are personally known to us."

She used the pronoun as royalty might have done. Colebrooke made a gesture of apology.

"And my actual need is too prosaic to be mentioned in the same breath with them," he said—"or to you," he thought—"and yet it is the only reason for my being—here—stranded, on your watery doorstep. I was to meet a yachting party at Marquette this morning." She was giving him a very pretty attention now. "They were only to put in there to pick me up. And I have the stupidest engineer in the world, and—don't laugh!—but have you any gasoline?"

If she disobeyed him, the result was

enough to compensate him.

Colebrooke had opined that only children knew how to laugh. Girls giggled. But this was laughter, musically fresh and clear as the ripple of a mountain brook.

"It is amusing," she said, "as a descent." She stopped and considered a moment, weighing some unknown considerations. Then she looked up at him.

"You will have to get it from the mainland," she said. "But I can send one of the men across the island with your engineer, and there they can get a launch to take them across. In the meantime, you can have the freedom

of the island, or you can go with them, if you prefer."

"If I preferred to go, I'd deserve to go," said Colebrooke, positively. "I may stay?"

He was conscious of entertaining a wild hope that gasoline might be unprocurable for many hours. He recked little of the possible disappointment or annoyance of the Thwaite yachting party. He wanted to stay precisely where he was. And he thanked the gods for the accident that brought him there. Which was denying Andreas his just due.

The girl nodded over her shoulder at some one in the cottage door.

"Then come and have breakfast with me," she said, gayly. "All stranded mariners are entitled to that, you know."

Colebrooke wondered why he felt tumultuously happy. It was certainly not for the prospect of substantial sustenance. He felt no need of food.

"You keep to the lines closely, Lady Circe," he said, buoyantly, "but I follow unafraid.

"I suppose," he said, turning to the antelope, who had been placidly chaperoning proceedings, "that you were my immediate predecessor. It's an agreeable innovation on swine, and much pleasanter, I'm sure.

"I only stipulate," he said to the girl, "that I shall be given lectures on personal attractiveness. The process seems to have its compensations."

He looked at her whimsically.

"That is an antelope, I assume?" he said. "My sight is still good."

She nodded with an inscrutable little smile.

"Do they grow here?" he queried.

"All kinds of wild animals grow here," said the girl. "Moose and elk and mule deer and ordinary deer and antelope. And they grow tamer and tamer, too. This is the Enchanted Isle," she announced, airily, "where we neither ask nor answer further questions, under penalty of transformation." Her eyes danced mischievously. "Mary Ann, Mr. Mariner," she introduced, with mock gravity.

Colebrooke put out his hand and the antelope nosed it noncommittally.

"I assume that you were overcurious, Mary Ann," he said, gayly. "I intend to be, myself, if the gasoline comes too soon."

But the girl was on her way to the cottage, and he tagged her in.

The interior of that cottage was one surprise more. How came this artistic sense in the wilds?

For he entered a spacious living room, rustic, indeed, in furnishing, as befitted the place, but with every evidence of refinement in that studied rus-

ticity.

The great beams of the outside walls were fitted deftly together with strips of cedar; the ceiling showed heavy beams as well; and the wood was all stained a

soft, satiny brown.

A great fireplace dominated one end of the room; broad seats covered with dull green stretched the length of the wide windows. The latest magazines, the last new books, were on the massive table in the center of the room; so, too, were a dainty workbasket and a box of excellent cigars.

That cigar box gave Colebrooke a pang. This divinity certainly did not smoke cigars. Where was their rightful owner? And was he hers as well? It was a thought that robbed the present of its attractiveness. Perhaps he had better go for the gasoline himself.

But the breakfast table was set for one. An ebon handmaid deftly supplied the second place. And Circe, seated behind the coffeepot, had wiles more potent than Circe of old.

The cigar box was the magic herb which was the only chance of his remaining immune. And that, out of sight, threatened to become out of mind.

So did everything else, save the fact that she was sitting opposite him. She was so lovely, so adroit, so sweet and fresh and dainty, that he was swamped in admiration.

He recalled, with a shudder, that he had actually hesitated about shaving that very morning, he had been so eager to come ashore. But Andreas had

brought the hot water as usual, and so he had done so. If he had not!

Andreas certainly hadhis good points. Why, if it had not been for Andreas, he would be prosaically breakfasting with the Thwaites, in Marquette. He would give Andreas a big tip. Greenback gratitude was the only kind An-

dreas would understand.

It seemed to him that he could only think of the stupidest remarks to make. He wondered if he ought to say: "I am Robert Colebrooke, of Chicago, and entitled to the privileges of its best society," or something equivalent. But when he made a tentative effort toward an introduction of himself, it was quite undeniable that she promptly put obstacles in his way. She evidently assumed that he was a gentleman, and, quite as evidently, it mattered not to her what particular gentleman he was. Was this a bad sign? And why did she make a mystery out of the island?—evidently an excellent game preserve. Not that it mattered. Not that anything

She was looking at him with a comprehending amusement.

"Well?" she inquired.

"I have a young friend," he confided, "who is in an awkward state of happiness."

"If he feels awkward, he certainly cannot feel happy," she commented.

"He is awkward because he never was in such luck before, and is afraid if he moves he'll wake up," he explained. Then he remembered the cigar box.

"He finds himself a guest——" he began, more formally.

"When he was looking for gasoline," she laughed, deliciously,

And formality hung its diminished

head. This was no place for it.
"Are you sure you have finished?"
she inquired, as she pushed back her

"I feel finished," he asserted, confidently.

She looked back from the living-room

"Then you've probably begun," she stated, encouragingly. "Do you smoke?" she inquired a moment later, indicating

the cigar box. The cigar box! Whose

cigar box?

But it was an uncommonly good cigar. It almost inclined him to the optimistic belief that the box belonged to her father; though the owner's absence at breakfast time seemed peculiar in any case.

"Will you put yourself in my hands absolutely for the day?" she asked him,

mischievously.

"Absolutely. You needn't limit it to a day," he assured her.

She looked at him musingly.

"With that confiding nature of yours you must get into a great deal of trouble," she said, gayly.

"I haven't a confiding nature at all," he told her. "This is merely the exception that proves the rule.'

She hesitated a second.

"Will you let me send your man away to the mainland without your seeing him again?" she asked, quietly.
"I would," said Colebrooke, calmly,

"but Andreas wouldn't go."

"Would he if you merely called him and told him to obey my orders implicitly?" she persisted.

"Yes," said Colebrooke.

."And you will?"

"Certainly," he said, promptly. For, if the request was unusual, so, too, was the girl. And if it was a pretty bit of bluffing on her part, a desire to take his measure, he did not intend to afford her any superfluous amusement.

"Then come," she said, animatedly. They went out into the sunlight. She put a tiny silver whistle to her lips and

blew a clear call.

Two men appeared. One she sent for Andreas. Colebrooke she stationed at the head of the stairs in full view from the launch. The other man she drew aside and gave some lengthy instructions that only finished as Andreas came ashore.

Then she glanced ever so lightly at Colebrooke.

"Andreas," he said, promptly, "you are to do whatever this lady tells you to do, exactly as though I gave the order myself."

"Yust so," said Andreas, placidly.

The girl smiled at Colebrooke very

demurely.

"If you're really in such a hurry to see the island," she said, sweetly, "you can walk leisurely up the road while I plan things out for the men. I'll overtake you presently."

Colebrooke walked obediently out of earshot. Then he sauntered. By the padlocked gate of a high wire fence

he waited for her.

In three minutes she joined him, unlocked the gate and locked it behind them; but not before Mary Ann had squeezed through with them to disappear down a side path.

"Andreas is obedient," the girl commented. "Did you see him go down the road without looking back once?"

"I didn't," he said, calmly, "because, like Andreas, I am obedient. I haven't looked back once myself."

She gave him a swift glance of favor. "And you do not ask where we are going?" she continued.

"No," he said, calmly; "but I hope it is a long way."

She laughed, and her laughter was incense.

"If I were a boy," she said, "I should say you were game."

"I am," he assured her, "and ready to be slaughtered."

She took the remark with that dainty amusement that argued familiarity with the world, and a nice poise of mind.

That he should mean anything but nothing, that he should presume, were not questions she raised.

She belonged thoroughly to civiliza-

And yet, in another way, she belonged right here on the island.

It was as perfect in its way as she was in hers. She stood the supreme test of nature, before which artificiality turns sickly-hued and shriveled.

When she was silent he thought what companionship there was in silence; when she talked he thought her tones were music, and her thoughts were tuned with his. And the walk through the woods was beautiful enough to be desirable for itself. Great first-growth trees bordered the roadway; white birches grew cozily in clumps; the maples stood thick-leaved and stalwart; and the great pines towered above all, deep green against the brighter greens of the other trees, velvety black in the shadows under their spreading branches.

Now and then, when branches parted, the lake glimpsed sapphire-blue far beneath. The sun swathed the world in a golden light; the air was full of ozone; and the road led higher by gentle rise and turn, by bridges across small streams that rose from greater heights and trickled musically along their pebbly way, cool, clear and joyous-hearted, to greet the great lake at last.

A mule deer came out of a thicket and walked a little way with them. Mule deer no more belonged in north-

ern Michigan than antelope.

Further on, a young buck—native deer, this time—stood waiting for them in the middle of the road. He was a young prince of the forest, and he held his antlered head in proud quietude.

"Dick," she called to him, coaxingly, but he stood motionless. His was the right of domain, and he waited to welcome them, stately and superb, as they

came up to him.

He took the light caresses of her fingers on his forehead as homage due; and they left him, immobile, as though

he were holding a review.

"Loneliness is the fate of kings," said Colebrooke, sententiously. "Our young friend has a regal poise, but I presume he wishes he could cut it out. I'm glad I'm just a man."

"But if you were a king," she queried, "you would play up to it, doubtless?"

"If I were king," he began, confidentially, "I would order out the fastest ship of all my fleet, and start at full speed for the Enchanted Isle. The Marvel Maid would happen to be there by some wonderful chance. And I should tell her how delightful my kingdom was, and the palace, you know. I'd have Claude Melnotte beaten in no time. And she'd promise to be my queen, because it always happens that way when you're supposing, and the kingdom would be so overjoyed when the wedding took place that it would be nothing

but processions that forgot to stop marching because they were so excited.

"We'd let some one else do the reviewing, though," he announced, "and we'd slip off to the *Nereid*, just we two. And the seas would be the seas of romance, and the moon would be made of honey."

"I suppose," said the girl, musingly, "that the prime minister would attend to all the prosaic details of governing, and the admiral of the navy would have charge of the supplies of—gaso-

line."

She laughed again, that gurgling, delicious laugh that was even more de-

lightful than daydreams.

"Not at all," he said, shaking his head. "Even if I were king, I should be an entirely practical person. They are the kind that have one romance and have it hard, you know. Why, you've no idea of the way I've grubbed this year," he protested. "Even father has hopes that I may be a credit to the family; though when I came out of college, he eyed me in the light of a luxury that you're inclined to think you may have paid too much for.

"I shall get him down to the point of admitting that I am a distinct necessity

one of these days."

His jaws squared a trifle and it suited him. He was no drone, if he was a dreamer, and he never dreamed in office hours. As he had said, when he worked he grubbed.

He flashed a quick smile at her. "This is my vacation," he said.

"And you could be with your friends in Marquette if it hadn't been for the gasoline," she sympathized.

"Awful thought!" he commented. "I shall always go a little short of gasoline

after this."

"That's not quite nice to your friends," she said, reproachfully.

"They're strong. They'll have to

bear up," he said, unfeelingly.

They were passing a group of log houses now that nestled together in a hollow, deserted; more picturesque in their abandonment than in their days of usefulness.

And now the road rose sharply to

turn decisively toward a lookout point, where a rustic railing had been swung across.

"Is it worth the walk?" she asked,

abruptly.

He did not answer for a moment. The beauty of the panorama that stretched out before them was too big

for words.

High, wooded cliffs on either side sheered off abruptly to the lake some two hundred feet beneath. Their precipitous sandstone sides were rich in a wealth of browns and reds whose veinings painted fanciful pictures. The blue lake swashed peacefully over giant boulders at their base. The shore line curved and twisted gracefully in the distance, and a smaller wooded island stood like another Ellen's Isle, in the foreground.

Colebrooke drew in a long breath involuntarily. He was a true nature

lover.

"It is perfection," he said.

Soft footfalls padded along the road. Mary Ann and her mate appeared, came up to them in perfect confidence, even pushed them aside as though they too wanted to enjoy the view.

Colebrooke looked at the girl with an interrogation which was none the less sincere because it was whimsical.

"Circe, wonderful Lady Circe," he said, softly, "what is this witchcraft you

have used?"

She stood, mysterious-eyed, her red lips laughter-curled, her bronze-brown hair lightly ruffled by an admiring and highly privileged breeze, more potentspelled in the sweet daintiness of her girlhood than by any mysteries of shrines and incantations.

There was silence.

The wind soughed softly through the pines. The blue water swashed soothingly.

The charm of it, like some subtle scent, began to enervate, to dominate

him.

All the realities of life slipped far away into the past, like some shellshapes cast aside for a newer and larger dwelling.

This Enchanted Island was all the

world; the blue cup of heaven closed down firmly on its horizon lines to shut out that prosaic earth that stretched beyond; they had nothing to do with that, they two: the Marvel Maid, who had the heart of spring, and the Wanderer-Lover, whose quest was finished.

Colebrooke's eyes were on the girl, but she was looking out upon the water. When she turned to him, there was a new expression on her face. He could not define it, but there was an

underlying excitement.

"I think," she said, "that your friend's yacht is coming in search of you."

Colebrooke's glance dropped lake-

Colebrooke's glance dropped lakeward, to the north, and quite closely in, where he hadn't looked before.

There was a yacht. He didn't care to see it, though he acknowledged that

it was a beauty.

They must have telegraphed Chicago from Marquette, found he was coming by launch, and come cruising back, thinking to pick him up. He wished perversely that they would let him alone. But perhaps they—if it was the Thwaite yacht—would go straight down the lake. No. They were undeniably coming in.

"I think you're right," he said, resignedly. "And they'll see the Nereid.

Ned knows her perfectly."

She smiled at him very cheerfully. "It's lucky, isn't it?" she said.

"No," he said, grumpily, "it isn't lucky at all,"

"And you'll have a several weeks' cruise?" she asked, interestedly.

"Not if I can get out of it," he said, moodily.

She bit her lip to hide a smile.

From the yacht came sounds of a banjo and a tenor voice doing "O'Reilly" with vigor, at least.

"That's Ned," said Colebrooke, as

though hope had fled.

"Then we must go back," she said, practically, and started to make the remark good. Mary Ann and her mate turned with her. There was nothing left for Colebrooke to do but to follow. And he might have had several hours more! Now, while he waited for Andreas, there would be a crowd, and

she would have to be polite. If he should wrench his ankle they wouldn't leave him to be nursed. They'd carry him off to some doctor. It was over. Or almost. He must find out if she would be on the island in, say, two weeks.

He must find out who she was.

"A-ah, if I should get off in a couple of weeks, would I find you here?" he asked, with a shade of diffidence.

"No," said the girl.

"A week?" he persisted, desperately.

She shook her head.

"Listen," he said, and he was quite grave now. "Of course I am going to see you again somewhere. I want to tell you now who I am, and all about thyself. I'm——"

"You are just you," she said, with dignity. "That is all I care to know."

"Tell me who you are," he coaxed.
"I am just me," she stated, mischie-

vously.

"But I want to be tremendously nice to your sisters and your cousins and your aunts," he persisted, "and I'm quite a respectable person."

"So I assumed," she said, demurely.
"I've meant everything I've said this morning, even the wildest of it," he said. "Do you suppose I'm going to forget you?"

"You may want to, after you've seen your friends," she murmured, "I haven't been quite frank with you."

He looked at her with eyes whose boyishness changed to manliness on a sudden.

"I trust you," he said.

Mary Ann was between them now, but the girl stretched her hand across to him.

"You're a gallant knight," she said,

quietly. "I believe you do."

He caught her fingers lightly in his own, and they sent an electric thrill through him. It required self-control to release them the next second.

"Please talk facts," he coaxed.

She shook her head with a mirthfulness as dainty as it was saucy.

"Navar mind the labels" she said

"Never mind the labels," she said, gayly. "I'll race you to the foot of the hill."

The next instant they were off. Shades of the wood nymphs! How she could run! Fleet and graceful as a deer. Mary Ann and her mate came flying after them, and dashed on ahead.

The girl was laughing when she pulled up, a little out of breath. She waved her hand at the antelope.

"The force of bad example," she said, gayly. "None of the etiquette books would approve of it in the least."

Her eyes held a good comradeship that was nothing short of captivating.

"You're not real," said Colebrooke, shaking his head with mock gloom. "You're much too nice to be real. You'll probably disappear when we get to the gate, and when I try to explain about you they'll lock me up in a nice padded cell."

"Can you see the smoke from the cabin chimney?" she demanded, severely.

"Yes," said Colebrooke.

"If you keep your eyes on it steadily all the way to the gate, I'll promise not to disappear," she stated. "I'll even help you out with the interview—a lot," she added.

Colebrooke glued his eyes to the smoke in question. "Can I talk?" he inquired, in amused obedience.

"I wouldn't," she counseled him.
"You might forget where you were looking."

But, after all, it was no way at all to

the gate.

He had expected to find the Thwaites waiting, but the way they seemed to have pre-empted the whole veranda argued that they had lost no time making themselves at home.

The stout and elderly gentleman with iron-gray hair and obviously new and violently nautical clothes was Thwaite

Senior.

Colebrooke remembered him as an ardent hobbyist.

He was absorbed just now in some

mathematical calculations.

The blond girl in white linen was Ned's sister, Blanche. She had been over for one of the Proms. The curlyhaired young giant who was talking to her was listening to every word as though he expected pearls and rubies to drop out, after the manner of the fairy

tale.

Ned was seated on the veranda steps coaxing his banjo into action, when he saw the two approaching; and, to Colebrooke's fury, he gave vent to Indian war whoops of extraordinary vehemence.

"Was it for this we left our happy island home yesterday and hied us to Marquette?" he shouted, after one final howl. "How did you know we were here, you Colebrooke?"

Miss Blanche Thwaite looked up from her colloquy at her brother's out-

burst.

"Why, Sibyl!" she called, in astonishment. Her name was Sibyl, then—Colebrooke's heart pounded. How it suited her! And she knew them! If they would only coax her to go with them! "How did you manage to stop Mr. Colebrooke here?"

She came forward gracefully to greet him. "I'm so glad you could join us,"

she said, cordially.

"Join us!" said Ned, disgustedly. "I like that! Poor, painstaking family spend twenty-four hours going off on a wild-goose chase. Shrewd little cousin stays at home and welcomes Ancient Mariner." He picked out a few minor chords on the banjo by way of punctuation.

Cousin! Suffering Samuel! Was this Ned's cousin, Sibyl Deane? It was! It was! "Wait till you see Sibyl Deane some day," Ned had been wont to aver when Colebrooke had a juvenilely girl-condescending attack. "She'll make you feel just like the little lamb that Mary had." And didn't he? The description was entirely accurate.

Thwaite Senior looked up from his

calculations.

"How do you do, Colebrooke?" he said, genially. "You missed a beautiful run down with us this morning. I'll take you all over the yacht after a bit. How did you happen to put in here?"

"I didn't happen, Mr. Thwaite," said Colebrooke, rejoicing that here was at last a plain question he *could* answer. "I ran out of gasoline, and rowed in this morning to get some."

"Why didn't you give him his gasoline, and let him go off to Marquette without knowing who you were, Sibyl?" Ned demanded. "There's enough in the storehouse to float his little launch in." Colebrooke gave a quick glance at Miss Deane, who avoided his eye. "And it would have been such a lovely sell."

"I couldn't have been so inhospitable to your friend, Neddie," said Miss

Deane, gayly.

"We made great time going up last night, Colebrooke," Thwaite Senior de-

clared. "At that rate-

"Anchored for the balance of the night in their lovely harbor," Ned interpolated, hastily. "Waited for the Chicago train this morning. Telegraphed Chicago. Found you were coming up on the Nereid. Telegraphed the Sault to ask if any amiable lunatic in a little tub had passed there in the course of the last few days. Figured that you ought to be near Marquette, anyway. Left word for you to come here, if we missed you, and cruised back, thinking we'd probably pick you up."

"And even coming down more slowly to-day," Thwaite Senior went on, consulting his calculations, "could go from New York to Nassau in—""

Ned threw up his hands.

"Spare us, governor," he said, dramatically. "If there is a trip you haven't figured out for us yet, keep it for to-morrow."

Thwaite Senior looked as though this was, indeed, the serpent's tooth.

The blond young giant got out of his chair slowly and came over to them.
"I want to talk," he said, lazily.

"Where does my chance come in?"
"Poor Terry, I forgot you," said
Miss Thwaite, laughingly. "Mr. Cole-

brooke, Mr. Townley, my fiancé."
"Congratulations," said Colebrooke, fervently, grasping him by the hand.
Townley wasn't in it, then.

"I suppose," said Townley, in his pleasant drawl, "that Miss Deane has told you all the most interesting things."

"Well, some of them," said Cole-

brooke. Miss Deane smiled mischie-

vously.

"Pretty nice whim for a corporation, eh, Colebrooke?" said Thwaite Senior, with recovered complacency. "To buy this island, put roads around it, stock it with moose, elk, deer and all kinds of big game. Give them the freedom of the island. Forbid their being teased. And here you have a lot of them as tame as kittens. One of the directors is a friend of mine," he pursued, complacently, "and when he heard we were coming up, he offered to put us up here for a week. We might never have such a chance again, so we thought we'd let the North Shore wait a week for us. Have you seen any of the animals?"

"Mary Ann," said Miss Deane, de-

murely. Ned groaned.

"Merely Mary Ann!" he said. "She's a good deal like a literary celebrity on an incoming steamer that a reporter went out to photograph. All the way out he suffered for fear he wouldn't get a good chance at him, and after he got on board he suffered still more because he couldn't get a picture of anybody else. The literary gentleman was always artlessly in the foreground."

"Where's your engineer, Colebrooke?" Thwaite Senior inquired.

"I told one of the men to show him around the island," Miss Deane hastened to answer. Then, "I'm tremendously hungry," she avowed. "Isn't it lunch time?"

"Lunch time! It's afternoon! We had lunch on the yacht," said Miss

Thwaite.

"Companion in starvation!" said Miss Deane, giving Colebrooke a compassionate look. "They have allowed us to stand here famished when they have been fed. Come with me."

As they disappeared, Ned Thwaite beat his hands together in a noiseless

glee.

"Bad sign-forgetting your meals,"

he whispered. "And Colebrooke, who is always insisting that only girls in books can make you fall in love at first sight! And Sibyl—cool-headed Miss Sibyl!"

He looked round with an appreciative

grin.

Thwaite Senior had started another computation. Townley and Blanche were sauntering off together.

Ned raised his eyes to the heavens to

call them to witness.

"Of all cheerful, social, yachty parties!" he ejaculated. He shook his fist

at the dining-room window.

"And in there," he said, with profound injury, "is the cheerful reprobate I asked to solace my lonely days! Isn't he a comfort?"

Thwaite Senior began a gentle mur-

mur:

"Or from Miami to Bermuda——"
"I think I'll go and talk to Mary
Ann," said Ned, rising abruptly.

Inside the dining room Colebrooke and Miss Deane were quite alone.

"Mr. Mariner——" she began. "Lady Circe," he countered.

"You were very nice to let Andreas go that way," she murmured.

"Listen," he said, eagerly. "If a bit of northern Michigan can be transformed into the Enchanted Isle, don't you think living in prosaic Chicago might be living in an earthly paradise—under certain conditions?"

She gave him a fleeting glance, in which a dainty coquetry suggested that there might be more than dainty co-

quetry.

"You can tell me about it on the yacht," she said, mischievously, "some time when you've nothing else to think about."

Colebrooke leaned forward with an

air of secrecy.

"There isn't anything else to think about," he announced.



At the CLUB WINDOW



F my friend K i b b y , w ho is a chief ornament in the vener-

able institution behind whose mysterious shin-

windows your husbands ing brothers, dear ladies, so extravagantly emphasize their independence by sitting with their hats on, had a notion of what I propose to gossip about in this elegant causerie, I tremble to think of the horror which would be depicted on his amiable countenance. To hear Kibby say, "a man who respects his club," is a whole sermon on club ethics. fancy he secretly believes one is balloted into Heaven—after being duly proposed by one's rector, seconded by the vestry and scrutinized by St. Peter, as chairman of the committee on admissionsand that that happy abode is perpetuated by a self-elected board of governors. If Kibby had his way, I take it, every member divulging a hint of what passes inside this sacred portal would be subject to instant expulsion, and all the servants would be deaf mutes. I should like to see the man presumptuous enough to propose a ladies' day to him.

But if a club is primarily a home without women—some persons are ungallant enough to assert that is its raison d'être—even Bluebeard, we know, couldn't keep a den to himself that his women folk didn't insist on rearranging, when the spring-cleaning fever infected them. Lock and key and dire warning failed to intimidate them. That chamber must be cleaned! The poor man went up to town, on business, one day, and when he returned, all his horrid, nasty specimens, that he had spent years in collecting, were dumped ruthlessly into the castle moat.

Do you imagine, I say, that the women don't know what goes on in every club in New York, and chatter about it

ROBERT STEWART

over their teacups? Bluebeard, I'm sure, never could have been a drinking man, or Mrs. B. would have had the secrets of that chamber out of him long

ago, without the necessity of peeping into it.

And so my only anxiety in telling, as amusingly and truthfully as I can, what happens behind the club window is not of committing a breach of etiquette, but of being told: "My dear man, this is very interesting, but we know all about it already."

To be brutally frank, however, you don't "know all about it," and you never will. I'm not going to tell you. Don't suppose it. Women and parsons never do see men as they are; it's the compliment we pay to the "cloth" and the kerchief. Nevertheless, if you can't hear everything we say-and your own conversation, mesdames, assumes, I am told, a less intimate tone when the men come into the drawing room-you shall see every blessed thing we do, and listen to most we talk about. And if you choose to put a and b together, and arrive at the unknown quantity, how can I prevent so clever a woman from solving so simple a problem?

A club, then, is not essentially a place of escape for the married male, but a refuge for the homeless ones, and if it is the acknowledged offspring of a tavern and a gaming house, it has ages ago become a respectable and dignified member of society. Don't we all know people who go everywhere, who entertain the best company and are perfectly exclusive and fashionable, and whose ancestors are a bit dubious? Can I help it, my dear madam, if my greatgreat-grand-aunt, for instance, was a murderess, or you if your grandpapa, as all the world knows, diverted, in the most scandalously open manner, a large part of his fortune? Does the rector refuse your contributions on that account, or anybody glance at me and change the subject when ghosts are

mentioned?

When I was a youngster, to hear a woman say club man was to hear her shriek gambler, rake, drunkard, debauchee, spendthrift, all at once. Fancy, to-day, applying such epithets to those beautiful old gentlemen who sit in the windows of the Union League Club, each venerable eye roaming, with a benign acuteness, over the columns of the Tribune or Post newspaper, and representing with such unconscious and charming decorum what it is to be a gentleman, a New Yorker and a Republican.

For whatever clubs were in the days of our bottle-swilling, dicing old ancestors, with us they are places of comfort and privacy and elegance. There isn't a respectable club in New York which forbid all "round doesn't sternly games"; and while none of them, frankly, could exist without the profits from the liquors and cigars, as most club restaurants are run at a loss, let a member but fall by the wayside a few times, and see how quickly he is disciplined by the house committee. A drunken man is a bore and a nuisance, and sober ones won't tolerate him. High play will ruin any club that permits it, and every intelligent board of governors keeps an alert eye on even the private cardrooms. Nevertheless, oh, my son, avoid those private cardrooms. Late in the evening, sometimes, they serve a dish there called pigeon pie, and when the king of hearts "opens" it the little birdies fly away, plucked quite clean. I think if betting, treating and credit could be abolished, and members were expected to pay their bills before quitting the building, as is the wise rule in London clubs, many a generous, honest fellow would escape a morning headache, or a sneaking visit to Mr. McElvaine's, to square himself in his house charges.

And now, having proved to the satisfaction of everybody what wholesome, elevating and beneficent establishments clubs really are—and, consequently, entirely destroyed your interest in them—

let us go to church in one, tor a season, and observe the congregation at their usual exercises.

I may remark, by the bye, as we enter the vestibule, that it is owing to your living at present fifty miles from town which permits me the honor of introducing you. Our more exclusive clubs still cling to the absurd practice of not allowing any man within the dead line, so to speak, to be a guest, and the older ones haven't even a strangers' dining room. If you wish to entertain your own brother, you must hire a private dining room, and ask at least three men

besides yourself.

"Such is the custom at Branksome Hall." Did you notice the man in livery at the door, with a great sheet of cardboard, like a racing chart, before him? The name of every member is printed on it, and as we enter he checks us off. He is the real St. Peter of clubdom, and his business is to keep out the unelect. Once in your club, you are as safe from dun, sheriff and reporter as if you were in the family vault. They won't even give your address, unless instructed. This is your home, don't you see? You are a part proprietor, and you are guarded against all possible intrusions and annovances. I have known gentlemen to move in hurriedly here with a bag at midnight, and hang about mysteriously for days, and hold whispered conversations with lawyers in corners-then you begin to hear rumors of a cause célèbre, and of "a prominent club man named as co-respondent."

Notice the bulletin boards ranged round the walls, in front of the clerk's desk in the hall, containing the names of persons proposed for membership, cards and letters of thanks from out-oftown guests, death announcements, resolutions of the house committee, etc.the usual club notices. And there by the coat room is another bulletin board it would be polite not to scrutinize. It is a list of members posted for non-payment of dues and house charges. It is renewed on the fifteenth of each month, and, rich or poor, whether you owe for a postage stamp or a month's living, up you go, and stay, until you pay. It is

no disgrace to be posted; being out of town, a dozen things, may account for it. And as I once said before, somewhere, I could compile a respectable list of millionaires from the names I have seen "posted." But it is a careless habit in a rich man, and it does hurt the credit of a poor one.

"Hello," says Smith, handing his furlined greatcoat to the boy, "there's Short posted again. Why the devil doesn't he cut down his expenses if he's hard up? Saw him last night having champagne all by himself, give you my word!" If Short wasn't posted, who would have thought twice about

the champagne?

List to the click of the billiard balls! Billiards, for a few years, went out of fashion, but the room is filling up again, and we all recollect how Herbert Spencer said, "A gentlemanly knowledge of the game of billiards is a sign of a liberal education." Some gentlemen like to get up an appetite or digest their dinners perambulating about the tables, just as others prefer a rubber of whist or a book. Here we are not a reading set, however, and "infinite leisure in a large library" would be an awful sentence to some of us. The library is on the second floor, along with the governors' room and the private cardrooms. Then come the bedrooms for out-of-town members and strays generally. The main dining room and private dining rooms are on the floor above, and the kitchen and steward's quarters are next the roof. In summer we can dine, al fresco, on the roof, if we like. A number of the great new clubs, like the University, have a complete Turkish bath establishment in the basement, and are altogether such lofty, stately, sybaritish abodes of luxury and comfort that, as you justly remark, it is no wonder the men are utterly worldly and spoiled. What can a nice girl, with a tuppenny five thousand a year and a competent cook book, offer a man who lives every night in a palace like

Watch old Brown sneaking out of the reading room yonder, where the magazines and newspapers and the writing desks are, with their attractive stands of club paper, and pretty colored sealing-wax and candles and stamping dies, with the club cipher, all ready to say the cleverest mots in the most private way, if one could only think of them. Writing immortal verse on club paper would be the pleasantest of all roads to fame. Brown doesn't look guilty of something else, though. See the Post sticking out of his pocket! I knew it! He is one of the richest old curmudgeons in the club, and he comes here and steals a newspaper every night. Fancy it!

But our sanctum sanctorum, our monk's chapel, our inmost secret chamber, the great lofty parlors facing the Fifth Avenue, are before you. Clap your hat firmly on your head and strut in. You are where several odd millions of your fellow citizens, of both sexes, want to be and can't. If that isn't an enviable sensation, why, pray, were clubs and private cars and park gates and black-balls and subscription dances and all the other blessings and comforts of exclusiveness invented? Every man has his ambitions, which psychologists inform us are merely the ways in which his imagination reacts on the facts of · life. If some of us prefer to be ornamental rather than useful, why, nature provides us with peacocks as well as chickens.

"See the creatures stalking while we speak." We have a large and variegated assortment of dandies here constantly on hand. They bloom beauteously in the windows every afternoon. They sit about in frock coats and tall hats and varnished boots, and lean elegantly on their sticks, with their right gloves held negligently in their left hands, and pose with all their might. They sip cocktails and smoke Nestorthe Queen Nestor, that you can only get in clubs-cigarettes and chatter the jargon of the town. To me they are a source of perpetual amusement and inspiration, and, as graver historians pore over musty books in the solemn library, I glean my kernels of worldly wisdom listening to their artless prattle.

Here comes "young Harry with his

beaver on." He looks as if he had just got in. He has, in fact, just got in, at the last election. I will lay any amount that the instant he got his notice-"I have the honor to inform you that, at the last meeting of the board of governors, you were duly elected," and so forth, he went to Tiffany's, and had - Club engraved on the lower lefthand corner of his card. He will sit in the window by himself, in lonely state, for two mortal hours, and hope everybody he knows will see him there. How conscious and solemn and absurd he looks. He secretly feels very new and uncomfortable. If there is a ridiculous sight on earth, it is a pompous young ass' first afternoon at his club. Harry is a nice, clean, gentleman-like boy, and if he remembers himself at forty, as he is now, I hope he will laugh at himself as kindly as we do. Let us take pity on him and let him treat us to a "Black and White." A man never forgets the first fellow who was kind to him at the club.

Many a "Black and White," my dear sir, will never bring back to our faces the happy flush which brightens his. Can it be possible that the stale, dreary, pompous old club, with Thompson and his eternal twaddle, and Jones, always muzzy behind a newspaper; and Robinson, snooping about looking for somebody to treat him; and Smith with his everlasting stock jabber and blatant, disgusting wealth, was ever a happy paradise we couldn't arrive at soon enough? Fancy Heaven like a club; and Hurley over there, getting pink notes, and rattling off in a hansom.

Hurley is forever getting notes, brought in by old John, with "Immediate" scrawled on them in great, angular hands, and then shutting himself up in the telephone booth. He is one of those men invented to be the prey of women. They devour him as the trout do the minnows dumped into their tank at the Aquarium. When he is too old to roam, he will sit and reminisce and drink Schnapps, and tell horrid, vulgar stories, like that old beast Blanque, grinning at us over a highball.

See old Southbrooke glare at him.

Southbrooke is a man's man. He is in the leather way, as our British brethren say, in the Swamp, and at precisely half after nine he steps out of a cab at his office door, in a flat-brimmed tall hat, that only three other living men cling to, and invariably gives a twitch to his soft purple bow as he goes in. For forty years he sat in a particular chair at a particular window, and when the club moved uptown he found another in as geographically similar a position as possible, and has occupied it ever since. He drives out on the Speedway every afternoon behind a team of brown geldings that will show, I believe, a twentyclip to the pole, and he is a director in ever so many banks and trust companies. He dines at precisely seven o'clock, reads the Post, plays just one rubber of whist-he detests bridgesmokes two cigars, drinks three Scotch whiskies, and toddles off to bed. don't suppose he has read a book, or paid a visit, or said his prayers, or prattled with a child, or performed any sentimental or homely function whatever, in thirty years. I am told he is an authority on "strain," and he will mumble off the names of the straight and placed horses in all leading American turf events as long as anybody will listen to him. They say he supported, in great luxury, an invalid sister in the New England town he came from, and that he is singularly kind and generous to friends in difficulty. To him the club represents everything that home and wife and children mean to other men, and he has come to regard it with an absurd love and loyalty.

In every club in New York there are such pathetic, stout old fixtures. Nobody remembers when they joined. They seem to have been there always. They have their particular corners and tables no one ever thinks of appropriating, and where they sit alone mostly, and live with the portraits about the walls, that are live members, like you and me, to them, and love the building and the furniture and the old servants. Until one day the flag is at half-mast, and the chair empty, and somebody says: "Hello, where's old Tomkins?"

And his neighbor turns his thumb down, according to the delicate usage of clubs on such occasions. And there is an appropriate opportunity, for a preacher so minded, to moralize over a worldly old life, and a loveless, lonesome, dreary end to it

A club, I say, to an old fogy who has lived in stray lodgings till his beard is grizzled, assumes a sense of permanency, and seems to grow old along with us, until we take it for granted that the rooms and servants and furniture will always be there awaiting us. Friends come and go. Streets are torn down and built up again. Outside we were a failure or a success long ago. Here—the '72 claret was exhausted last May, and now we are drinking '81, say, that is all. I think one of the saddest tragedies I ever knew was that of a lonely old bachelor who had seen youth, friends, health and fortune desert him with a cheerful patience; but when he was informed, at last, that because of long arrears in his dues his club was closed to him, climbed quietly up into the little hall bedroom where he slept, and blew his old brains out.

I wonder if Robinson will ever do that? Look at the poor wretch—shabby, mussy, slouched by himself in a corner, and furtively watching Southbrooke over the paper he is pretending to read. Southbrooke is kind to him, and beckons him over sometimes, and explodes at him: "Sit down. Have a

drink. Dine with me,"

There isn't any service he wouldn't undertake for you, for a drink or a meal or a dollar. He used to be one of the best dressed men about town. He is related to half the old families in New York. He had a wife and children and a home once, and was quite active in St. Ormolu's Church. Then he lost his fortune and his grip, and began to sink, sink. There are some things which even a kind-hearted man may do, that render life with him, for a self-respecting woman, impossible. He is alone now. His girls send you little printed cards that "On Tuesday, the twelfth February, the Misses Robinson will give a Gascon Folk Song Recital at the Waldorf, at

half after four P. M., under the patronage of Mrs. So-and-so, and So-andso"-that sort of thing. His intimates are have-beens like himself; curbstone brokers who were members of the Stock Exchange; broken down men of pleasure who negotiate insurance and private notes; old stock operators who sell liquors on commission. They herd in bare new offices in lower Broadway, and go downtown, in winter, in rubbers and ulsters and dingy tall hats. They patronize a free lunch counter at three o'clock, and beg a dollar until next They dine at cheap table Tuesday. d'hôtes, and sit for hours over the winestained tablecloth, sipping coffee and spirits and smoking vile cigars, and talking of the past.

Robinson clings to us here with a kind of desperate clutch. His credit was stopped ages ago, and he owes money to every man in the room, but he knows, as long as he is a member, we won't let him starve. I understand Southbrooke has quietly paid his dues for years. He is wearing one of Smith's suits now. A pleasant existence, is it not, for a well-born man? Yet there is, never doubt it, a certain fascination in this scrambling, disreputable, déclassé life, And I have often thought that such a person, restored to fortune and friends, would secretly long for the free-and-easy pleasures of his hard-up

days.

It is seven o'clock. The blinds are drawn down. The lights are shining on the rich walls and hangings and portraits, and on the glasses twinkling on the round tables scattered about. wood fires blaze cheerily. The frockcoat brigade has departed, while we talked, and the family men ambled off home to dine. Men in evening clothes drop in, by ones and twos, and ring for a cocktail and the dinner menu. And here, if you please, is the first gentleman in clubdom, that eminent diner-out and tremendous swell, the great Kibby himself, sauntering jauntily in, and nodding right and left over his white waistcoat.

Kibby owns frankly to fifty, and looks fifty-five. He is a member of a

dozen clubs besides this one, and he says a free night during the season, when he can come here and dine quietly by himself, is something he looks forward to for weeks. Note the elegant way in which he is inspecting the dinner card, through his eveglasses, and indicating with his slender finger tip the dishes he desires. I wish he would ask us to join him. No mortal can excel Kibby in ordering a dinner. I remember, one evening, hearing him in a spirited discussion with the late Mr. McAllister, as to whether white wine and red should both be served at dinner. It was a liberal education to listen to those two great men chatting on the technique of their profession. I don't know what authorities weren't quoted, what forgotten banquets and gourmets they didn't recall. I was impressed with respectful wonder and astonishment at the knowledge of cookery the mere "profession of gentleman" involved.

Kibby has lived resolutely in society for a generation. He knows the private histories, scandals, alliances, of more fashionable families than any other man in America; is a mine of wealth on all questions of precedence, form, foreign usages. He can still lead a cotillionwhen he condescends to-with marvelous dexterity and good nature, never commits a bêtise, never divulges a secret, never intrudes in other people's affairs, never forgets a face, is never anybody's cher ami, and is always perfectly respectable and easy and affable. He passes the plate, Sunday morning, at St. Ormolu's, in a frock coat and tan-colored gloves, and Dr. Cloudslev says he doesn't know whether he or Kibby is the drawing card. Every week day, after breakfast, he walks out of the club in a tweed suit, a pot hat, a plain scarf with a jewel in it, and neatly blacked boots, to a certain bank, with a large female clientèle, of which he is vice-president. Kibby's following is tremendous, and no end of widows and old maids intrust their business to him. Stupider men say he is a fool, and more serious ones despise him, but in his own candle-lit world he is a power to be counted with, and his authority is un-. questioned. Latterly, he has taken to bringing out new people, and every season, now, Impresario Kibby opens with a new house for society to dine and dance in.

One day last winter, two smart looking girls happened to pass the window.

"I wonder who the deuce those girls are?" says Jack Staire. "They're forever in the street."

"Their name is West," said Kibby, quietly. "I dined there last Tuesday."

That settled it. Everybody was respectfully anxious to meet them. Think of arranging the destiny of a family by saving: "I dined there last Tuesday."

Shall we ascend? Dinner itself is an ascent. It began with a gnawed bone snatched from a wolf, and it has evolved into the most pleasing and beneficent function in life. Talk about a university degree or a scientific education. Show me a man at his dinner, and I will tell you his position in the world. The whole art of savoir faire is involved in it. Dinner, indeed, is the primordial fact in club life. Whatever else we do or don't do, we dine. The very sight of the great, cheerful room, with its lights and rows of tables and spotless linen and sparkling glass and dainty china, with the club monogram on its edges, is enough to give Lucullus an appetite.

The men sitting at the tables dress any way-in evening clothes, tweeds, frock coats, as they happen in. There are all sorts; men of pleasure, men of business, doctors, lawyers, politicians, army and navy men, a parson or so. Each man's table is sacred to him, unless he proposes sharing it with a friend. We make quite a practice of "splitting checks"-that is, ordering together and both signing the bill. It is less expensive, and club prices are not cheap. How could they be, with butter at a dollar a pound, and eggs and cream and mutton and poultry from private fancy farms, and everything else in propor-You will have to discard your tion? cigarette. Smoking in the dining room is not permitted before eight o'clock. If you wish to bait old Southbrooke, blow a whiff of cigarette smoke in his face

before his cigar is lit, and hear him sputter:

"Ugh! faugh!—nasty cigarette—don't see how any man can smoke 'em," behind his white mustache.

What did I tell you? Observe the respectful pleasure with which the head waiter uncovers Kibby's little removes. It is the salute of one competent man

of the world to another.

What's that? Mr. Smith's compliments, sir, and will I join him in a glass of Pommard? Hang the fellow! I don't want his beastly Burgundy. He has seen me speak to Kibby and wants to know him. He can live here for a hundred years and never know Kibby. Like all large families, we have our little coteries, and those in one set do not necessarily know the others. Smith, your health — damn your impudence! You are a rank outsider, and you'll stay out. for all me.

How the room is filling up; every table, almost, is occupied. Do you wonder men like to come? No underdone beef and wilted lettuce. No cold looks, if vou are late. No warning, uplifted eyebrow if you fill your glass the third time. No pleasant little remarks about what a woman can do on what she has, or that the cook has given notice, or the water pipes are frozen, or Willie has the croup, or that cousin Jane, whom you hate, is coming to-morrow for a week. No. You can bring in a paper or a magazine, or chat with a dozen friendly fellows, if you choose; send back your cutlet four times, if it doesn't suit you; dine when you please; eat what you like; drink all you want to; and smoke up the curtains afterwards, with the club's best wishes.

Dear ladies, with the most cordial

appreciation of your sacrifices and competence, we have been catering to ourselves for two hundred years, and if we don't know what is good for us, I ask you, honestly, if we aren't pretty comfortable?

What little drinking is going on! You see some men with a cocktail, others with a single tumbler of Scotch and soda, others with a pint of vin ordinaire or champagne or Burgundy, many with only water. Real drinking with meals went out in the sixties, they tell me, and we sip where our forefathers used to gulp. Even Thackeray talks about a "modest half pint of sherry." I never saw a man drink half a pint of sherry with a meal in my life.

But if we are not debauched, we are stupid enough, certainly. Men dining by themselves do not scintillate, and without the women get dull as owls. Even Kibby is silent, and absorbed over his filet and polite meditations. That airy, hearty persiflage we read of in novels, at the mess and club, is fiction,

too, I fear.

Let us return to the parlors for our coffee and liqueurs and smoke. I am at peace with all men. I am arrived at a certain age. I wouldn't go out now, and get into a cold cab, to visit but one woman on earth-and she is out of town. I am happy and cozy and sleepy, I say, and I shall snooze peacefully behind a newspaper, in that armchair before the fire, until the crowd comes back and wakes me up, with the usual bell ringing and billiards and laughter and gossip, and talk of stocks and politics and horses and society and books and art and food and plays and sports, which constitute an evening behind the club window.



CONSTANCY-ILLUSTRATED

To Constancy our bard would tune his note:
"True love forever wears the selfsame fetter;"
But ah, the parchment whereupon he wrote—
It was (he smiled to see) an old love letter!
EDITH M. THOMAS.



AKING things as they come in a world not too full of delights, the prospect of a quiet fortnight spent in a roomy country

house in the Tennessee Cumberlands has its allurements. Add a small and well-chosen house party for a human background, and a Mrs. Jack Vandegrift for a hostess, and the combination becomes irresistible to an overworked corporation lawyer somewhat in doubt as to his midsummer invitations.

Mrs. Jack's note of asking was no more than five lines long, and I was forcibly reminded of the time when she was my ward in chancery. In those halcyon days her letters

were the merest cablegrams for brevity; though it is no more than just to add that she made up for her epistolary lacks with a lively tongue. Wherefore I read my welcome between the lines of her snippy little note, and three days further on Vandegrift met my train at his proprietary coal hamlet of Trenarvon, bestowed me in the tonneau of his hill-climbing automobile, and shot me hospitably to the mountain top and into the arms, figuratively speaking, of Mrs. Jack, who was waiting for us in the lodge driveway.

"Well, I do think!" she exclaimed. "When a good old friend comes all the way from Chicago to Tennessee at the bidding of a pink note!"

"He came open-eyed," I hastened to "He knew as well as if it had been written out that there was a vacant interval at your table, or an unbalanced young woman to be paired off,

"Why, you ungrateful-somebody!"

she broke in. Then, in a tone remindful of the mental attitude of a small boy about to set off a firework

of unknown potentiality: "Marcia's

here.

If Vandegrift had not trundled his automobile away I think I should have been tempted to ask him to drive me back to the station. For two years I had been alternately moving heaven and earth either to be with Marcia Howell or to avoid being with her, and this was one of my saner moments.

"Mrs. Vandegrift," said I, dropping the hand luggage which my host had tumbled unceremoniously out of the tonneau, "do you mean to tell me that Miss Howell is the unbalanced young woman whom I

am to---'

"Oh, don't flatter yourself," she laughed. "Mr. Severance is over from Biltmore, and Marcia has gone in for literature—as a sitter at the feet of fame. Professor Thalberg's daughter is the unbalanced one; but, of course, if you'd like to divide time with Mr. Severance, I've no doubt Gilbert will be reasonable.

"You need to be taken in hand by the 'Cruelty,' " said I, gloomily. "It all depends now upon the quality of your husband's cigars." And I followed her up the steps of the broad veranda.

Dressing for dinner a little later, before I had met any of my fellow guests, I wondered if Mrs. Jack had beguiled me into making one in a literary house party. But the table gathering dispelled the fear. There was Professor Thalberg, a mild-eyed, white-haired old Viking from the School of Forestry in North Carolina, and whose fad was orchids; his daughter, Minna, herself a professoress somewhere: Liston, the

railway man, and his wife; Elinor, Mrs. Jack's sister; and the two on the opposite side of the table, whose attitude each to the other interested me most—Marcia and Gilbert Severance.

They were talking literature when Miss Thalberg, who was my especial care, gave me leave to listen.

"You were speaking of the realists," said Marcia, with the soulful look in her eyes that had more than once lured me on to my undoing. "Do you really think, Mr. Severance, that the great ones knew when they were writing realism?"

Let it be understood, in a prefatory way, that under favoring conditions—in the atmosphere of an older civilization, let us say—Miss Howell would have been a precisian; as it was, she was merely an iconoclast. And in the image-breaking process she had a truly superhuman disregard for the amenities, respectful or other.

Severance, who writes unpopular novels and aspires to be a little realist, rose pridefully to his opportunity.

"That depends upon the great realist," he replied. "Tolstoi's realism is subconscious. He takes things as he finds them, imagining only the things that ought to be. Zola, on the other hand, used his powers of observation consciously, striving to picture only what he saw."

The soulful light went out of Marcia's eyes, and plain derision came and sat in them. One of her chief delights is the pricking of other people's air bubbles, and Severance's master weakness has always been his insufferable literary

pose.

"How absurdly ridiculous!" she said, flippantly. "Tolstoi is a dear old fanatic; and Zola, when he isn't unmentionable, is a magnificent poseur. You have to come to America to find the genuine realist, and when you have found him he is apt to be deadly dull. Don't you think so, Mr. Beckwith?"—appealing to me around the banking of ferns in the centerpiece.

I pointedly refused to be drawn into any admission involving an arraignment of Severance and his methods. Authors, especially the unpopular brand, are a surpassingly supersensitive breed, and Severance and I were as good friends as an age difference of a decade or more, and totally antagonistic callings, would sanction.

"Don't drag me into it," I replied. "I am still reading Dickens and Thack-

eray and Scott.'

"And still quoting Shakespeare?" she asked, maliciously, reaching back into the past to make me remember a thing I was always trying to forget.

"Ah, the great Elizabethan," said Miss Thalberg. "Never does he make the mistake of trying to belong to a school."

Liston, the railway man, sat next to Miss Thalberg on the other side, and he

must needs chime in.

"Not our William—not in a hundred years. He schedules his entire art in that one little line he puts into *Hamlet's* mouth in the speech to the players: "The play's the thing."

"So it is," agreed Severance. "That is truth of the truth. But I and my fellow craftsmen are not to blame if the twentieth century play has been wrung dry of every vestige of sentiment."

Marcia's laugh was a thing to stir the love pulse in older veins than Sev-

erance's.

"You poor anchorite!" she said, in mock compassion. "You haven't seen the real play; you've been seeing only

the modern adaptation."

"Adaptations seem to be all we are able to rise to in these degenerate days," was the unhopeful rejoinder. And then, with artistic fervor: "Do you know, Miss Marcia, I'd go far and fare hard to see a bit of downright love-making."

She laughed again. "It is a thousand pities you couldn't have the necessary object lesson—or make one," she commented. "Do you know what the reviewers are saying about your new

book?"

"Yes; they say the love interest is merely incidental, and it's to be regretted that I don't know women better. Wherein I seem to have fallen down. I thought I made it plain that 'The Bread Bakers' was a social study in its conception."

It was at this conjuncture that Mrs. Jack dangled an orchid before the professor and so gave a floricultural turn to so much of the table talk as came her way. Since I should not know an orchid from an Easter lily if both were served on the same plate, I held myself excused and tried to analyze the situation on the other side of the table.

That Severance was in love with Marcia said itself audibly, but since all men worshiped her at sight, this was not remarkable. Whether his love was returned or was likely to be was a matter indeterminate. Naturally, I thought she might do better. Severance was a handsome young fellow, and even now the critics were granting him a future. But while it would doubtless end my troubles sentimental to have her safely married, I soon found reasons enough why she should not let Severance be my savior. For one thing, they both had the artistic temperament; and what Marcia needed was an anchor-not a pace setter.

I was sane enough to laugh at these sophistries a half hour later when I had lighted an after-dinner cigar on the veranda. The hospitality at Hollywood Lodge was altogether unexacting, and I was suffered to monopolize the hammock and the quietest corner, while the others, or some number of them, were gathered under the broader roof penthousing the living-room windows. Now and then I could hear Marcia's laugh and Mrs. Jack's or Elinor's lowtoned echo of it. Severance was reading to them—something of his own, I took it; and his audience was apprecia-

tive.

It was the stillest of midsummer nights, with the balmy fragrance of the pines in the air. My hammock was exceedingly comfortable, and the voice of the reader withdrew like a vanishing tone picture until it seemed to go out in

the vastest of distances.

When I awoke the reading monotone had ceased and silence reigned. To notch it there was a stirring of soft draperies in the wicker chair at the hammock's head, and a voice out of the invisible, a voice that I knew well and

loved better, said: "I hope you have had a good nap."

I sat up and promptly begged her

pardon.

"Please don't be formal," she complained. "Do you always hold everybody at arm's length—even your old friends?"

"Not intentionally, I assure you. But when you set me such a persistent ex-

mple----'

"Fudge! Because I said, 'Why, Mr. Beckwith!' when Marian surprised us with you at the dinner table? I hadn't the least idea you were coming."

"The surprises were not all on your side. Mrs. Vandegrift's note omitted

the names of her guests."

"Then you didn't know I was here?"
"Do you suppose, for an instant, that I would deliberately——"

"Why shouldn't you?" she asked, with the innocence of a last year's débu-

tante.

It is singular how a small query dexterously thrust into the midst of things can become the most disconcerting of attacks. There was no good reason, expressible in so many words, why her presence at Hollywood Lodge should have any bearing on my movements. So I was ungenerous enough to turn the pointed thing back upon her.

"You ought to know why," I said.
"But I don't, I'm sure. Sometimes you are the most puzzling person I

have ever known."

It was my turn to ask why, and she promptly handed the query back to me

in payment of her debt.

"You ought to know why. When we first met on that long trip in President Murray's car, two years ago, I thought we were going to be friends—good friends. And you said we should be. But many times since you have been as contradictory as—as a woman."

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind going a little deeper into particulars," I suggested. "Possibly I might reform."

"I don't mind it in the least. Sometimes when we meet you are as good as—"

"As pie, let us say. And at others?"
"At others you are as surly and vin-

dictive as if I had mortally offended vou. There! I've wanted to say it a hundred times, and now I have said it."

There was manifestly no reply to be made offhand to this small salvo of sincerity. What she said was true enough. But how could I explain that I, too, had fallen under the bewitching spell of her beauty and brightness, just as other and younger men did, only with this difference: that there were lucid intervals in which I had tried-brutally and clumsily, no doubt-to break away. Failing the skill or the courage to set this forth by length and breadth, I compromised

"If you can find it in your heart to forgive me, Marcia-other people tell me I am growing old and crabbed, and I can't sue them for libel-will you let me begin all over again and be your good friend-the very best friend you

ever had?"

weakly.

Her acceptance of the modus vivendi was instant and hearty; so hearty that it slew the last surviving fugitive of

"That is what I have always wanted, I think. I like to lean on somebody; you never guessed that, did you? But I do, and--"

"And you think I have the proper

buttressing quality?"

"I know you have. I shall never forget that night when Mr. Murray's car ran away from us and left us two poor castaways at the top of Gringo Pass:" and from this the talk drifted naturally into heart-stirring reminiscences of that freezing-time adventure on the high Sierras.

It was Gilbert Severance's use of this incident as the basis for one of his tales that brought his name into the talk, and I was suddenly beset with a fierce desire to know his state and standing in my lady's heart. To attain this end I made shameful use of the modus vivendi.

"You think a good bit of Gilbert, don't you?" said I.

"Do I?" she retorted, with a flash of the blue eyes and a piquant uptoss of the poiseful little head.

"You know you do. You needn't be afraid to confide in me. Haven't you made me your leaning post?"

"I think his work shows great promise; that he will some day be a man we

shall all be glad to know."

"It's a thousand pities he doesn't know women-and sentiment-a little better," said I, with malice premeditated.

"Isn't it?" she said, apparently missing the attempted sarcasm. "And it's only that he doesn't know. If he could only have a chance to study sentiment -real sentiment—at short range."

A daring thought, white-hot from the master fool's forge in the fool's armory, lighted upon me, and once again calm-eved sanity fled shrieking.

"'The play's the thing,' " I suggested, quoting Shakespeare by way of Liston and the dinner table. "Couldn't we devise a little sentimental comedy for Severance's benefit—you and 1?"

If she had risen and left me without a word I should have felt that I was no more than properly punished. But this may be said of women-they have no common factor. What she said was more surprising than any rebuff would have been.

"Would you really sacrifice yourself to that extent? I didn't know you and

he were such good friends."

I smiled grimly. "I am not sure he would consider it a friendly thing on my part. And, on second thought, I suppose it wouldn't do. You might lose him.

Her laugh was derision set to music. "That shows how little you know about men-and women. But you could never learn the lines of your part."

Once again I plunged headlong into

the madnesses.

"Couldn't I? Try me and see. Before the curtain rises on the third act I shall be prompting you. Shall we begin now? Say quickly—some one is coming!"

The footfalls were Severance's, as my prescient soul assured me. For one little instant she hesitated. Then: "But

without rehearsing?"

"Leave that to me. Change places with me and be ready for your cue," said I, hurriedly; and when Severance stumbled upon us, Marcia was in the hammock and I was making a very visible feint of pushing my veranda chair to a more conventional distance.

"Excuse me—er—I beg pardon, I'm sure. I didn't know, really," said the

audience, backing away.

Marcia sat up with heavenly wonder

in the childlike eyes.

"What was it you didn't know, Mr. Severance?" she inquired, with the artlessness which is the very essence of high art. "That Mr. Beckwith and I were old friends—very old friends?"

Severance extricated himself with

what facility there was in him.

"I was going to say I didn't know anyone was out here," he explained. Then, shifting the subject, "what a perfect night it is!"

Marcia's expression was that of an impassioned Juliet as she murmured: "Perfect? It is heavenly! What is it

Southey says?

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures; nor cloud, nor speck, nor

Breaks the serene of heaven: Such nights are sacred to true-lovers' vows.

Won't you draw up a chair and be one

with us, Mr. Sevrance?"

He did it; though I thought at first that chains would not hold him. And for a good half hour he was treated to the spectacle of a transformed Marcia; a Marcia saturated in sentiment of that sublimated variety which finds wings for ecstatic flight in the most prosaic things a man can say.

He broke away at length, and when he was fully gone I helped the leading lady out of her hammock and walked

beside her to the house door.

"Act I, Scene I, and no word of commendation from the stage manager," she complained. "What was the matter? Didn't I know my lines?"

"You knew a vast deal too many of them," I ventured to say, "If Gilbert ever puts that scene in a book——"

Her laugh was a little shriek. "Fancy

it!" she gasped. "But the situation had to be saved, and you simply wouldn't make love to me. When the curtain is up, somebody has to talk. The audience won't tolerate stage silences."

"I'll make love to you now," said I, trying to detain her by the hand on the

stair rail.

"No, indeed, you won't," she retorted, retreating a step or two higher. "There must be an audience—there must always be an audience. But to-morrow at the breakfast table I shall expect you to be

very devoted. Good-night.'

It was not until the farce had to be played to a full house that I realized what my mad-brained proposal had let me in for. To make love, openly or otherwise, to a sprightly young woman who declines to take a serious view of anything is trying enough to deter all but the bravest of lovers. But to do it in the consciousness that it is all a part of a play, successful only as it deceives the audience, is infinitely worse, Of course it was vastly amusing to the audience, which, before twenty-four hours had elapsed, included every soul under the spacious Hollywood roof. Equally, of course, the audience, besides being amused, was acutely sympathetic. In the most effective passages it had a way of stampeding and leaving us bare walls for listeners; and since Marcia insisted on the letter of the law she had laid down, and would hear no sober word of mine in private, I was often deprived of the poor satisfaction of rounding out the love scene before wit-

Also it may be said that Severance did not let go without a struggle, patent as our mutual admiration seemed to be in public. When he could evade me he monopolized Marcia shamelessly. But that was a losing game, with the entire household to get in his way, and by the third day he had given me the field.

"You've lost Gilbert, world without end," I said to her, in a morose moment. We had gone with the others to the cliff's edge to see the sunset, but if we twain had been fit subjects for a contagion hospital we could scarcely have been given more room or stricter isolation.

She laughed in my face.

"I knew how it would be," she said, amiably. "It's your punishment."

"Yes; but hereafter it is going to be yours-and Gilbert's. Have youthought

of that?"

"I am thinking only of the priceless experience he is getting," she rejoined. "Think of what it will mean to him when he comes to write the next book.'

"Gilbert isn't cornering the entire visible supply of experience," I retorted. "A little of it is coming my way. Have you thought out the dénouement-the climax-the fireworks for the final act

of this hideous farce?

"W-oo!" she said, making a charming little mouth at me. "You don't know how that air of tragic despair becomes you. But no, indeed; I haven't thought out anything. I'm not plotting this play. I am only the leading lady."

"Be serious for a moment, if you can. We can't just let it go up in the air and forget to come down. These people are taking it in deadly earnest, and

they'll talk-after the fact.'

There was mocking mirth, nothing more nor less, in her laugh when she said: "This is delicious! You are the first spitefully unwilling lover I've ever had, I think.

It was on my tongue to tell her how I would have given the kingdoms of the earth and the reversion of them to stand for one little moment in the place of her real lover, but I stuck to my text.

"I'm glad you are finding it so caramelly. But I confess the consequences are beginning to appall me."

"Then why did you propose it?"

"Because I was an ass with ears a foot long-no, because I-but you won't let me say it without the audience."

"No. Let's go back to the consequences. They do threaten to be rather serious, don't they-for a staid and dignified legal person?" she commented. "Of course it will have to end in a lovers' quarrel, and you will have to bear the onus of that."

"That is nothing. I was thinking of what people will say-about you and to

"Of what they are saying, you mean." "You don't mean to tell me that anyone has had the impudence——'

"Only Marian. She was reproaching me this morning because I hadn't confided in her. And she wanted to know if she was going to be allowed to give us our announcement dinner.

"Heavens!" I groaned. "Vandegrift

will be tackling me next."

This time her laugh had a ring of something like contemptuous anger in it.

"I'm so sorry for you; you are certainly an 'object,' if ever there were one. But there is no help for it now. 'The play's the thing.' And, really, you are learning to do it quite well; much better than I ever imagined you could."

"You flatter me. But I'm glad there is at least one congratulatory thing about it. Shall we walk back to the lodge? I see the others have all left

us-as usual.

It was at the dinner table on this third evening that the back-breaking straw was added. We were a little late, Marcia and I, and in the seating Mrs. Jack deliberately changed Severance over to my place between Miss Thalberg and Elinor and gave me his.

There was a challenge in Marcia's eyes, and the pointed pairing-off made me desperate. So through the long dinner hour I played my part as one for whom the onlooking audience does not exist, and through it all I was conscious of but two things-that now, for the first time, Marcia was throwing herself into her part with an abandon that lifted me into the seventh altitude of foolish ecstasy; and that Severance was answering Miss Thalberg and Elinor in monosyllables and glooming across the table at us like a soul in torment.

When it was over there was an indeterminate drift to the music room; but here the obliging ones presently left us two in undisputed possession. Marcia sat at the piano, idly running her fingers over the keys; but I could neither sit nor stand-the shock of returning sanity was like a blow. In the desperate misery of it I saw the curtain trembling for its rise upon the final act. There must be no more scenes like that at the dinner table.

I crossed the room to stand beside

her.

"They are all out there on the west veranda," I said. "Let us go and make an end of it. It is late, and the audience has begun to vawn behind its fan."

Her eyes were heavy with weariness

when she lifted them to mine.

"I am too tired to quarrel to-night," she rejoined, half absently. "You said it must be a quarrel, didn't you?"

"No; it was you who said that. But you were right; there is no other way." "Couldn't we wait till to-morrow,

and then confess it was only a-only a little comedy meant to amuse them?"

"It has gone too far for that. No soul of them all will ever believe that it was only make-believe. It is better on all accounts to have it end openly.'

She rose and stood before me, and the heavy-lidded eyes were downcast.

"Come, then-if we must. And it is best: I-I don't believe I could endure another day of it."

"Nor I. As it is, I shall be paying for the madness of these last three days long after Gilbert has made you forget

that you ever knew me."

"Mr. Severance falls in love with every woman he meets-for the experience, I suppose. Why are you always bringing him in?"

"Ask that question of your own heart, Marcia."

"I have no heart to ask it. Mr. Severance is nothing to me—in the way you mean. But you have known that all along."

"Indeed, I have not. Then you were merely playing to the gallery-to his literary gallery?"

"Wasn't that what you said we should do? It was vour proposal, not mine."

"Yes; and do you know why I made it? It was because, being denied the substance, I snatched despairingly at the shadow. Since that day when we met in President Murray's private car, I have loved you as no other or younger man will ever love you. Oh, you will despise me, I know; but a thousand times since that day-

It was the sight of her uplifted eyes, full of doubt, fear, trembling, and then, swiftly, of great happiness, that cut me

short.

"Are you trying to tell me that the play is the thing?—that you have meant it all?" she asked, half doubtingly.

She was in my arms when Mrs. Jack-drawing the portière, she asserts, with noise enough to warn the deaf-discovered us. There was a moment of electric possibilities, but Marcia saved the situation.

"Congratulate us. Marian dear." she said, sweetly. "It was all a play-for Mr. Severance's literary benefit, you know-and we were just rehearsing the last act before coming out to ask you all if we had done it well, when-

"When I spoiled it all," I said, tak-"You see, it had to end ing my cue. in either a quarrel or a wedding, andwill you give us our announcement dinner to-morrow evening, Mrs. Vandegrift?"





From Inside Information as Furnished by One of the Principals



F course I know you're dying to hear the whole story, Madge, and, of course, I'm going to tell you. You're the only living soul who knew about the broken engagement

last spring—you don't think I'd keep any of it from you, Madgie, do you?

Well, I guess not!

You may take my word for it, I was petrified when I saw those two coming down the board walk toward the bathing pavilion. My heart seemed to stop—planté la!—and then it gave a nasty little jump down into my shoes, and the place it left inside of me felt so big and empty it turned me sort of faint.

You see, I had not dreamed of finding them here. I had heard that she was in the Berkshires, and, of course, it followed, "as the night the day," that where she was, there would he be also. I thought this place—this one sacred spot—he would not want to bring her to. But, you see, men are like that—no past spot is sacred to them when it is a question of the present woman. Men don't lay memories away in lavender, the way we do—away from the light, so they won't fade.

He looked just the same, Madge, and walked in just that queer, darling, near-sighted way of his, and he carried her bathing suit and her jacket. Oh, if you only knew how he detests carrying jackets! And he didn't see another thing in the world but her face and her hair with the sun on it.

I take it all back, Madge—what I said about light-haired girls. She's the dearest little thing, with a round, baby

face and big, pathetic eyes—and such an appealing, helpless manner. It's sincere, too. She is like that. The girls all make a lot of her, and before she had been here twenty-four hours, so they tell me, every man on the beach was her slave. That fat Bispham chap is ready to let her make drakes of his ducats at the turn of her hand.

Well, if you think I passed them with "head held high and level-fronted eyelids," you are mistaken. You know I couldn't, Madgie. I simply turned coward and sneaked out of sight into one of those fake oriental booths that line the board walk, and when they passed I was buying you that absurd idol thing that you were so sarcastic about in your last letter.

Goodness, Madge! I had to buy something—to keep myself together.

It was just after that that I walked out on the pier. I wanted to be alone. I hated the crowd on the beach, everybody having a good time with somebody else.

If you want to be really alone, there is no place like the very end of a long fishing pier like this one; nothing over you but the big, solemn sky; nothing under you but the restless, awful ocean; nothing in front or on either side but the straight line of the horizon, the endless beginning of a mysterious beyond. Somewhere—away behind you—you dimly remember there is a little land of people and places, but, oh, the blessedness of getting away from it alone, out into the bigness of things!

I had hoped to have the pier end to myself, for I felt mopy and waspish, and talking was the last thing I felt like

doing.

I'd like to know how you'd feel, Madge, if you had just seen the man you used-your own man, walking along in the sunlight, over the same old board walk, toward the same old bathing pavilion, to the same old summertime fun that you used to share in -and with another girl prettier and sweeter and-and younger than you. Wouldn't you be bad-tempered? people don't know what loneliness is!

I passed Fatty Bispham on the way out. He didn't see me, and I tiptoed behind him. He was dressed in spickand-span white flannels-yards and vards it must have taken-and his eves were glued to the bathing beach.

He doesn't know how to swim, and he can't go into the water, anyway, on account of rheumatism. He was watching for Mildred Swavne to come out, in that blue bathing suit of hers-it is stunning, with her yellow hair, Madge -and he was dead to the world, so far as I or any other woman was concerned.

The wind was blowing a gale out to meet the tide. The big green rollers slipped along under the pier, each one causing a pretty commotion among the bathers when it broke. The breeze carried their shouts out to me as I trotted seaward.

At the end of the pier I leaned my elbows on the shaky old railing and looked over, down into the cool green freshness of the water where the shadow of the pier end lay across it, and it rested me somehow.

Out there the old structure quivers at each impact of the big waves against the piling. The wind whipped my skirts about my ankles and blew strands of hair into my eyes, but it was behind me, and in front was only the big, kind sky and the cool sea with the sunlight

I got thinking of the place just underneath where I stood-our old resting place, Billy's and mine. You remember, Madge, I have told you about There are two broken piles close together, making a seat with a back, where you can sit and dangle your toes in the water at low tide.

At high tide the top of the taller pile is out of water. Once Billy carried out a tin box full of cigarettes and matches. He kept it there for two weeks, high and dry, and always had a smoke while we rested before the swim back. There are not many girls who could take that swim out and back, I can tell you, Madge-if I do say it myself.

No one else knew about it. We always called it our "Rest," and it was

Oh, why couldn't he have stayed away this summer and let me have at least my poor little pitiful memories to myself?

As the great green rollers came swelling up under the end of the pier, banging against the piles, I was thinking that I wouldn't care to be swimming out to the "Rest" in that sea.

Then, suddenly, something bright down in the water attracted my attention. What do you think it was, Madge? What do you think it was? Mildred Swavne's yellow hair-a spot of gold on the dark water-and her little white face, determined and anxious, trying to keep above the waves.

She was swimming with tired, desperate strokes toward the "Rest" under the pier end. My very first sensation -don't you ever tell-was just pure resentment that Billy should have shared our secret with anyone else; my second was honest admiration at her pluck in attempting the swim in such a sea: my third, deadly anxiety, for I could see she was nearly done up. Her nervous strokes showed it, and the drawn look on her poor little face.

Surely Billy Rivington was out of his mind to have allowed her to come out. Even if she could keep her place on the slippery piles until he came, how was she to manage the swim back, against that wind and the turning tide?

He must be mad.

I ran to the side of the pier and strained my eyes shoreward, but though I could hear the shouts of the bathers and see the color and motion on the beach, there was no sign of anyone swimming out beyond the surf line.

A dreadful premonition of disaster

settled down around me, like the sudden darkness and chill when a black cloud blots out the sun. The waves seemed to rise up and meet the sky as I turned and tore back to the end of the pier.

Mildred was swimming with spent, frantic strokes just beneath me. As I looked, a giant wave lifted her up toward me and carried her in, toward the

piling.

"Look out!" I shrieked, and at the sound of my voice she glanced up, and

our eves met.

All I could think of in that instant was that she belonged to Billy, that he wanted her and she must not be drowned.

Then I heard her scream as the water dashed her against the piling under

the pier.

I heard her call: "Kitty Trevors!" Then, "Kitty, Kitty, help me!" while I was tearing at my collar and belt.

I kept thinking of Billy. It was up to me, all right. If I wanted to live for him, the least I could do was to be willing to die for him. But to meet him and not to have tried to save her—I should have been ashamed either to live or die!

I shouted desperately to Fatty Bispham, making a hollow of my hands and yelling: "Boat! Boat! Boat!" But my voice was a thin little pipe, carried out to sea on the wind. He stood stupidly staring at the beach and watching for Mildred to come out of

her bathhouse.

I stepped out of my duck skirt and tugged at the strings of my petticoat. There was the other short one, and the ruffles on it caught around my knees. I must have been a holy sight, but I never thought of it. I kicked out of the two longer skirts and dropped them on the planks, hoping against hope that Fatty B. would see them and have the sense to do something—or, at least, be startled enough to come out where I could manage to signal to him.

Then I gave one look up into the big,

still sky-and went over.

When I reached Mildred she had one arm around a pile, and was trying

to hold on as the waves washed by her. I got her over to the "Rest," and pushed her up to the taller pile, standing, myself, on the lower one and holding her in place with my arms around her waist.

As the waves receded, the water washed about my ankles. When the big waves rolled in, they flung themselves clear over the taller pile. It was easy to see that if the tide kept on rising we could not hope, in the sea that was running that morning, to hold the position very long.

Mildred's left arm hung limp beside her, and her face was cruelly bruised and scratched, where she had been

banged against the piling.

"My arm is broken," she whimpered, when she had got her breath. Her blue eyes rounded piteously at me, and her poor little dimpled chin quivered. There was no one else to comfort her but Kitty Trevors. Therefore, Kitty must do it. She is the sort of girl some one always comforts.

"Don't cry, Mildred," I said, briskly.
"Try and be a brave girl. You're all

right now."

But I knew we were not all right by any manner of means. The water was rising. Already it was up to my knees instead of my ankles when the waves fell back, and even under the shelter of the pier the rollers ran in so fast that I had my work cut out to keep my footing on the swaying pile.

I hung on to Mildred with both hands, but, in spite of me, she kept slipping sideways off her seat, as each succes-

sive wave struck us.

She seemed past holding on, herself, She had begun to cry, helplessly, from fright and fatigue, and her face was quite colorless from the pain of her broken arm. I was mortally afraid she was going to faint on my hands, out on those piles.

I shook the poor little thing as rough-

ly as I dared.

"Brace up, Mildred Swayne," I scolded. "You must brace up and help me. Some one will come soon. Mr. Rivington knows you have started out here. He won't be long—"

"Oh, Billy, Billy!" she wailed, clinging to me and gazing toward the shore, which was hidden by the swell of the big breakers.

"Did he tell you to come out here

this morning?" I demanded.

"No-o," she admitted, "he didn't. He told me not to. It's all my fault. Oh, he'll remind me of that!" she sobbed.

(Billy's great on reminding you when

it's all your fault, Madge.)

"I got dressed first," she went on, limply, "and I called to him through the door of his bathhouse that I could beat him out to our 'Rest.'"

"Your what?" interrupted I, indig-

nantly, (Aren't men mean?)

"We always call it our 'Rest,' you know," she explained, naïvely, "because Billy found it and brought me out here, and no one else knows about it. I have been out loads of times," she announced, proudly, "but never before when it was rough, like this."

"Yes," returned I, gently, helping her to put the wet, golden curls out of her eves. "And what did he answer—this

morning?"

"He told me not to come," she confessed, penitently. "He called to me not to think of it. But, of course, I did. Why, we've done it a dozen times, and he always helps me, going in."

(He never had to help me, going in,

Madge Gorham!)

"I don't see what is keeping him," she added, fretfully, trying to raise herself up, to see over the jagged waveline between us and the shore.

"Something may have happened on the beach to detain him," I suggested, hopefully, as I pulled her back to her

unsteady seat again.

Something pretty serious must have happened—of course I knew that well enough. A sickening conviction swept over me that Billy had been seized with cramps on the way out and had gone down. At the thought a sharp agony clutched at my heart. My arms loosened just as a big roller knocked me off my feet, and there we were, struggling in the water a dozen yards from the "Rest."

By the time I had us both back on our treacherous perch again I was so dead beat that I didn't much care whether we could hang on or not. If Billy was drowned, what was the use of struggling any longer? What was there left for either of us to live for?

But the warm clutch of her slim arm around my neck waked me up, some-how, and brought back my senses. There was only I to help her, and whether Billy was dead or only delayed, she was his, and I must take care of

her for his sake.

I held on tight and shut my teeth and tried to pray. Out seaward was the heaving, green water against the blue of the sky; shoreward, the same green water swelling and sinking against the slippery ugliness of the naked black piles.

Under the pier, out of the sunlight, it was desperately cold, and Mildred, perched up out of the water and in the wind, was blue and shivering. Another big wave washed over us, and she slid off again, almost out of my reach.

It was obviously impossible to think of leaving her out there alone and trying to swim in for help myself. Besides, the tide must turn very shortly, and what would become of Mildred if I should not be able to keep up against it and the wind? No, there was no use trying to get help that way. We must just wait.

"Didn't anyone else see you swimming out?" I asked, presently. It did seem incredible that a girl as pretty as Mildred—and in that blue bathing suit of hers—could have come into the wa-

ter without being noticed.

"I don't know," she replied, doubtfully. "It was pretty rough, and everyone in the surf was too busy to see anyone else. They are all so used to my swimming around outside that it wouldn't cause any comment. If anyone thought of it, it was probably assumed that Mr. Rivington was with

"I don't see what is keeping him," she complained. "He never forgets to take care of me, never for a minute. I

wonder---

Suddenly she looked at me, a spasm

of terror distending her gaze.

"Kitty Trevors," she cried, "you think something has happened! You think Billy is dead—you think he is drowned!"

She sprang up in a panic, scrambling to her knees and then to her feet on the pile where she had been sitting, and peered frantically in the direction of the shore, while I hung on to her for dear life and tried to steady her on the swaying pile.

I saw her eyes focus on a spot somewhere out on the water behind me.

"Kitty," she called down to me, excitedly, "there's some one leaning over the railing of the pier-a man. I can see his shadow moving, out there on the

Of course Fatty Bispham!

With a little cry I let go and swam out beyond the pier. Sure enough, there was Fatty, glaring down at the water with eyes like saucers and mouth wide open. In one hand he held my violet hat and in the other my lace petticoat. I suppose he thought he had discovered a suicide.

"Get a boat!" I called up to him. "Run-run! A boat! We're under the pier! Can hold on a little longer!

Run!"

As he nodded and started away I saw him fling my violet hat aside, but he hung desperately to the lace petticoat, and tore down the pier with it clasped

convulsively to his breast.

We heard his feet pounding over the sunbaked planks. Poor Fatty, he was running as he hadn't run in a good many moons. I hoped he wouldn't have heart failure before he reached land. I wondered if he would make it before the tide got high enough to make the "Rest" untenable.

It seemed ages while we waited. Twice the waves washed Mildred off, and each time I got her back, weaker and whiter than before. I was pretty well played out by this time myself, and there were horrid, shivery cramps creeping up and down my legs, but I was thankful to observe that the water was getting no higher.

After a while Mildred began to cry again. Poor little thing, she was cold and frightened, and was suffering real agony from that broken arm. I petted her and talked to her and tried to make her laugh over the picture of Fatty Bispham cavorting out on the bathing beach with his mouth wide open and my lace petticoat clasped tenderly to his heart.

A sudden, lovely light came into her

drenched eyes.

"I am so glad he could do something to help," she murmured. "It will make

him so happy."

"Mildred," I said, significantly - I was standing below her, you know, Madge, and I looked up straight into her eyes-"I am a great friend of Billy You have said a good Rivington's. many kind things to me this morning about my jumping overboard to help you. If I have managed to help any, it was because I know what you are to him. I want you to promise me if-if we ever get safely ashore out of this, that you will be very, very good to Billy —always—for my sake. Will you?"
"Why, of course, Kitty," she assented,

rounding her eyes at me again. Then she flushed and smiled-she has the most captivating shy fashion of smiling, Madge. I don't wonder a bit that

they are all in love with her.

"If you are a great friend of Billy Rivington's," she suggested, "you must know that he isn't—isn't always easy to get along with."

(There might be one or two things I know about the same, Madgia mia.)

"Mr. Rivington has a very noble na

ture," I asserted, austerely.

"Yes," she complained, "that's just it. He's too noble, almost. He is always thinking of such big things that he never gets down to just plain good times." She smiled again and glanced at me appealingly.

"I'd like more candy and violets and

fewer ideals," she pouted.

But I held her eyes with mine. She is such a little butterfly of a thing that vou never feel you really have her.

"You must be good to him," I insisted. "If I have helped to save you, Mildred, it was not only for yourself, remember that. It was for him—for Billy—because I know what you are to him."

She looked frightened at the earnest-

ness of my tone.

"If you don't," I added, solemnly, "I shall hold you accountable all our lives."

Then, suddenly, Madge, she broke down, crying like a baby on my shoul-

der, and it all came out.

She didn't want Billy—my Billy. She wanted—oh, could you believe it?—Bispham—big, stupid, simple-hearted Fatty Bispham, with his tiresome jokes

-and his millions.

No, I am not ungenerous, Madge Gorham. She acknowledged it herself, right there. She is only an unthinking little butterfly, after all—though a very tender-hearted one—and she loves pretty things, and soft things, and easy things—and Bispham adores the ground she walks on. She is more than a little afraid of Billy, too, poor little butterfly!

"You see," she confided to me, ingenuously, "Bobbie Bispham likes you just as you are. He isn't all the time wishing you would try to be somebody bigger and better than you could ever hope to be—or would even want to be." She laughed in the dearest way. "I feel so *stretched* all the time," she added, "trying to reach myself out to fit Billy's standards, that I am just worn to

thread.'

"But you must, Mildred," I persisted, sternly, fighting jealously for my Billy's happiness. "You must, if he expects it of you. Oh," I cried, wistfully, "don't you feel what it is to have Billy Rivington care what you are?"

She shook her golden head obsti-

nately.

"You don't understand, Kitty," she returned. "He doesn't really care—not

really!"

She met my astonished stare with a pathetic little smile. "That's the worst of the whole horrid mix-up," she cried. "I know that he knows that he has made a terrible mistake."

Her voice dropped to a whisper, out

there in the desolation of the sea and

"There was a girl," she said. "He was engaged to her before he met me, and once I came upon him with her picture in a blue locket"—the enameled miniature which he wrote he had mislaid, as you're a precious sinner, Madge!—"in his hand, and *such* a look in his eyes. Then I knew. He put the picture back in his pocket, and would not

let me see it, though I teased and teased. What do you think he said, Kitty?"

She waited.

"What?" I breathed, my eyes, that dared not meet hers, on the skyline.

"He said: 'You will never see it, little girl. It belongs to something that lies too deep for you or any woman ever to hope to touch.'"

Oh, Madge, Madge!

"Then why," I whispered, breathlessly, still staring hard at the skyline, out beyond the pier—"why don't you break it off now, before it is too late?"

I almost choked at my own audacity. "I couldn't," she whispered back, in a frightened way. "I—I dare not. I am too afraid of Billy."

I turned around and looked into her

eves.

"Oh, Mildred," I cried, "will you? Will you? I am the other girl, and I love him so, my heart is breaking!"

She stared back at me for a minute. Then her arm went around my neck, and we clung to each other, out on those slippery piles, with the waves seething around us, and laughed and cried together, and then and there sealed an agreement of mutual friendship and secrecy.

Oh, she is the dearest thing, Madge! When the boat came into view, it was pretty well loaded down. In addition to the nut-brown life-saver at the oars,

there were three others.

Old Billy—safe and sound, glory be!—sat in the stern with a monstrous bandage round his foot, which was propped up in front of him on a thwart. Young Bert Whitman—he has blossomed out into a really truly doctor, you know—sat beside him.

It seems that Billy, strolling around on the beach, looking for Mildred-of course he never dreamed that she would deliberately disobey his warning and swim out to the "Rest" alone—had stepped upon a broken bottle and cut his foot so seriously that Bert Whitman, who happened to be on hand, had ordered him back to the hotel.

It was while Bert was binding up the cut temporarily, to check the bleeding, half a dozen other chaps having been dispatched in search of Mildred, that Fatty Bispham bounced out on the sand, yelling like a madman and waving my

lace petticoat in their faces.

Billy was the first one in the boat in spite of Bert Whitman's pleading, arguments and profanity about the reddening bandage. So the upshot of it was, the doctor came along, too, "to keep,' as he remarked, "the blame fool from bleeding to death out in an open boat."

Fatty Bispham was straining his eyes in the bow. Madge, did you ever see anyone fat, and overheated and purple from a half-mile run in the broiling sun, who felt pale and thin from fright? He

was awful.

When they pulled alongside he just reached over and grabbed Mildred off the pile and hugged her up in his arms, and she clung to him and sobbed and put her face up against his, right under Billy's eyes.

Billy was standing up, and the doctor was velling to him to sit down. Mr. Bispham had Mildred, and there was no one left but me, so he lifted me over the side and dropped me down on the bottom of the boat beside him in a little heap.

Some humane woman, prompted, no doubt, by the suggestion of that hastily abandoned lace petticoat, had had the foresight to send along a bathrobe, and, with heartfelt gratitude, I crawled into it. Anything wetter or colder or tireder than I was, as we started back to shore,

you can't imagine.

Billy kept his eyes glued on that pair in the bow. I could see his look, first of resentment, then contempt, then amusement, then relief. Yes, Madge, good, nonest relief. He bent down over me just before we reached the first line

of breakers.

The water had washed away all my hairpins, and my hair hung down in a brown rope over my shoulder-the way it does—and coiled in my lap. laid his fingers ever so gently on the wet braid.

I looked up at him, and suddenly, Madge, the sun came out-I saw it shining on me, behind his glasses.

"Kitty," he whispered, "oh, little, longed-for Kitty! Will you take me

back?"

Of course it was very reprehensible of him-Mildred not yet having set him free-and, equally of course, I should have been too proud, but—— Would I? Well, Madge!



LOVE'S INFINITUDE

NAY, do not say, "This much I love you, dear." E'en tho' you make of depth incomparable Your need for me: e'en tho' vou set its bounds Beyond the farthest rim of sky or sea, Of night or day—nay, I would have you feel Your love exceeds your reckoning. O Sweetheart, I like not limitation in our love. Say but, "I love you." Let me feel that end-If end there be, or limit-lies so far We cannot gauge it in this little life. MARGARET HOUSTON.





OMMY LANGHAM was distinctly eligible. Well-bred, well edu-cated, well built and well provided with the things of this world, he had all the necessary attributes of the prince

in the fairy tale, combined with an inherited hard common sense which rendered him practical beyond the possibilities of either princes or fairies.

Tommy's father had left him an income which precluded all necessity of work, and Tommy's common sense preserved him from the folly of striving for more when what he had was enough. Obsessed of a genial philosophy, he took life easily, content to follow the lines of Such things as he least resistance. wanted and his money would buy he had immediately, and, being far too practical to yearn for full moons, he had never seriously wanted anything his money would not buy until his lines became entangled with those of Miss Daisy Arnold.

Tommy was not lacking in a sense of his own intrinsic value, though here again his common sense preserved him from undue mental elevation, and when Miss Arnold refused him the first time he retired with a feeling bordering upon astonishment. This was hardly the proper attitude for a man in his position, and goes to show that Daisy was right in her answer.

For the better part of a month Tommy struggled to recognize Miss Arnold as a full moon which he did not want. Then he pocketed his pride and asked her again, and was again refused. He went away with less astonishment and a growing feeling that, after all, there

must be something wrong with him, which was at least wholesome.

The process was repeated at short intervals during the following two months, until Tommy was reduced to amazement at his own splendid audacity in thinking that she might even for a moment consider him as a matrimonial possibility.

He had just screwed his courage up to the point for the fifth or sixth trial, and anxiously awaited her answer. She was hesitating more than he had grown accustomed to expect, and his hopes rose, only to be dismally dashed to earth.

"Oh, Tommy," she said, finally, "it's got to be the same answer. I like you so much, I wish you wouldn't."

"I'm sorry," said Tommy, meekly. "I don't seem able to help it."

"The trouble is, I like men who do things," she cried. "Don't you see what I mean, Tommy? You're so good-natured and—and easy-going. Sometimes I wonder if you'd even stand up for your rights."

"I am an easy mark, I suppose," admitted Tommy. "I hate to row, you know."

"That isn't exactly what I mean. It isn't necessary to raise a row, as you call it. But a girl does like to see a man show some *spunk*. Now, don't be offended, Tommy, because I like you a lot, or I wouldn't be saying this to you."

"Thank you," said Tommy, meekly.
"Now let's change the subject," said
Daisy. "You'll be in the race to-morrow, won't you?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said Tommy.

"Mr. Ackers seems very sure he will win"

"He's got a good boat," said Tommy, generously.

"He says that in windward work

she'll beat anything in the bay." "Maybe she will," said Tommy, whose mind was searching other roads. The girl talked on more or less at random, filling in time, while Tommy answered in monosyllables questions which he only half heard.

"Daisy," he suddenly broke out, "if I could find some way of proving to you that I'm not as-slipshod as you think,

would it-"

"It might make a difference," said the girl, doubtfully.

Tommy's face fell.

"I was just wondering," she added, hastily, "if I could like you any better than I do, you know, if-you were any different;" and Tommy went away sorely puzzled to know just what she meant by that.

He walked slowly down to the clubhouse, had a rejuvenating highball, hunted up Dicky Carman and unbur-

dened his soul to his chum.

"You know "H'm," said Dicky, what's the trouble, don't you? Sidney Ackers is hanging round her day and

'That cad!" said Tommy.

"Just so, my son. That cad. He's a fellow that does things. It's up to you to beat him at his own game."

"I can't very well punch his head," said Tommy, unconsciously, thinking still along the lines of least resistance.

"Hardly," said Dicky; "though he needs it. Do you know what I heard him say vesterday? Said he'd rather foul another boat any day than lose a race fair. That's sportsmanlike, isn't

"Well, that doesn't help me any," said Tommy, disconsolately.

II.

There were five boats entered in the race for the commodore's cup the following day: Tommy's Comet, Ackers' Alpha, the Norma, the Helfyr and a boat from down the bay called the Spanking Sallie. Nothing was known about this last entry, but of the other four, the Comet and the Alpha had proven themselves the better boats during the season, with the latter leading

by two races won.

In the Comet Tommy held the tiller, Dicky tended sheet, and there were six young fellows besides, to sling the fiftypound sand bags up to the weather gunwale when the boat went about, and to hang over the rail as live ballast and hold her down, if need arose.

Daisy Arnold came down the pier as they were preparing to put off. Tommy stopped operations and went forward.

"Going to have plenty of wind," she said.

"That's all we hope," answered Tom-

"Mr. Ackers still thinks he's going to win."

"Well, we'll try and give him a race," said Tommy, noncommittally.

The committee boat chugged away from the pier to take up its station at the starting line, and Tommy cast off the Comet and shoved her head around till the sail filled.

"Good-by," he called.
"Good-by," said the girl. "And good luck, Tommy." And Tommy went aft and took the tiller from Dicky, wondering whether Ackers had enjoyed a similar send-off.

The course was a reach to the outer mark, with the wind on the port quarter, and a beat back to the finish. The wind blew steadily from the northeast, and the bay was a dark green field broken by lines of whitecaps, over which the big thirty-footers, with their towering sticks and spotless canvas, shot back and forth, jockeying for the

When the preliminary gun came, Tommy had the Comet well up to windward of the bunch, and perhaps three hundred yards from the line. One of the crew, with a watch, had been told off to count the time between signals, and Tommy put the boat's head to the wind, and held her shaking, drifting slowly down upon the line.

"Give us the seconds on the last minute," he said to the timekeeper, "and let the sheet run. Dicky, when I give

the word."

There were five long minutes between the first two signals, and they waited nervously, while the *Comet* drifted nearer and nearer.

"One minute more," said the timekeeper, and began counting out the sec-

onds. "Five, ten, fifteen-"

Tommy's eyes were on the little brass cannon on the deck of the committee boat, and he began to wonder if he had miscalculated. They were drifting rapidly down upon the line.

"Thirty - five, forty, forty-five-"

said the timer.

"Let her go," snapped Tommy, and swung the boat around. Dicky paid off the sheet as the boom swung out, the great sail filled, and, gathering momentum, the boat shot for the line, fair be-

fore the wind.

"Fifty-six, fifty-seven, fifty-eight," came the timer's voice. They were almost on the line. Tommy had shaved their margin close. Would they beat the gun and have to come about and cross again? It was an anxious moment.

"Trim her in," said Tommy, as he straightened the boat out on the course,

a point or two off the wind.

"Bang!" came the starting gun, and, going like a race horse, the *Comet* shot past the committee boat, with scarce an instant to spare, first of the five to cross.

"And that's all right," said Dicky, en-

thusiastically.

Behind them came the Sallie, the Alpha and the Norma close together, with the Helfyr trailing. The crews sat in the bottoms of the boats and took things easy. The run to the outer mark was practically before the wind, and there was nothing for them to do. The wind seemed to be increasing, and the Comet easily held the lead from all but the Spanking Sallie, the dark horse. Halfway to the mark she had drawn abreast, and from there on slowly forged ahead.

"Looks as though she was too fast

for us," said Tommy.

"We may do her up going back," answered Dicky. "We've got the others where we want 'em, anyhow."

The Norma meantime had fallen back till she and the Helfyr brought up the rear, and already were out of the race, barring accidents to the leaders. The Alpha held her place on the Comet's quarter, and, knowing her ability for windward work, Tommy was not at all sanguine that their lead was sufficient.

They neared the mark in this order. The Sallie, leading, turned the mark short, and, with a curl of white water under her forefoot, went off on the starboard tack with everything humming. It looked as though she were to have things her own way when, without warning, her starboard stay parted under the tremendous strain, and to save her mast her skipper cut the halyards, and her chances ended. The great racing sail collapsed like a torn balloon, and the leader lay wallowing in the trough, waiting for a launch to tow her in.

That was sheer hard luck, but it is indeed an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the accident, which removed the dark horse from the race, left the Comet in the lead once more, to fight it out with the Alpha. They were nearing the mark, and had no time to speculate on the accident. From now on, it would be hard work for everybody aboard.

"Ready now with those bags," called Tommy, and the crew scrambled to

their feet.

"Now then, hard alee," came the order a moment later, as he jammed the tiller over. The Comet spun on her heel, the boom came inboard and hung wavering for an instant, while the huge sail flapped and Dicky trimmed in the slack sheet like a wild man. Then she caught the wind once more, the sail filled, and as she heeled to the pressure the crew piled the sand bags out to windward, and away she went on the port tack, tearing through the whitecaps and hurling spray over deck and cockpit, till everyone was drenched.

"Pile out now, boys, and hold her down," cried Tommy, and the crew added their live weight to the bags, hanging precariously over the rail in the

effort to "hold her down."

The Alpha crossed their wake a moment later, speeding for the mark. Around she came, and, instead of following the Comet's lead, stood away on the starboard tack.

"Splitting tacks!" said Dicky. "Do you know what he's up to? He'd never do that, Tommy, if he wasn't cocksure he can cross ahead of us when we come together."

"Yes, and we've got to sail this boat all there is in her or he will cross us," said Tommy. "The Alpha's a devil at windward work."

Sailing opposite tacks, the boats gradually drew apart, and which was footing the faster or which pointing the higher it was impossible to judge. The steady, strong wind favored the *Comet*, for she was notoriously a heavy weather boat. Tommy made a long tack, watching the throat of his sail, hugging the wind, stealing every inch he could, for the boat that points the closest to the wind may beat one that outsails her in mere speed.

"She's doing nobly," said Dicky. "Don't see how the Alpha can beat this much."

"Well, we'll soon find out," said Tommy. "Hard alee."

Around they came, the crew scrambling over the trunk, swinging the bags from port to starboard, and themselves climbing out on top. A moment later the *Alpha* came about also, and the boats began to draw together, and as they approached it became evident that the *Comet* was still in the lead. As near as they could tell, in fact, the *Alpha* had not succeeded in picking up an inch, and the *Comet* slipped across her bows with a good hundred yards to spare, and went on her way rejoicing.

Dicky's elation was beautiful to see, and the whole crew openly gloried in Ackers' discomfiture. But the end was not yet. Each boat held her course, and again they drew apart, the *Comet* on the starboard tack, the *Alpha* on the port.

Perhaps Tommy grew a little less vigilant, perhaps Ackers worked a little harder. At any rate, when next they came about and drew together the Al-

pha had cut into the Comet's lead most woefully. The latter now had the port tack, and for a time it looked as though she would be forced to go about. But a fierce little puff of wind saved her, for, while it beat the Alpha down till Ackers had to swing her up into the wind, thus checking her a bit, the stiffer, more weatherly Comet took it gallantly, and nosed across her opponent's bows so close the proverbial biscuit might have passed between them.

Tommy had the sand bags shifted aft a bit, thinking the boat a little down by the head. They were within sight of the clubhouse now, and one more tack would take them over the line.

For ten minutes more the boats held their present courses, when Tommy went about and headed for the line. Ackers followed instantly, and the boats began to converge, the point where their courses crossed being not fifty yards from the finish.

It was a glorious struggle. They could see the pier and the clubhouse veranda packed with people watching. The two crews were hanging over the weather gunwales till they could see the boats' centerboards as they heeled to the fierce rush of the wind. Down they came in the heartbreaking finish, and Dicky, peering under the Comet's boom, measured their distance with nervous interest.

"I don't think he'll make it," he said.
"He's gained, though," said Tommy.
"It'll be close,"

Now the conditions were these: The Alpha on the port tack would be able, on her present course, to cross the line at its outer extremity, while the Comet would likewise be able to cross, but close inshore. The Comet had the right of way, being on the starboard tack, and Ackers' only hope of winning was to cross her bows. If he succeeded in doing this, he would have her under his lee, blanketed, and the race was his. On the other hand, if he ran too close, and then discovered that he could not cross ahead of her, he would be compelled to go about to avoid collision, and would himself be under the Comet's lee.

In any event, the burden of decision rested with Ackers, for Tommy, having the right of way, had but to sail a straight course. Again Dicky took a look.

"Yes, he's gained," he said. "But he can't pass us. He'll have to go

about."

The boats were right upon one another, and suddenly Ackers' plan was clear. He would throw the burden of deciding upon Tommy, after all. He lacked room to pass, and he knew it. One hope of winning he still had. It was a dim chance, but he took it. By holding his present course he could force Tommy to give way to avoid smashing up the Comet in a collision. Tommy would, of course, protest, but the protest might be overruled, and even if it wasn't, Ackers would at least have the honor of crossing the line first before the crowd on the pier. So he calmly held his course straight for the line, and Tommy was face to face with a problem demanding instant solution.

He glanced beneath the boom at the opposing boat, shot another look at the finish mark, and, leaning out, hailed the

Alpha.

"Better go about," he cried.
"No, thanks," answered Ackers;

"think there's room to pass."

"That's a bluff!" growled Dicky. Tommy settled back and gripped the If that cad thought he could force him off his course when he had the right of way, he'd show him. He hated a row, but there were some things a fellow really couldn't stand, you know. So he fixed his eyes on the approaching line, and, scowling, nosed the Comet up into the very eye of the wind, which had the effect of still further reducing Acker's narrow margin.

Then the boats were upon one another, and Ackers saw his bluff about

to be called.

"I say," he shouted, "don't run us down.

"My right of way," answered Tommy, coolly, and did not move his tiller the fraction of an inch.

It was probably too late had he tried. An instant after, the Comet's forestay caught the Alpha's boom, shoved it inboard, and her bow crashed into her opponent's quarter with the sound of

rending wood.

Then the Comet's forward overhang slid up on the Alpha's deck, smashed through the combing of the cockpit, and, as she lurched with the weight, slipped back, and boring straight ahead, she shaved past her victim's stern, pushing the boom out as she went, and drove on toward the fin-

It was all over in a moment, and almost before the people on the pier could grasp what had happened the Comet, with a badly strained forestay and a splintered nose, had slipped over the line, and the gun from the committee boat announced that the race was

Tommy let his halvards go by the run to take the strain off the damaged stay, and a launch picked them up and towed them in just as the outraged Alpha, breathing anathema and slaughter, staggered over the line, a bad second.

On the pier, the commodore turned

to the vice commodore.

"Served him dead right, you know," he said, in a puzzled tone, "but Tommy Langham's the last man on earth I'd

have thought would do it."

Miss Daisy Arnold happened to stand where she overheard, and for some reason she smiled-a little, satisfied smile -and started down the pier to greet Tommy. She was the first person he saw as he stepped ashore, and, leaving Dicky to care for the Comet, he went up to the clubhouse with her.

"Tell me about it," she cried, ex-

"Well, we had the right of way, you

know-" he began.

"Oh, I know, Tommy," she broke in. "I watched it all. I was so afraid you wouldn't do it. And if you hadn't, I'd never have forgiven you. Let's go sailing to-night. I-I'm not sure but I have something to tell you, Tommy."

"Say it now." cried Tommy.

"No," she said: "there are too many people around. And it's just for you alone.



How the Italian theaters differ from ours. Peculiarities of their audiences; the frankness with which they express their opinions of plays and players. "Stars" and "supporting companies" unknown in Italy where the actors are all artists. Some plays reviewed



ocompletely savor the bouquet of the Italian theaters—I am speaking figuratively, and no subtle allusion to garlic is intended—I should strongly recommend the tempo-

rarily expatriated theatrical student to get well acclimatized before he starts work. Let him stay a week in Naples, or Rome, or Florence, and inhale the climate, the atmosphere and the accessories; otherwise, his first impressions—and who cares for any others?—will be all askew, and his labor will be harder.

I do not indorse my own methods of procedure, for, being a hardened sinner, they do not count. I arrive in a town, go to my hotel, unhook my bonnet and shawl, and-presto!-find myself in the playhouse, all armed for the fray. It is a somewhat arduous manner of getting into the atmosphere, and it is particularly uninviting with respect to Italy. The theater in this country is so much a part and parcel of its life that it is quite necessary to sample that life first. The theater is, as it should be, a reflection; it is profoundly Italian, excessively Latin and quite puzzlingly "continental." But when you have got to the kernel of it, and can accept it for what it is, and for no more, you cannot fail to appreciate its good humor, its lack of formality, its go-as-youplease characteristics, and its comfortable sensation of indolence.

To be indolent! That seems to be the object of life in Italy. It is your first and also your last impression of the theater here. How lazy they all are! The very moment you enter the theatrical precinct to buy your ticket you are struck by the remarkable non-chalance on all sides. Sometimes the box-office gentleman slowly snips off a ticket from a book, after carefully adjusting his scissors, and aiming for a straight line. He slowly hands it to you, in company with the magic bit of paper that is labeled "ingresso."

The ingresso is the admittance—pardon me for translating, but I'll assume that you don't know, and apologize if you do—and whatever price you pay for your ticket is plus the cost of the ingresso. Why on earth they can't ask one price for the whole thing, instead of worrying you with two, I don't know. If you are irritable, you will be irritated. If you are a philosopher, and not one of those terribly provincial travelers who hate everything that differs from what they get "at home," you will buckle on your armor of patience, and all will be well.

You want, perhaps, a poltrone seat, which costs three lire—or sixty cents—and is equal to our best orchestra seats, and lo! you find you have to pay two extra lire for the ingresso. It is not expensive, but a bit baffling at first. You

enter the theater with your two tickets -always printed on very thin paper, and sometimes, as I found in Naples, even written in pen and ink-and you deal them out to the slothful gentlemen

vou encounter en route.

The programs are mere flimsy sheets of paper, not unlike the advertisements that are pushed into your newspapers by New York newsdealers. Indeed, these very programs are dropped into your lap as you sit at the cafés in Rome, and if you are a wise person, you will carefully save them, and avoid the annovance of asking for them at night, in your nice, pure Italian. Most of the theatergoers in Italy do without programs. The actor in this country is not the thing. The people are not unduly interested in the personalities of the mummers. It is the play that draws them to the theater, and the cast matters very little. Moreover, as nearly all the theaters have their own stock companies, the players are known, and programs discarded.

Of course the foreigner wants his little program. He has got to have it. At the Teatro Sannazazo, in Naples-a cheap theater, for the people-I was looked upon in amazem nt because I asked for a program. I was requested to kindly wait while the attendant hunted one up for me, and I stood for two helpless Italian minutes cooling my heels before a poor, thin slip of wretched paper, that looked as though it were longing to fall to pieces, was thrust into my hand. The usher regarded me with awe, but subsequently bowed with utter deference as I recklessly handed

him the sum of two cents!

Little grievances crop up all the time. Oh, you need plenty of good temper before you launch yourself upon the sea of Italian theaterdom. They bear away your cane from you, and charge you one cent for the enforced separation; they relieve you of your umbrella, and request two cents for that; they take your overcoat and hang it up for three cents. These are the pinpricks of foreign theatergoing. You are all the time fishing up copper coins and dropping them into grimy Italian hands.

I admit that it is annoying at first, especially when you have nothing but bills about your garments, and have to wait while they "make change." I try to pretend that I am a philosopher, but I could have slain the man who took my cane from me at the Teatro Sannazazo, in Naples, and who made me wait while he extracted the price-one cent —from the ten-lire bill. It seemed such

an unnecessary farce.

Italian theatergoing, however, is so delightfully unceremonious that though it begins by galling, it ends by enchanting. Even at the Teatro Costanzi, in Rome, which is the Metropolitan Opera House of this city, you can wear what you like without the slightest offense to anybody. In the boxes, evening dress is usually expected, but if you choose to go without it, there is no stony glare or icy contempt. In the cheaper parts of the house the men keep on their hats until the curtain rises, and sometimes after. You are in the midst of an easy. pleasure-loving throng that is not concerned with etiquette. You are jostled by fifty-seven varieties of soldier in fifty-seven varieties of uniform, and though the Roman dude is in evidence -a curious compound of the English monocled fop and the American tightly clad idiot-he is the exception and not

The behavior at the theaters is—well, eccentric to us. The Romans either like a play or dislike it, and they are not afraid to express their opinions. Unlike our audiences, they do not sit in cold silence, making up their minds, or reserving decision until they have read the morning papers. English and American playgoers are so studiously unnatural that their theater life is but a distorted picture. Here human nature asserts itself. Half the house applauds; the other half hisses; the combination, perhaps, leads the uninitiated to believe that a riot is at hand. Occasionally, at the opera, a singer fails to please with his first song. He is hissed with so much zest that he can scarcely finish. They give him another chance, and if he fails to "make good" this time, he is a doomed man. Anything that he may subsequently attempt is so drowned in denunciation that it is impossible to hear it. You can see the lips of the luckless wretch moving, and you may note his gestures and facial expression. All sound, however, is lost in the pandemonium that hems him in.

Yes, the Italians are excruciatingly natural. They approve quite as strenuously as they disapprove; but it is the curious blend of approval and disapproval that ravishes the foreigner by its novelty. I enjoyed my Neapolitan and Roman audiences so hugely that I felt I needed another night for the play itself. I sat and revelled in this gorgeous tumult, the right to wage which was

bought with the "ingresso."

In our superficial way, we call this ungallant. But is it? Think of our methods. At a "first night" in New York, how do we behave? We see a bad play-at least, we generally saw it last season—and the applause is just as vehement as though it had been a good one. We call for the poor soul-racked author, get him out, beg him for a "speech," and allow him to believe that he has indeed made a success. Then we file out and tell each other what a ghastly failure it all was. Gallant? No, it is the very refinement of cruelty; it is the triumph of hypocrisy, it is Pecksniffianism rampant. The critic impelled to skepticism gradually acquires cynicism. Here it is very different. The effect of a play upon an audience can be accurately and easily gauged.

Occasionally, perhaps, in the music halls, the Italian riot o'erleaps itself, and one is irresistibly led to the conclusion that denunciation is a pleasure. At the Salone Margherita, in Naples, I heard an artist so desperately hissed when she made her first entrance that I was perplexed. It was impossible to hear her first song. They shouted, they derided, they exclaimed, they apostrophized her; it seemed hopeless. learned that the lady in question had been doing duty for so long that they were tired of her. If she had any objections to this treatment they were not apparent. Although not a note of her song could be heard, she smiled and bowed and kept at her task. Not a symptom of vexation ruffled the expression of her face, and when the song was ended, she tripped off as amiably and imperturbably as though she had made an immense success. I could not avoid the conclusion that the Neapolitans enjoyed the privilege of overwhelming her, as New Yorkers once revelled in the joy of throwing vegetables at the poor late James Owen O'Conor.

In Rome, I went to the first performance of Mascagni's new opera, "L'Amica," at the Teatro Costanzi, and I was amazed at the wonderful rapidity with which the people made up their minds. At the close of the first of the two acts, the crowd in the lobby uttered comments that contained the very gist of unerring musical criticism without its lamentable technicalities. How our long-haired brethren in New York, who write to the north, south, east and west of an opera, would have marveled!

"L'Amica," which was new to Italy, and had merely been "tried on the dog" in Monte Carlo, managed to please Rome, and the Romans seemed anxious to give Mascagni a chance. He has not been a prophet in his own country, and is decidedly unpopular. The United States need not deplore its recent treatment of little Pietro, for he is as impossible here as he was there. He is an arrogant, overbearing and discourteous person, very much inflated with a sense of his own genius, and he is cordially disliked in Italy. To be sure, they call him "maestro," but then they lavish that title upon any juggler with the harmonies.

The new opera is in two acts, containing several melodious passages, but more that are heavy and operatically conventional. It has none of the qualities that caused "Cavalleria Rusticana" to bound through the musical world. At the close of the first act there is a moving duo, sung in the midst of an electric storm of the Belasco ilk, that is not lacking in sensationalism. This, however, is just a trick, and it will not stamp "L'Amica" with the epoch-making label. Pietro Mascagni is not an epoch maker.

Both at the Teatro San Carlo, in Naples, and the Teatro Costanzi, in Rome. I was surprised at the excellence of the artists. They were all unknown to us. The cast did not contain one name that would mean anything in New York, where opera is a fad. In the program of "Rigoletto," at Naples-it was a "gala" performace, in honor of the king of Italy-I heard a young woman called De Gigli sing in the rôle of Gilda. To my mind she was so immeasurably superior to the pampered "songbirds" of the Metropolitan -many of whom would be hissed here -that I was astounded. She was young, her voice was pure, sympathetic, cultured, and it was a pleasure to listen to her.

"In "L'Amica," the artists who sang in Rome were Stracciari Riccardo, Schiavazzi Pietro, Eral Leo, Solari Francisca and Bonetti Italia. I mention their names merely that you may see how "unknown" to us they are. Yet vocally "L'Amica" was splendidly interpreted. I have never heard a better chorus, and the orchestra was alone

worth the price of admission.

The theaters in Rome are so given over to operatic productions that I trust I shall be excused for venturing into a field more or less unfamiliar. Opera has no charm's for me. I cannot help feeling pleased that even Mascagni has failed to shed any new light upon this ancient form of entertainment. Can anybody say anything new operatically? Do not the sparse opera composers of to-day invariably haunt the old grooves? think so. Mascagni, Leoncavallo and Puccini gave opera enthusiasts a few rays of hope. Those rays soon vanished.

At the Teatro Ouirino, in Rome, I saw the first performance of a "lyric drama" on the theme that D'Annunzio used in his tragedy, and called "Figlia di Prio." The theme need not be discussed, for it is not lovely. Had it been, possibly D'Annunzio would never have used it. The production, however, interested me very much. The Teatro Ouirino is a cheap theater, where you can get a comfortable seat in the "amfiteatro" for twenty cents, and "La Figlia di Prio" was offered as a new feature

in a repertoire.

It was the cream of informality. For the first time in my life, which has been quite full of all sorts and conditions of theatrical experiences, I smoked through an entire opera! I did as the Romans did, and, being a tobacco fiend -alas!-their manners endeared themselves to me with strange fervor. The repertoire of the Quirino includes "La Favorita," "Poliuto," "Cavalleria" and half a dozen other operas. It has an excellent company, and the soprano, Maria Stuarda Savetti, is an artist in

every sense of the word.

Dramatically, the Roman theaters offered a great diversity of entertainment, but nothing that appeals to the seeker for novelty, who has sampled the theaters of New York, London and Paris. Light French farces are much in vogue in the "popular price" houses, like the Teatro Nazionale in Rome and the Sannazazo in Naples, but the repertoire is so extraordinarily varied that one never knows what to expect. For instance, at the Nazionale, the other night. I saw a double bill that contained a new one-act comedy by Carlo Civallero, called "Senza Fondamento," and a farce by Hennequin and Bichaud of Paris, called "Nelly Rozier." The following evenings were devoted to "La Citta Morte," by D'Annunzio-the unspeakable play that Duse gave us at the Victoria Theater in New York-and to "L'Aiglon," by Rostand. Think of that for a repertoire, if you can grasp it.

In "Nelly Rozier" I saw one of Rome's favorite comedians, Napoleone Masi, an easy-going actor, who did not make a fervid appeal to my appreciation. He was so acutely at home with the audience that the footlights scarcely seemed to separate him from his friends. He played the light French farce with a certain amount of quiet humor that was genuine and that disdained to struggle for points.

It would be untrue to say that we haven't at least half a dozen more interesting comedians than Napoleone Masi. Perhaps the Romans wouldn't appreciate our comedians any more than I appreciated Signor Masi. In comedy one has to "grow up" with an actor, as it were. Perhaps John Drew, to-day, would be rather a difficult pill to swallow, but we remember the work he has done, when he was younger and easier. Perhaps that is the way in which Napoleone Masi had to be taken. Naturally, I was unequal to the task.

At the Teatro Valle, another cheap theater—ingresso one lire—the kaleidoscopic repertoire made me think significant thoughts. The company at this house is headed by a gentleman named Maggi, and "Cyrano de Bergerae" is his best tribute to the Romans. The plays are quite serious at this house, and include one called "Passioni Funeste," by Pacchierotti, and "Il Suicidio," by Paolo Ferrari. Two new plays are to be done there very shortly; one called "Non Si Dimentica Mai," by Normand, the other, "A Sant

Elena," by Severini.

Scenically, these productions would make New Yorkers laugh. Better equipment may be found at the Third Avenue Theater, the Grand Opera House or the New Star Theater in Harlem. Very little importance is attached to misc-en-scène in Rome, except at the opera, where it is nothing to boast about. The acting is essentially and distinctly the thing. Some of the scenes look as though they had been dug out of the Colosseum, though I am quite sure that ancient Romewouldhave clamored for something more luxurious before it declined and fell. In some of the productions the pictures were positively grimy, the skies had big creases in them, and the trees seemed to have been very badly damaged by wear and In Rome, lack of scenic equipment does not prevent a coveted production. If Paris has a big success and Rome wants to produce it, it is produced, and there is no worry about new scenery and no much heralded The drama does not preparation. dance attendance upon the scene painter, nor is it at all likely that Italy will ever be educated up to-or down to-that condition of things.

The other night I went to the Teatro Manzoni to sample the stock company there. It proved to be my most interesting Roman experience. The Manzoni is so cheap that it is ridiculous. You can stand through a performance, in an excellent position, for the pursebreaking sum of five cents! What think you of that? You can buy an entrance to the "loggiato" for a simple nickel, from which vantage point, if you care for such lack of ceremony, you can view a really admirable performance.

It is in these little theaters, to which the tourists never stray, that the very soul of the Italian theaters may be most effectively studied. The Teatro Manzoni is not posted up in the hotels of Rome as a theater that visitors should patronize. It belongs to the people themselves, and the hordes of travelers that settle in one thick cloud over certain definite, specified, conventional areas do not frequent it. If, as a foreigner, I was anxious to study the theaters of New York, I should not go to the Empire or Daly's or the Lyceumthat are merely helpless reflections of fashionable London-but, rather, to a few of the downtown, unheralded houses where the plebs may be seen. At the Manzoni there was a double bill, including Verga's "Sicilian scene in one act," known as "Cavalleria Rusticana"-the play, not the opera; and a three-act comedy by Le Vado, entitled "Il Carnevale di Torino." The initial tragedy was exquisitely presented. We saw it in New York, done by Eleanora Duse, much advertised as the leading Italian actress. At the Manzoni, the rôle of · Santuzza was played by Signora Montagna, and I have no hesitation whatsoever in saving that she equaled Duse. The tragic soul of Santuzza leaped forth; it is impossible to imagine a more poignant and gripping performance. There was no melodrama; there was no cheap sensationalism; there was no rant or undue stress. The Sicilian Santuzza was personified in Signora Montagna.

Turiddu fell to the lot of an Italian favorite rejoicing in the space-crushing name of Saltamerenda, and Alfio

was in the hands of Signor Lombardi. There was no weak spot in the little play, and it struck me as being the best instance of the genuine value of Italian theatergoing that I had seen. I had an orchestra seat, just three rows from the stage, for which I paid twenty cents, and I know of no other city in which such fare could be obtained. If this company were taken to New York as it stands, and given over to some wily "press agent" to "boom" in the approved fashion as the Italian cream of the cream, New York would go wild over it. After the performance of Verga's little tragedy, that makes a surer appeal without music than it has ever done with it, nearly every member of this stock company appeared in the farce "Il Carnevale di Torino." From the sublime to the ridiculous these unpetted Italian actors dropped without the slightest apparent effort. The lordly "stars" and "starines" of New York would trot out their high horses, invoke their dignity and "get into the papers," if any manager dared to suggest such chameleon-like antics to them. Yet, Signor Saltamerenda did it. Undoubtedly his salary would give the lounger on New York's "Rialto" a convulsion of mirth. The stipend of the American chorus girl in musical comedy possibly exceeds that of Signor Saltamerenda.

At the Manzoni I could see acting without any of its strings. These people appeared to be giving vent to in-herent dramatic powers. There was a total absence of any self-consciousness and a sublime disregard of the audience. With the sole exception of the young woman who played Lola, and who glanced once or twice at the occupants of the boxes, not a member of this company appeared to be acting, but rather to be living this Sicilian story. I felt that I had never seen "Cavalleria" before, in spite of the fact that I had been privileged to watch Eleanora Duse when she was in the United States. It was not the same thing. Fine as Duse's presentation was, the performance had frills on for the delectation of New York. At the quaint little Teatro

Manzoni, not far from Santa Maria Maggiore, it was a case of Sicily for the Italians, and no English-speaking people wanted.

The audience was comparatively niet. Occasionally, a few interjecquiet. tions bounded from the lips of riotous men; there was some conspicuous applause, and the usual hisses when too much of it occurred. It would be torture for an Italian audience to sit quite quietly and-as we should call it-decorously. What Rome would think of a "swagger" New York crowd, sitting in fishlike apathy, enveloped in a mist of deadly respectability, wallowing in a pond of stagnant indecision, it is impossible to imagine.

At first, the self-assertion of the Italian audience impresses one as being something of a nuisance, but, as I said at the beginning of these notes, it is quite useless attempting to "do" the Italian theaters until you have inhaled some of the Italian atmosphere. When you have done that, you will notice that the strange mixture of applause and hisses is the result of an imperious demand for expression. The theater gets beneath the Italian epiderm; it merely crawls upon the top of ours. With the Italians it is real, and it tugs at their sensibilities. They cannot sit still, like mutes; they are bound to make a noise, or do something lively and picturesque.

Rome and Naples, as well as Florence, have many little theaters where excellent performances are given for the people, sometimes in dialect. At the Teatro Fenice, in Naples, nothing but dialect is spoken, and the jargon would be unintelligible to the Romans or Florentines. I did not go to the Fenice, for Naples is a cutthroat town, and I wanted to live and travel further

In Rome, the little theater of the people is the Metastasio, where they present triplets of one-act plays each night -and plays of very much the same caliber that the Berkeley Lyceum tried to popularize in New York. Occasionally, however, three-act comedies are given. There is no fixed policy at the The main thing that hits at one in Italy is the absence of "stars." One never hears of a "star." Duse seldom comes to Rome; she is at present in London, and the Italian papers are describing her success there with legitimate pride. The Italian artist, Ermite Novelli, who was to have visited New York last season, but who was repressed for reasons that were eminently logical, if not artistic, is also a rare visitor to Rome. The Italian metropolis depends wholly upon its stock companies, and this is the case with Naples and Florence.

A "personality" is not exploited as we exploit it. The doings of theater folk do not appear in the Italian newspapers. Diamonds are not lost, and automobiles do not explode—or, if they do, they attract no more attention than if they were steered by the ordinary individual. I feel that I am having a lovely rest from that star-spangled firmament of the last New York season. One's attention is not distracted from the art of acting and the interest in the play by the tiresome personalities of people who are merely on view, as it were.

This is a theater-loving country. The theater is a necessity rather than a luxury. The Italians accept it as daily bread rather than as *caviare*, or lobster à la Newburg. It is a part of their life, and not a Sunday-go-to-meeting part. They criticise a performance as a whole, rather than as a mere vehicle for the individual attractiveness of an actor or actress. One does not hear that absurd talk about "supporting company," and the "rest of the cast." It is all, or it is nothing.

I reached these conclusions slowly. Of course, when I began my Italian visit, I was out of the atmosphere, but I knew that, and made my calculations accordingly. It is not possible for any theater lover to remain indifferent for very long to the real, intrinsic charm of the Italian theater. One does not have to seek for the kernel, but rather to wonder what has become of the husk. The absence of ceremony and the simplicity of the thing are impressive. While the theaters themselves are gimerack, and modern Rome is thirty cents compared with the glories of antiquity that one sees everywhere in abashed ruins, they shelter the very fervor of dramatic temperament, and the poverty of their appointments, the meager quality of their decoration, and their lack of material, plushy comfort

are forgotten. The casual visitor to Italy rarely sees the Italian theaters. He goes to gala nights at the opera, and tries to imagine that he is at home; or he is directed to the most expensive playhouse to indulge in some special performance. The real theaters of Italy are worth studying. They are schools in which, perhaps, twenty people perfect themselves in every detail of dramatic art. The actors "evolve." They are educated. They become powerful by dint of rigorous discipline. There is no need to be glibly conversant with the Italian language in order to appreciate the salient features of Italian acting.

Our own New York Italian experience, Eleanora Duse, gave us much to think about. Duse's country-people offer still more.



FOR BOOK LOVERS

Archibald Lowery Sessions

The house party as a background. Indications that point to its popularity in fiction. Its value for the purpose, "Mrs. Essington" and "The Lodestar." Joseph C. Lincoln's new book "Partners of the Tide"



method has yet been devised for creating a trust for the production of fiction; the sapient economists who form trusts for other purposes have so far ignored this field in

their unselfish endeavor to remove the evils resulting from unrestrained competition. There being, therefore, no concerted action among people interested in the construction of stories, novelists are still compelled to depend upon themselves for new ideas—and sometimes the results are decidedly fantastic.

Of course there is practically no opportunity for striking originality in the matter of plots, for the courts, civil and criminal, may be depended upon to exhaust this field, and the newspapers do not fail to convey the details to the public. Little, therefore, that is original is left to writers of fiction, so far, at least, as the complications of human intercourse are concerned, and the most that they can do is to give a flavor of novelty to their plots by supplying new settings.

A notable instance of this in recent fiction is the use of the house party, and the indications are that it is to be a popular theme. The house party, while it is not altogether a novelty in this country, is, nevertheless, a comparatively recent development as a social institution in so far as it has been taken up and utilized by smart people as a

means of relaxation from the strain of more conventional social observances. Its popularity may be also partly due to the American adaptation of the English terms "house party" and "week end."

For the author of society fiction the house party possesses almost exhaustless possibilities. It is rich in material because it offers opportunities not only for portraying the purely personal aspects of social intercourse—the tragic and the comic, the romantic and the sordid, such as are found in every environment—but it supplies all these in an attractive setting, besides throwing upon them the side lights of a multitude of diversions which add color and vivacity to the narrative.

When people are thus thrown together under one roof and under circumstances which encourage, if they do not actually enforce, intimacy, by relaxing the tension of more formal intercourse, the conditions are ripe for the development of all sorts of complications which furnish to an imaginative novelist food for endless entertaining gossip to impart to his readers.

Nor does it stop here. For, as the conditions created and existing in a single case may thus be utilized, so they may be multiplied among the cottage colonies that have grown up, for instance, on Long Island, to cite only a single case of the kind.

This subject offers a concrete and obvious instance of the manner in which

social habits and even fashions directly and actively influence contemporary fiction.

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"The Lodestar," by Sidney R. Kennedy, Macmillan Company, is another book in which most of the action of the story centers in the preparations for a house party and in the house party itself.

In this instance the party is made, by the author, the means of advancing the material prospects of a young woman who lived on a farm, but who had had the advantage, somewhat doubtful in her case, of an education at a fashionable private school. She seems to have been possessed of some poise of character, whether innate or acquired is uncertain, which proved to be of great service to her in her intercourse with the city people.

She—her name is Eleanor Hyde—and May Brinton, the daughter of a rather vulgar millionaire, are the best characters in the book. The others, without exception, are unconvincing and uninteresting. Both in style and construction, the workmanship is crude, and some of the episodes, notably the description of the Brinton vaudeville,

are almost absurd.



The title originally chosen by Esther and Lucia Chamberlain for their novel, "Mrs. Essington," Century Company, was, we believe, "The House Party." The title was essentially descriptive, for the story is primarily that of a house party, a somewhat promiscuous gathering, it must be confessed, at a country house in Southern California, near the sea.

But it is more than a mere chronicle of events, a narration of the doings and diversions of the Budds and their guests; it is a very creditable piece of character study. Mrs. Essington is the central figure in the story, and the authors have manifestly spared no pains to make her portrait complete. Considering the sort of woman that she was by nature and what her training and ex-

perience of the world had been, it is not surprising that the reader should feel growing upon him the impression that he is being introduced to another of the familiar type of social adventuresses. But some time before he reaches the climax of the story he begins to realize that she is a woman who is worth knowing, and who is worthy of his respect.

But if Florence Essington is a live and interesting woman, it must be admitted that her companions at Mrs. Budd's house party are rather anæmic. There were possibilities in Fox Longacre, and Julia Budd, and Thair, and Holden, but they have not been altogether realized in the book. Some of the scenes between Longacre and Julia are rather inexplicable, and leave on in a state of unpleasant uncertainty as to what sort of people they really were.

The story has, however, in spite of its defects, the sort of quality which, shown in a first book, contains possibilities for the future that ought to be

without limit.

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Mr. Joseph C. Lincoln has been uncommonly successful in the selection of a title for his new book, "Partners of the Tide," just published by A. S. Barnes & Co. It is, as a title should be, descriptive; it means something and has an organic connection with the story, besides being short and being possessed of some poetic significance.

In some respects, it is a distinct advance over Mr. Lincoln's first book, "Cap'n Eri," which is saying a good deal, because, for a first book, that was a rather unusual performance, and its continued popularity shows that the reading public appreciate it.

"Cap'n Eri" was primarily a character study; indeed, it was essentially so, though it was by no means lacking in plot, nor can it be said that other characters were slighted for the benefit of

the hero.

Of the new book it may be said that, while it has more of a plot, the author's proven skill in the delineation of character is as obvious as ever. The result

is a more evenly constructed story, and

consequently an improvement.

Its substance consists in salvage operations upon the wrecks which Atlantic storms scatter along the coast of Cape Cod, operations which are conducted by Captain Ezra Titcomb, a typical Cape Cod salt, and his youthful coadjutor, Bradley Nickerson. With limited means, they are, nevertheless, shrewd enough to enlist the assistance of the tides; hence the title. Captain Titcomb has as large a share of Yankee wit and kindly humor as his friend, Cap'n Eri, and in the same way, is as fascinating a personality. A pretty love story is one of the incidents of the book.

A refreshing feature is the simple, straightforward style which is characteristic of the author. The tale is highly suggestive of James B. Connolly's fine story, "The Seiners," to which, in its own way, it is not a bit inferior.

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If the picture of Denver given by Guy Berton in his book "Art Thou the Man?" Dodd, Mead & Co., is a true one, the town must have attained to a degree of civilized iniquity hitherto unsuspected by outsiders.

Mr. Berton describes a "Quarter" beside which the Tenderloin has an atmosphere of peaceful domestic life. Into this locality we are introduced in the first chapters, and just escape being witnesses of the last of a series of typical Jack-the-Ripper murders, which supplies the *motif* and mystery for the story.

In its further development a prominent and respected citizen is disclosed in the dual rôle of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, in whose career a beautiful adventuress has taken a significant

part.

Allan Drake is presumably the hero of this exciting tale. He is a young newspaper reporter, and is given a chance to make a name for himself by solving the mystery of this grewsom murder, and though the *dénouement* is finally reached without his intervention or assistance, yet his professional duties

are creditably performed and he is much richer in experience. Besides his mother, who plays an unimportant part, Drake and Marcia Woolford are practically the only reputable characters in the book. The rest are either frankly or secretly depraved or persons whose morals have been so recently renovated that their reformation is not, to put it mildly, thoroughly established.

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"The Motormaniacs," by Lloyd Osbourne, is the latest addition to "The Pocket Book" series of stories which the Bobbs-Merrill Company are pub-

lishing.

The volume contains four short stories, viz.: "The Motormaniacs," "The Great Bubble Syndicate," "Coal Oil Johnny" and "Jones." Three of them are automobile stories in the strict sense, and entirely justify the anticipations raised by the title. "Jones" is concerned with the difficulties encountered by interested friends in bringing a self-depreciatory lover to the point of proposing, and as an automobile does find its way into the story, it is not out of place in the book.

They are all of them written in convincing style, and are flavored with a characteristic vein of humor by means of a good deal of clever dialogue that makes them exceptionally good summer

reading.

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The critical perusal of "The Letters of Theodora," by Adelaide L. Rouse, Macmillan's, gives the impression that it was the author's purpose—to borrow a current journalistic phrase—to "turn the searchlight on" a species of rather milk-and-water Bohemia—the pseudo Bohemia of New York and Chicago, a region of tea and pickles, of fish-net draperies and motifs and atmosphere, inhabited by lackadaisical young men, and languid women, somewhat careless of personal appearance; an anemic and diluted Bohemia, far away from that of Murger and Du Maurier.

Just what is to be accomplished by this performance is a trifle obscure. Theodora's adventures, as she minutely describes them, are quite commonplace; her circle of acquaintances—unless it be that she has cruelly misrepresented

them—is no less so.

There is hardly an orginal thought, a luminous bit of description, a happily turned phrase in the whole book. There is one bit of amusing, because unconscious, confession, which seems to solve the problem of the book's birth. Letter LIV., to her long-suffering "Felicia"—one of her defenseless correspondents—begins with the appeal: "Don't put this in the wastebasket without reading." "Writing to you is the only thing that keeps me from insanity."

Theodora throws up a good position in an inland female college and comes to New York to join the literary colony. She keeps going by resorting to the usual devices of her kind; she edits, compiles, lectures and does her own cooking. In leisure moments she concocts letters to all her poor relatives and friends. She flirts mildly with John Gilchrist, a typical college professor, whom she keeps dangling after her through three hundred and seven pages. By way of diversion, she engages herself to an impossible Western Congressman and then jilts him and follows it up by sailing for England, where she becomes homesick, and wires to Gilchrist, who sails to her on the next steamer.

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It is conceivable that, to all men striving for artistic ideals, there comes a time when the work that had been settled upon as the motive of one's life becomes a duty—and a rather wearisome duty, at that. And one would be inclined to believe that it was with something of this spirit that Captain T. Jenkins Hains undertook and completed his task of writing "The Black Barque," L. C. Page & Co. The writing of the book seems to have been done in a rather perfunctory manner.

A succession of episodes familiar to most readers of blood-and-bones stories has been revised in a rather unconvincing fashion and strung together on a thread of narrative as trite as the style. The story is presumably told in the first person by an American sailor tricked into the African slave trade shortly after the War of 1812. There is little illusion between the covers of the book, and the anachronistic device of introducing modern slang phrases into a story of the period has not helped to make the story either interesting or convincing. The delineation of character is unsuccessful. The reader, when he puts aside the book, will be inclined to feel that he has finished a rather thankless task.



If it is a matter of questionable utility to write stories designed to give a plausible explanation of diplomatic mysteries, they constitute, at least, a form of fiction which is easy to make interesting. The author is not put to any special pains to construct a plot, for he has his mystery ready-made, and, contrary to the rule in real life, the solution is easy; as a matter of fact, any solution, almost, will answer the purpose

This is the character of a volume of short stories called "Secret History of To-day," of which Allen Upward is the author and G. P. Putnam's Sons the publishers. Monsieur V——, who is the hero, calls himself a "diplomatic spy." He tells of his connection with certain notable events of recent times, and in the telling displays a degree of vanity which, under the circumstances, is perhaps pardonable, even though it is a weakness which we are not usually accustomed to find in men of his profession.

Among other international pies in which Monsieur V—— had his finger are "The Telegram Which Began the Boer War." "The Blowing Up of the Maine," "The Mystery of Captain Dreyfus," "What Was Behind the Czar's Peace Rescript," "The Humbert Millions" and "The Policy of Edward VII." There are others, of course, but these will serve to indicate the character of the book.

There are some mysteries of Ameri-

can politics that might be interestingly dealt with in this same manner.

Paul Gwynne, whose book, "The Bandolero," is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., this spring, is evidently one of those authors who take the trouble thoroughly to acquaint themselves with the scenes of their stories before trying to tell them. The result in this case is a thoroughly interesting narrative of Spanish life and adventure, well written and coherent. The descriptions of Spanish weather and scenery are very well done indeed, and the story itself is fresh and wholesome. For ourselves, we have always loved a bull fight and a bandit chieftain-between covers-and Mr. Gwynne's are so convincingly portrayed that they would redeem a much less worthy offering from the dust heap of the reading public's indifference. A book to be read slowly, to be enjoyed. to be remembered and recommended.

20 30

An early eighteenth-century story, an historical romance, is Mary Imlay Taylor's "My Lady Clancarty," Little, Brown & Co.

However opinions may differ in other respects, there ought to be a general agreement that the author is to be congratulated on the self-restraint of her characters in the matter of obsolete profanity. As a rule, when they swear they use oaths that most moderns can understand.

The romance is that of the Earl of Clancarty and Lady Elizabeth Spencer, and the fact that politically they belong on different sides of the fence furnishes the complications of the plot. Clancarty is an Irishman, and, therefore, a Roman Catholic, and by the same token a Jacobite, and practically an outlaw. Lady Betty's father and brother, being opportunists, are, of course, adherents to King William and bitterly hostile to Clancarty. She has wedded him at the tender age of eleven, and the exigencies of politics have since kept them separated. However, her sense of loyalty to her husband defeats the attempts to divorce them; a renewal of their intercourse creates and develops a mutual affection, and she is finally able to extract from King William a promise of amnesty to the earl.

The book is altogether as creditable a specimen of historical novel as we have had of late, and it deserves a much wider popularity than such books as

"Sir Mortimer."

As full of adventure and excitement as any of W. Clark Russell's sea stories is Dr. Henry C. Rowland's new book "The Wanderers," A. S. Barnes & Co.

Critically considered, it is a better story than either of his previous ones, "Sea Scamps" or "To Windward," though it is doubtful if it possesses any greater interest. It is an account of the cruise of the British yacht Gunga from Gibraltar to the South Seas, made under considerable stress of weather and in the face of difficulties created by mutiny and even what might once have been called piracy. All of them, however, are finally surmounted by the resourcefulness of the Honorable Brian Kinard and his friend, the "celebrated marine painter, Arthur Brown."

The main purpose of the cruise is to make the vacht earn a living in the far East. Kinard is under the impression that the yacht belongs to his brother Patrick, under the will of their father. who has recently died, but cannot bring himself to give her up, and formulates the plan to run away with her and use her in trading in Eastern waters. His sense of insecurity on the question of ownership leads to some of the complications that arise during the voyage.

But when the vacht finally arrives at Singapore, Brown receives a cable message stating that Brian's father has willed to him not only the yacht, but two thousand a year, leaving Patrick to be consoled with the family estates.

According to conventional standards, the book would have been incomplete without a love story, and it was, therefore, added; though the result, it must be confessed, is not altogether a happy

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Home Office NEWARK, N. J.

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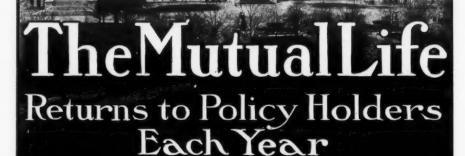
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Just figure it out for yourself. A Bissell will last longer than fifty corn brooms that cost not less than \$15.00 to \$20.00, whereas the best Bissell can be bought at from \$2.50 to \$5.00.

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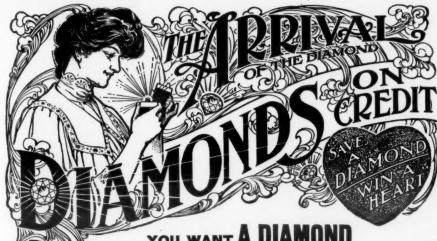
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Bottled only at the Brewery in Milwaukee.



¶ It is not how much we eat, but how much we digest that makes us strong. Indigestion is

not confined to the stomach. The starchy foods, such as bread and potatoes, are digested in the bowel. Millions of persons are unable properly to digest starchy

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Whether it is stomach indigestion or bowel indigestion, what the

sufferer needs is food, not medicine—the right kind of food. Such a food is

Shredded Whole Wheat

¶ It is made of the whole wheat, steam-cooked and drawn into fine porous shreds and baked. These delicate shreds are retained and assimilated when the stomach rejects all other foods. Thousands of persons—including many doctors—gratefully affirm this fact in letters to this Company.

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(I Shredded Wheat is not "treated" or "flavored" with anything—it is the whole wheat and nothing but the wheat—the cleanest and purest cereal food made. It is made in two forms—BISCUIT and TRISCUIT. The Biscuit is delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream or for any other meal in combination with fruits or vegetables. Triscuit is the shredded whole wheat cracker which takes the place of white flour bread; delicious as a toast with butter or with cheese or preserves.

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Now, what kind of People can afford to buy your particular Goods?

What income must they possess to be probable

Consumers of your Advertised Product?
How many possibilities of Sale has your product
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These are all vital factors in the framing up of your Campaign, and in the prospects of Success from it, Here are some Census figures upon which we base our Campaigns and Calculations.

In the year 1900 there were 15,964,000 Families in

the United States,

These families averaged about five persons each, or a total population of 75,994,575.

Fifty-one per cent of that population lived in the Country-10% per cent was Semi-urban, and 37% per cent lived in Cities and Towns.

The Newspapers and Periodicals these Families read had a total circulation of 8,168,148,749 copies per

That means 535 copies per year per family, or nearly two copies per day for each family.

A great deal of Reading, isn't it?

Now comes the astonishing part of the Census

Nearly 33 per cent of all these Families had ar

average Income of less than \$400 per year, or about \$80 per capita.
Only 21 per cent of these Families had an annual Income of \$400 to \$600.
Only 15 per cent of these Families had an annual

'ncome of \$600 to \$900. Only 10% per cent of them had an annual Income of \$900 to \$1200.

Only 7% per cent of them had an annual Income of \$1800 to \$3000.

And, of the Automobile Class, only 5 per cent had an Income of over \$3000 per Family, or \$600 per capita.

Now, wouldn't that set you thinking? Suppose you have Pianos to sell through Advertising, how many Families of the total that read News-

papers and Magazines could afford to buyone? Then, how many of these are already supplied?
That estimate shows your Possible Market through Advertising, and indicates the way that Market must be approached.

It also shows about how many Readers you must pay to reach who cannot buy your Piano, no matter how much your advertising makes them want it.

And it also shows the futility of writing "Catchy" Copy to attract the greatest number of Readers for

your advertisement. What you need is not Numbers of Readers, but Class of Readers. And that very limited class you must convince, when you once get their attention, or

you lose all profit from your Piano advertising.
You must make up in Conviction and Sellingforce for what you lose in possible number of purchasers with such a proposition.

But, when your product is something which car be used by the Masses, it is then a better subject for Advertising.

Because you then have about 85 per cent more possibilities of Sale, among Average Readers, than you would have had with a Piano or Automobile.

The current mistake in Advertising to this great 85 per cent of Average Families, is that of talking over their heads, in terms and thought-forms which are unfamiliar or unintelligible to them.

Observe that not one of "the great 85 per cent" of families has an Income of more than \$1800 per year. \$360 per person.

Observe also that the Average Income of this reat 85 per cent is less than \$500 per year, per family, or \$100 per head. We must not expect the Average of such people

to have classical educations, nor an excessive appreciation of Art. and Inference. Neither are they as Children in Intellect, nor

thick-headed Fools.

They are just Average Americans of good Ave. age intelligence, considerable shrewdness, and large bumps of Incredulity.

Most of them might have come "from Missouri" because they all have "show me!" ever ready in their minds, when any plausible Advertising Claim is made to them.

But, they are willing to be "Shown" when the arguments are sensible enough, as well as simple enough, to appeal readily to their mental make-up.

They are not suffocating for want of pretty pic-

tures, and pleasing phrases in Advertising.
What they are most interested in is "Show me how to get more for my money of what I need for Existence and Comfort rather than for Luxury?"

This "great 85 per cent" of Readers has a peculiar Habit-of-Thought or Mental Calibre of its own which responds most freely to a certain well-defined form of approach and reasoning.

We have made as close a study of that average

Habit-of-Thought and its proper approach, as we have made of the Census data suggested herein.

Our "Record of Results," from Advertising, which

has been based on a clear conception of that Mental Calibre, shows that our estimate of it rang true in over 90 per cent of the Copy we have planned and written to reach that average "Habit-of-Thought" most responsively

We would like to show you some of these Results. contrasted with other Copy written without regard to such guiding data.

Our "Book of Advertising Tests" covers this subject better than we can afford to do here.

Shall we send you a Copy?
The price is \$5.00, if you are not a General Advertiser, nor a Mail Order Advertiser.

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For many years The Equitable has paid a larger aggregate amount in dividends on its policies than any other company.

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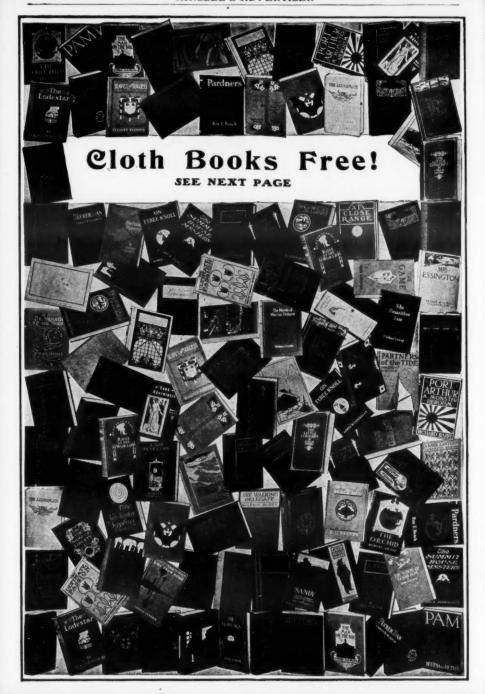
The Equitable pays its policies more promptly than any other company-usually within twentyfour hours after proof of death.

DEATH CLAIMS PAID

In United States and Canada
In 1900 . 96% within one day
In 1901 . 96% within one day
In 1902 . 98% within one day
In 1903 . 95% within one day
In 1904 . 96% within one day

The Equitable is the strongest life insurance company in the world, both in amount of surplus and in ratio of assets to liabilities.





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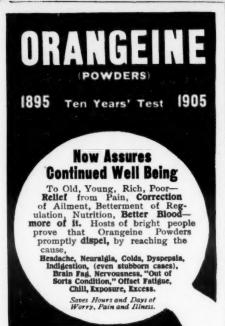
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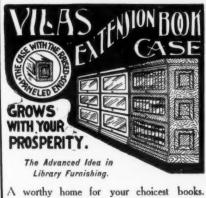
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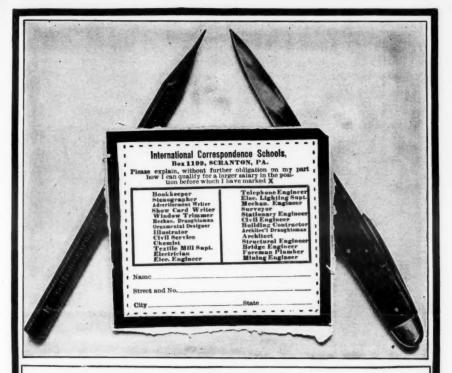
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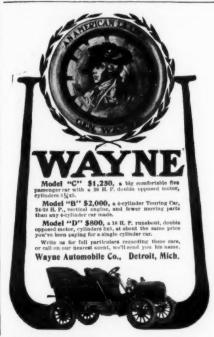
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HOPE every reader of AINS-LEE'S MAGA-ZINE will write me. I would like to send you my free book, entitled "Ten Years-The Story of My Wonderful Success." It has something to say about one of the greatest and most promising investment opportunities ever offered. I believe I have the best proposition from an investor's standpoint that

could be placed before you. My book tells all about the success I have met with during my ten years of business life, and about its exceptional future possibilities. My success has been un-precedented. I started business in the city of Brooklyn in 1896. My capital amounted to less than \$25.00. My first year's business netted me over \$1,000. Last year I paid dividends to my partners of 15%. Five years ago my business had grown so large that I was compelled to remove to larger quarters. I am now at 63 and 65 Clark Street, Brooklyn, in connection with the Hotel St. George. I have today what experts have pronounced the best-appointed Institution of its kind in the country. I estimate the equipment of the Mac Levy Institute of Physical Culture to be worth at least \$40,000. The Mac Levy Co. own free and clear its equipment. It also controls valuable patents-such as the Mac Levy Steel Bar System, famous all over the country, and the Mac Levy Trolley System, for quick and safe instruction in swimming. The local business done by the Mac Levy Institute of Physical Culture is very large. Especially at this time of the war, when the swimming seep is just of the year, when the swimming season is just opening. Last year I operated three different places teaching swimming: one at Arverne-by-

the-sea, L. I., another at Steeple Chase Park, Coney Island, and at our Brooklyn Institute. During the summer months I taught thousands to swim. I had thirteen instructors on my payroll. Each instructor worked ten hours a day, and allowed on an average of 20 min-utes to each pupil. You can get an idea from this, the amount of business which I did during the warm summer months. This, you understand, was in addition of my Mail Order Department and regular Physical Culture business. I have long thought that there are thousands of people in moderate circumstances who would like to invest a few dollars in an Institution of this kind. At last I decided to offer a block of the treasury stock of this Company to the public at its par value. I have good rea-sons for coming to this decision. I wish to put into operation extensive plans for extending the business of the Mac Levy Institute of Physical Culture and the Mac Levy Gym-nasium Equipment Co. I also wish to erect a building that will enable me to meet adequately the growing demands of my business. If you are of a speculative mind I do not want you as a partner. Wall Street is the place for youwhere thousands of dollars are lost in mining and oil stocks. If you have a few dollars that you want to invest where it will earn more for you than the 3 or 4% which savings banks pay their depositors, I want you to read my book. I want you as a partner in this great Institution. Do not let your money stand idle earning only 3 or 4% which the savings banks pay their depositors. Put it to work. Join it with mine. I believe that within a year this Company will pay dividends of at least 20%. If you have read this advertisement thus far, I know that you have become interested in this great enterprise. I know that you will enjoy reading my carefully prepared book. It tells all about myself, my wonderful success and fame, physical culture plans, and what I believe the future holds for all who join me in making this Institution world-wide in scope. Let me send you this book. It is absolutely free. Write for it to-day. Now.

MAC LEVY,

President Mac Levy Co., Inc.,

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